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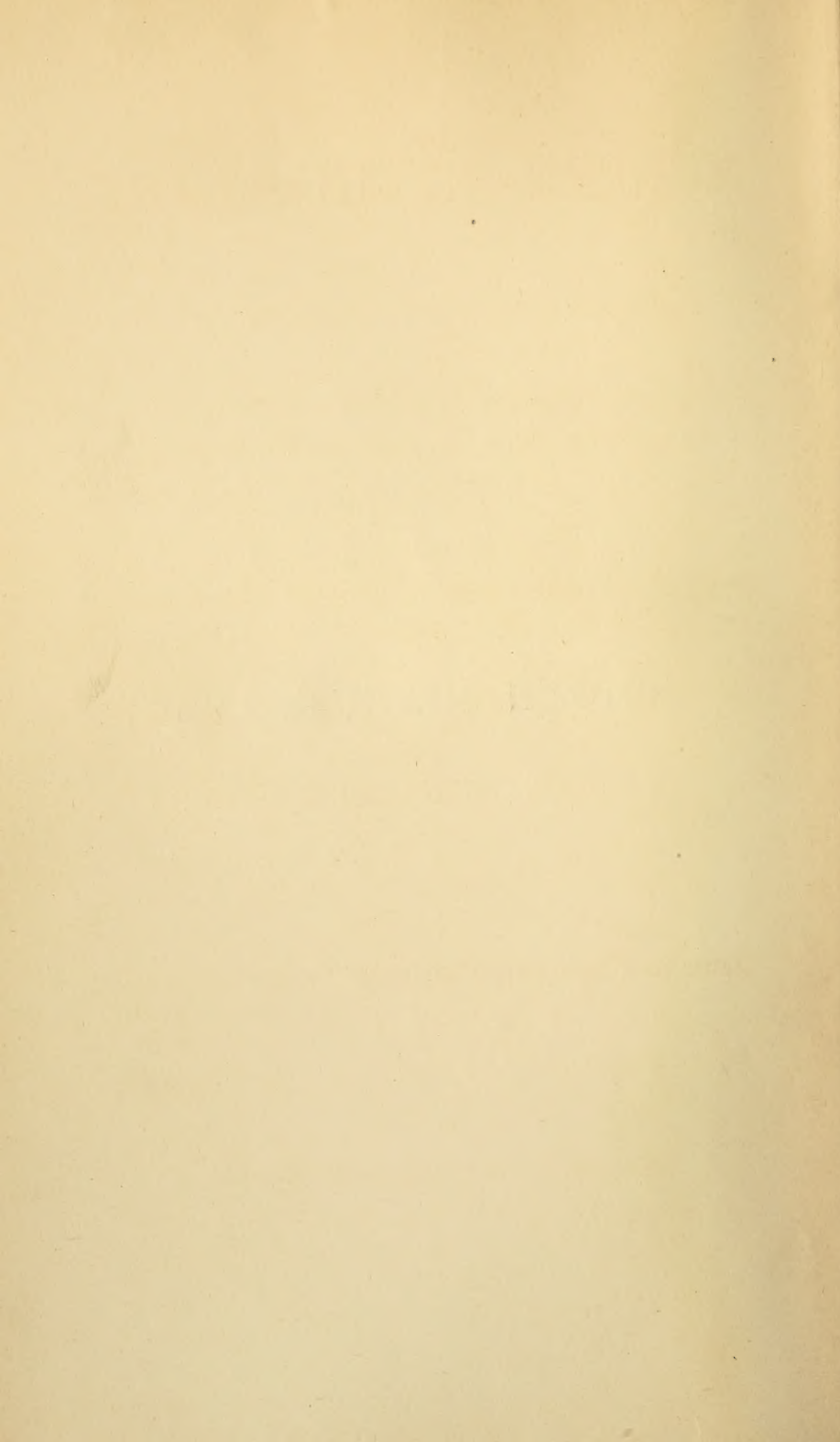


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MODERN METHUSELAHS



MODERN METHUSELAHS

OR,

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

*A few advanced Nonagenarians or actual Centenarians who were
distinguished in Art, Science, Literature, or Philanthropy.*

ALSO,

BRIEF NOTICES OF SOME INDIVIDUALS REMARKABLE
CHIEFLY FOR THEIR LONGEVITY.

BY

JOHN BURN BAILEY.

With an Introductory Chapter on "Long=Lasting."

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL,
LIMITED.

1888.

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PREFACE.

A FEW words will suffice to explain the origin and purpose of the following chapters. Circumstances thrust upon their author, for a few months, the editorship of a London sanitary journal. Among many an important question which arose for discussion in its columns, not one had a deeper interest for him than that which related to the duration and value of human life, especially as affected by the greater attention now so generally paid to the laws of health. The consideration of this subject naturally led him to look back upon the lives of past generations, and it occurred to his mind that some light might be thrown upon the point of extraordinary longevity by bringing together, in one group, as it were, any authentic cases of extreme old age, the preference being given to those whose work in the world, of whatever kind, had caused their names to be held in remembrance.

A careful examination of such careers led him

to the conclusion that it was in vain to seek for any one feature which, shared by all, would satisfactorily determine to what they were indebted for lives extended far beyond the usual term of man's existence. The introductory chapter, and remarks here and there throughout the work, state in detail the hygienic lessons which these lives sometimes seem to teach, and at other times to ignore.

In conclusion, the compiler found so much interest in the variety of characters thus summoned before him—individuals of different climes, of eras long removed from each other, of varying national customs, and of modes of life widely diverse—that he thought others might be glad to share the interest with him, the more so as the greater number of the lives are not those which are over and over again brought before the public. He has also endeavoured to present, as far as possible, more of the personal history and domestic habits of those whose lives are reviewed than is generally given.

Some geologists describe the Mosaic creation as the rearrangement of pre-existing material; such is very much the case with the present volume. The compiler has not scrupled to avail himself of the labours of those who have gone before him; but

without exceeding, he hopes, the bounds of fairness. He is under deep obligations to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "Life of Titian;" to Mrs. John Herschel's "Memoir of Caroline Herschel;" to Miss Somerville's "Life of Mary Somerville;" and to Mr. Lucien Wolf's "Life of Sir Moses Montefiore." He would fain hope that his readers will seek in these full records of remarkable lives the many deeply interesting particulars which he has been compelled to omit.

In order to keep the volume within reasonable limits, it was necessary to select those only whose ages had exceeded their ninety-five years; the one exception to this rule will be found in the case of Mrs. Somerville.

Those alone who have had experience in a work of this kind can form any adequate idea of how great the difficulty is to escape errors. It were vain to hope that the following pages are free from them. There is, in fact, an inaccuracy on page 162, where the death of Mr. Waterton is attributed to the fall of a tree; his fatal injuries were, however, received through his foot catching in some brambles, by which he was thrown heavily upon the trunk of a tree which had already fallen.

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MODERN METHUSELAHS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—"LONG-LASTING."

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood,
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.

* * * * *

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

P. J. BAILEY.

LORD BACON'S quaint phrase for a ripe old age is "long-lasting," and in his essay on "Regimen of Health," he throws out some rules by which "health and lasting" may be attained.

From Celsus to Lord Bacon's day, and from that time until the present, many a writer has entered upon the same field, and, singularly enough, nearly all of them have failed to attain that length of days to which they pointed the way.

Bacon fell in his sixty-sixth year, but can scarcely be said to have run the natural course of his life. However much remorse and disappointment may have

undermined his health, the immediate cause of death must be considered to have been accidental. Medical men have been, as a rule, the principal writers on longevity, and, as a class, they fall below the average standard of life. There is nothing to warrant the assertion that Galen survived to his one hundred and fortieth year, or that Hippocrates reached his one hundred and four years.

A wide survey of biographical examples seems to show that nothing can be more capricious than longevity; that not seldom the reign of law is utterly subverted with regard to it; that it is exceedingly difficult, or rather impossible, to trace that which constituted "the fittest" in the survival of not a few remarkable cases of extreme old age. For if, on the one hand, many aged men of mark have belonged to families celebrated for the long years to which several of their members have attained, so, on the other hand, a still larger number stand out as solitary instances of longevity in their kith and kin.

Dryden throws out a coarsely-expressed suggestion why Absalom excelled all his brethren in the goodliness of his person. It may be that the conjecture is not devoid of physiological probability, and may have a direct bearing upon the point of solitary instances of long life. Some support is given to this view from the fact that, comparatively few as are the instances of abnormal longevity, first-born children, and those born out of wedlock, are more than fairly represented.

But, as already mentioned, "long-lasting" admits

of no explanation. It cannot, in the majority of cases, be treated as a family peculiarity. It is inherited neither from father nor mother; it cannot be transmitted to the next generation. In these particulars it bears a close resemblance to the highest type of genius, that rare God-gift which seems to fall on whomsoever it listeth, and which is inscrutable to the most subtle investigator. Further, "long-lasting" is not dependent upon any external circumstances. From time to time every vocation in life has afforded examples of it, as have all conditions of life: the voluptuary and the ascetic; the son of affluence and the child of poverty; the man whose existence is regulated by rule, and he whose habits defy all method; the man of the world and the recluse; the daring adventurer and he who clings to the safety of home; the married man burdened with a large family, and the bachelor free as air. All these have furnished remarkable instances of longevity—instances as unaccountable as remarkable. Even an exceedingly fragile constitution in infancy, precarious health as childhood advanced to youth, and many years of ailing and weakness in manhood, are no criteria that advanced age may not be reached. The poet Rogers asserted that, until he had attained his fiftieth year, he never knew what health meant. Such a fact would justly be considered a most unlikely preparation for a life protracted until little short of a century. Fontenelle and many other examples might be cited to the same effect.

No one would call in question the good faith of

Mr. Easton, Dr. Buchan, and Mr. Thomas Bailey, in the compilations which they have left of remarkable instances of long-sustained vitality and long-extended lives. The minute particulars which accompany many of the cases almost disarm suspicion, until the extraordinary nature of the facts compels the mind to inquire on what foundation they rest, and then doubt and uncertainty creep in. These gentlemen took, no doubt, a lively interest in the question of human longevity, but it is to be feared that they received examples with too implicit confidence, and their records are often without particulars of time and place, and therefore admit of no investigation; they can only be received on faith, and it is a faith that fails. If their instances could be accepted as trustworthy, they would leave the influence of accidental and external circumstances upon health and longevity in a hopelessly perplexing position; for advanced centenarians appear from their records to flourish on the most pernicious and incongruous diet, with habits of life at variance with all the known laws of health. It may afford a little amusement to glance at a few instances of those whose ages generally ran over ten decades. We read of one who subsisted for many long years on milk alone; of one who drank freely of rum and brandy, assisted with claret and punch; another sustained his vitality on biscuits and apples, with milk and water; a fourth was a free drinker of wine; a fifth found butter-milk and greens her best

pabulum, and on which she preserved her faculties in full strength until her one hundred and sixteenth year; new-laid eggs helped on his way one who attained to his one hundred and fiftieth year; another, who died at one hundred and eighteen, lived for her last sixty years on vegetables—whatever may be included in that phrase of well-known elasticity. William Riddell, who died when one hundred and sixteen, had a remarkable love of brandy, of which he drank largely, but he carefully avoided water; for two years before his death he subsisted on bread soaked in spirits and ale. For the closing thirty years of her life potatoes formed the principal food of one who lived to reach her one hundred and tenth year. Another advanced pilgrim enjoyed a delicate solid diet, washed down with a pint of the best Xeres or La Mancha wine, with a somewhat more liberal allowance in cold weather. By eating little, and drinking only milk, the great age of one hundred and thirty-eight years was reached; while a hearty eater failed to go beyond one hundred and three years.

No greater contrast as to personal habits can be easily conceived than that which is afforded by the examples of St. Anthony the Great, and the eminent French scientist, M. Chevreul. The former, as will appear in the sequel, voluntarily laid aside the civilisation to which his age and country had attained; he became an alien from his fellow-men, abjured matrimony and family ties, confined himself to a

diet of a few ounces of bread soaked in water daily; never changed his garments by day or by night, and never willingly washed himself. He nevertheless reached his one hundred and fifth year. The latter gentleman is truly "the heir of all the ages"; a partaker of the high civilisation of Paris, the fellow of his fellow-men, the head of a family household, choice in the quality of his food. His diet uniformly consists, it is stated, of two eggs, a slice of chicken pasty made by his own cook, and a pint of *café-au-lait* for breakfast; tapioca soup with grated cheese, a cutlet, a bunch of grapes, cheese, and three glasses of water for dinner. He never takes either fish or wine, and is now in his hundred and third year, in remarkable health of body and strength of mind.

There can be no doubt that many of the worthies named by Mr. Easton really attained to an exceptionally long life, many of them under circumstances exceedingly unfavourable to length of days, for their life-conditions were against them. Some of them lived in localities neither clean nor wholesome. Susan Mills had her home in a marshy and constantly flooded district, but she saw out her hundred and first year; while one hundred and five years were spent by a poor woman in Drury Lane, before sanitary inspectors were known to that still unsavoury neighbourhood. Extreme personal dirtiness and long life do not appear to be incompatible, as St. Anthony's case proved, and which is further established by other

instances on record. It is related that a Mrs. Lewson was left a well-provided widow at the early age of twenty-six, having then eighty years of existence before her. How she passed that time is not clear, but her establishment consisted of an old man-servant, two dogs, and a cat. Her rooms were seldom swept and never washed; in dress she adhered to the costume of her young days; but whatever its fashion may have been, it must have covered a skin as dirty as the rooms in which she lived, for she never washed even her face and neck, but smeared them daily with hog's lard, while she touched up her cheeks with rose-pink. Her apology for this utter neglect of personal cleanliness was that people who washed themselves always caught cold! Elizabeth Durieux was a woman of Savoy, who was interviewed when she was alleged to be one hundred and nineteen years old; she was unquestionably very aged. She was reported as a large-boned, wrinkled, and very dirty woman. Another example might be cited in the person of the widow of George Dyer, that laborious literary worker whose name is now chiefly known through his intimacy with the Lambs. He died in 1841, but his widow was alive in 1860, then in her hundredth year. Mr. Crabb Robinson paid her a visit, and has left the remark in his Diary: "If cleanliness be next to godliness, it must be admitted that she is far from being a good woman." He further notices that she was of large size, and of great strength of constitution.

An old man who was in very vigorous health at the age of ninety-seven, had been from early youth to hoar hairs a lover of gin "straight," and a smoker and chewer of the strongest and rankest possible tobacco. But without dwelling on such evidently pernicious habits, it may be well to notice that in some cases very great liberty may be taken with Nature without bringing a punishment for the disregard of her laws. There does not appear any reason to doubt that the Rev. W. Davis, incumbent of Staunton-on-Wye, who died in 1790, had truly reached his one hundred and fifth year. Yet for the last thirty-five years of his existence he habitually transgressed the ordinary methods of preserving health, for although he took very little indoor and no outdoor exercise, he fed heartily on substantial food, not always easy of digestion for the most active. He began the day with hot buttered rolls for breakfast, and concluded it with hot roast meats for supper. He was also a fair wine-drinker.

Most of the centenarians whose cases have been here cited were, it is stated, of short stature; the greater number of them were married, many of them several times, some after they were one hundred years old; one took matrimonial fetters twice after he was a century old, and another risked the lottery three times after he was that age. John Weeks married his tenth wife when he had attained his one hundred and six years. Not a few, on the other hand, communicated the secret of "long-lasting" to

their tender helpmates, of whom John Rovin may be considered a notable example, for he survived until one hundred and seventy, and his wife reached her one hundred and sixty-fourth year; they were spared to celebrate their one hundred and forty-eighth wedding-day. The one hundred and seventy years of this worthy were not enough, however, to satisfy Mr. Bailey, who sent one of his patriarchs to the grave at the ripe age of one hundred and eighty-five. In his introduction to his "Records of Longevity," he may well observe: "It is true that many of these alleged facts are deficient in that strict verification which would enable a man to speak positively as to the truth of the statements." And in another passage he seems to limit his belief in longevity to one hundred and twenty years, even when all due measures have been taken for the preservation of health. His own pecuniary circumstances enabled him to regulate his own habits in accordance with his theory as to how a long life could be attained, but he was cut off at the comparatively early age of seventy-one. The motto for this chapter is borrowed from his son's singular and now almost forgotten poem of "Festus." The father's catalogue of centenarians fills three hundred and forty-five closely printed small octavo pages. Mr. Easton, his predecessor in the same field, recorded the "Name, Age, Place of Residence, and Year of the Decease of One Thousand seven hundred and twelve Persons who attained a Century and Upwards, from A.D. 66 to 1799;"

but the entry is often found to consist of a single line, with nothing more denoted than the name of an individual, a place, the date of death, and the age. What the value of such a record can be is not very apparent. The number of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, etc., which some of these patriarchs left behind them is better left untold. Few thoughtful readers will fail to regard most of the instances already given with suspicion; the figures must be considered exaggerated; probably not intentionally, but from causes which will be glanced at in a subsequent page.

Within the last quarter of a century scientific attention has been given to the question of extraordinary longevity, and a late eminent man of letters vigilantly watched all the instances which came before him; directed by a sceptical mind, and an acute method of proceeding, his investigations distinctly discredited several alleged cases of centenarianism. By sparing no trouble in attempts to verify the particulars of each, Mr. Thoms found that the supposed survivor of more than a hundred years was in reality ten, fifteen, or even twenty years younger than his own statement made him, and that the lovers of the marvellous gladly believed him to be. Hence Mr. Thoms concluded that old people pride themselves on their longevity, and are more disposed to put forward the dial of time than to retard it. In an interesting letter written by Walter Savage Landor to one of his sisters, there occurs

mention of an asserted centenarian who inclined to the reverse of this tendency, for although he gave assurances which, if true, proved him to be twelve or thirteen years over a century, he would never acknowledge himself to be more than eighty-nine, and declared that he would stick to that age until the last. On being told of a man in Russia who was one hundred and thirty-two years old, he replied: "I dare say that he is more, but won't own it; people when they are getting a little in years don't like to say anything about it." Mr. Landor had faith in this case, and among other details adds: "Fifty-five years ago he walked with a stick, since that time he has left it off. He keeps late hours, and is not very abstemious in food or wine. . . . His hearing is perfect."

Mr. Thoms was not the only literary man of his day slow to believe in centenarianism. The late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis contended that since the Christian era no person of royal or noble line, mentioned in history, whose birth was recorded at the time of its occurrence, had reached the age of one hundred years. Granted that this be true, it surely does not follow that, because the very smallest section of society has failed to furnish an instance to the point, no one has ever existed among the overwhelming majority of earth's inhabitants. Moreover, the members of the small class referred to by Sir C. Lewis had to contend with physical dangers peculiarly their own, and were beset by moral

temptations notoriously inimical to health and long life, unless resisted with a self-denial practically unknown in high places.

From investigations made by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, he makes it appear that during the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, three-score years and ten were considered a great age, at which few arrived. Persons in the higher or lower orders seldom attained to the age of eighty. One is almost bound to bow to so eminent an authority, and yet there are patent facts which seem to qualify this view. An inspection of the monumental stones in any of our old burying-places, or of the parish registers of our churches, yield a large number of instances of ages far exceeding the limits here assigned. If, moreover, we glance at the pages of any ordinary biographical dictionary, where the select few only are noticed who have rendered themselves famous in any walk of life, it will be seen that a very large proportion of them have attained to a much greater age than the allotted seventy years. Not a few reached their fourscore years, many numbered ninety, several touched the centenarian line. Mr. Francis Galton, an author whose writings are of rare interest and value, has pointed out that in the British Islands, at the present day, men of mark are about four hundred and twenty-five to every million of their fellow creatures. As intellectual superiority, or extraordinary endowments of any kind, cannot be considered to ensure strength of constitution or

length of days—their tendency being rather to break down the one and to cut short the other—it fairly follows that if so many of this comparatively small class have reached a ripe old age, there must have been among the vast multitudes of the unknown a corresponding number who equalled them in this particular. Were Sir William Temple's dictum to be accepted, that "health and long life are usually the blessings of the poor," this would amount to a positive certainty.

Some valuable results ought to arise from the labours of the Collective Investigation Committee of the British Medical Association, now at work. Its members have issued a form of inquiry, to be filled up by medical men, relative to any cases of remarkable longevity which may be brought under their observation. If a careful and wide response can be assured to this effort, the tabulated returns will give a large body of most valuable information respecting the family history, social condition, and general habits of life of those who have reached, or nearly reached, their ten decades. *The British Medical Journal* of the 11th of December, 1886, published a Supplement, in which details were given of fifty-two cases which had been reported to the Investigation Committee in reply to their queries. Professor Humphry, F.R.S., contributed "Remarks and an Analysis." Although the table is headed as a list of centenarians, Dr. Humphry cautions his readers that nothing more is intended by that

expression than that all the individuals referred to were very aged persons. Eleven of them—two males and nine females—were over their one hundred years, of which satisfactory evidence had been obtained. The baptismal certificate seems to have been the proof chiefly relied on, but Mr. Thoms has clearly shown that this is often inconclusive and untrustworthy, requiring to be scanned with the greatest possible vigilance. Unless all cases furnished to the Committee can be most thoroughly sifted and fully established, little scientific gain will accrue from their compilation.

Fourteen additional examples were given in the same journal on March 5 of the following year, from returns furnished to the same inquiries. They are of the same character in their essential features, but whereas the previous cases militated somewhat against the view that centenarians were almost always of short stature, these confirmed it, leaving it probable that tall individuals are exceptional in cases of longevity, and not the rule. Sir Moses Montefiore was a striking exception, for he was six feet three inches in height.

In the very interesting department of domestic habits, these tables confirm in a great measure the views which have been expressed in former paragraphs of this chapter. They establish that extreme old age is attainable under a great variety of conditions, some obviously favourable, others as obviously unfavourable. On the whole, however, they

distinctly show the value of strict moderation in eating and drinking, and the advantage of very little, if any, indulgence in alcoholic beverages. They also exhibit the very interesting fact that many very aged people retain a wonderful power of combating serious diseases, for many of the sixty-six individuals in Professor Humphry's lists were attacked with severe illnesses after they were ninety-five years old, but from which they made singularly rapid and complete recoveries.

All these conclusions are on the whole strengthened, or little disturbed, by eight hundred and twenty-four additional cases—ages ranging from eighty to one hundred years—which were given in the same journal, under the same authority, on the 10th of March of this year (1888), again followed by the valuable analysis of Professor Humphry. From these it is proved that nearly one-fourth of the individuals in question were first-born children; that nearly one-half of them were of "placid disposition;" that ten per cent. of them were in affluent circumstances; thirty-five per cent. were poor; while fifty-five per cent. were in a comfortable condition of life. Only four per cent. are recorded as having had bad digestion; and only eleven were of "low mental power," seventy-four per cent. being of average intelligence, and fifteen per cent. possessing high intellectual capacity. Sixty per cent. were moderate eaters; thirty per cent. were small eaters; nine per cent. were large eaters. In respect to the longevity of

women, there exists no difference between the married and the single, between those who did bear children and those who did not. On the important question of alcoholic beverages, these additional returns throw no additional light, or rather, they somewhat obscure the light which the previous statistics had shed on the subject. They can scarcely be said to harmonise with the returns of those life assurance companies which have formed a separate department for the insurance of the lives of total abstainers ; for in every such case it is asserted that the deaths are so far below the computed average that much lower than ordinary premiums would cover the risk. As all the individuals cited by Professor Humphry lived to what must be considered old age, and than which no more advanced period is found upon the books of life insurance companies, it might appear a foregone conclusion that a careful avoidance of alcoholic liquors would have been the rule among them. It was not so. The exact percentage of those who were lifelong or rigid abstainers is unfortunately not given, but fifteen per cent. took none, or very little, of such beverages. This "very little" is very vague; for as each gave his or her own version of what they had taken, the standard of much or little no doubt greatly varied, as the Professor makes it vary when he particularises. For example, he states that thirty-three per cent. had taken alcohol in moderation, which he defines to mean one or two pints of beer daily ; as if there were scarcely any difference between seven pints and

double that quantity per week. His definition of a little is less than one pint of beer or two glasses of wine daily. A considerable number of these elderly people had drunk rather freely of intoxicating drinks, while some were found to have been heavy drinkers throughout the greater part of their lives. All experience proves that some constitutions are almost proof against alcoholic excesses, while others fall easy victims to the Moloch of drink ; the moral is obvious, that total abstinence, or strict moderation, is the most sure path to health and longevity.

Although the late Mr. Thoms commenced his inquiries into the alleged existence of centenarians with a strong persuasion that no such cases could be found, he was ultimately compelled to acknowledge that several examples had been submitted to him, supported by evidence which admitted of no doubt. Dr. Beale writes : " At all times within the range of authentic history, the duration of life has not materially differed from what it is at present. In all times, and in most countries, at least in Europe, an individual has occasionally outlived a century." Should such a term of life be the exception or the rule ? That is a question which physiologists have propounded, and have endeavoured to solve. Many excellent people consider that Israel's lawgiver has settled the point when he asserts that " the days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years," but against this may be set the saying of the son of Sirach, " If the

number of a man's days be a hundredth year, it is much." No serious argument can be built upon these passages: the former may be fairly considered to show the average expectation of life at the period the words were written, and the latter to show the exceptional age to which in some cases it was possible to attain.

Comparative anatomy and physiology would give to the ordinary standard of human life a much longer duration than that named by the Psalmist, and would place remarkable exceptions at a far more advanced figure than that mentioned in the Apocrypha. Many most eminent scientists have pointed out that the natural term of life of every animal is five times the period needed for the full development of the skeleton, the mark of which is, in popular phraseology, the unification of the limb-bones. Man requires twenty-one years for the attainment of this maturity; it follows, therefore, that five times that period would indicate a century and one-twentieth as man's allotted span of existence. Professor Sir Richard Owen, with scientific exactness, calculated it at one hundred and three years and a few months. An able physician has therefore practical ground to stand on when he tells his readers that all persons who die under eighty years of age, many who die under ninety, some who die under a hundred, and even one hundred and five, die prematurely. And a French writer, in reference to the too common neglect of means prescribed by science for the preservation of health and prolongation of life, says: "Men do not usually die, they kill

themselves." Hufeland considered that it is within man's power, by proper attention to health laws, to extend existence to two hundred years; the accomplished Haller thought that one hundred and fifty years could be attained. Intermediate ground is taken by others; some think that one hundred and twenty years are intended for man's earthly sojourn, and they fancy that they have scriptural warrant for this view in a passage which occurs in the sixth chapter of Genesis; but the words are mysterious in their connection, and admit of a totally different construction.

The present Bishop of Winchester having asserted in the "Speaker's Commentary" that some eminent physiologists consider it not improbable that the early dwellers upon earth really reached the ages recorded in our English Bible, Sir Richard Owen joined issue with him. He tells the Bishop that he has no objection to the claim of theologians that the days of the patriarchs were miraculously extended, but he defies any scientific witness to certify that it would be possible for man, constituted as his frame and functions now are, to live to the ages recorded of the antediluvians. An attempt has lately been made to prove that the extraordinary ages attributed to the "earth's gray fathers" arise from a mistaken mode of translating Hebrew concrete numbers, and that, were the true rule observed, it would give the average term of each at one hundred and twenty years only. But this would be simply

to get over one difficulty by the introduction of another equally formidable.

According to the scientific theory just named, centenarianism ought to be very general; in point of fact, it must be regarded as very rare. The trustworthiness of many reputed cases may well be doubted; in the majority of instances not a shadow of proof is afforded. And it is worthy of note that when twelve of the oldest and largest London life assurance companies were questioned on the subject, they could bring forward only one case in which a century had been reached by an assured life, although they had granted policies to none but carefully selected lives. A few years ago M. de Solaville published some interesting statistics bearing upon this question of human longevity. His figures were taken from European censuses and registers of deaths, and therefore can only be taken for what they are worth, as they admit of no verification. Russia, Turkey, and some small Southern States excluded, Europe in 1870 possessed a mean population of 242,940,376, which admitted of the following classification as to ages: beyond sixty years, 17,313,715; beyond ninety years, 79,859: beyond one hundred years, 62,503. A further dissection of the figures gave the result that although France afforded the larger number of individuals over sixty years of age, Great Britain furnished the larger proportion of centenarians. M. de Solaville arrived at two other interesting conclusions: in the first place he found

that women afforded more examples of extreme old age than men, and the longer the lives the greater the difference, as at sixty years the advantage is only seven per cent. ; at ninety it rises to forty-five ; while at one hundred it reaches sixty. This only partially agrees with Hufeland, who concluded that, on the average, women lived longer than men, married women in particular, but that men only attain to the utmost limit of longevity. M. de Solaville's second conclusion is to the effect that centenarians have not increased with the increase of population. He formed this upon data furnished from France, the only information he had before him. In the fourteen years, 1824-37, the mean annual number of deaths over a century was 152, or one in 217,105 inhabitants ; in 1855-60, when the population had increased twenty per cent., the mean annual number was only 111. Possibly a less loose way of making returns, and a more perfect system of registration may be the true solution of the difference.

Some extraordinary instances of longevity have been reported from Russia. They are stamped with improbability ; they allow of no verification ; they are, indeed, founded upon the death-registers ; but it must be assumed that the ages were given by relatives, frequently inferential, seldom from reliable documents. Taking the year 1806, the returns gave no less than 1,417 deceased individuals whose ages ranged from ninety-five to one hundred and fifty. The excessive rigour of the climate, combined with

the pinching poverty of the peasantry, disinclines the mind to place implicit confidence in these figures. Nor is less caution necessary when the former death-returns of this country are considered, especially those of the last century. A record is given each year of some forty to seventy of the departed, whose ages ranged from one hundred to one hundred and fifty as the extreme limit, one hundred and thirty being the rough average. "Rainy-day" Smith thus wrote of the year 1772: "To the honour of our climate, which is often abused, perhaps no country can produce instances of longevity equal to those of England of this year, viz.: At 100, 2; 101, 5; 102, 6; 103, 3; 105, 4; 106, 3; 107, 4; 108, 5; 109, 4; 110, 2; 111, 2; 112, 3; 114, 1; 118, 1; 125, Rice, a cooper in Southwark; 133, Mrs. Keith, at Newnham, in Gloucestershire; 138, the widow Chum, at Ophurst, near Lichfield."

These extreme ages, it must be assumed, are exaggerations, arising more often, probably, from self-deception during the life of very aged individuals, or from misinformation or hasty inference on the part of their friends, than from intentional misrepresentation. The mind, gradually failing through old age, has a tendency to confound things of which it only heard in its young days with things which were seen or known to transpire in early life. Anything vividly related by some senior of many years, as of a battle or other remarkable event, suddenly occurs to an advanced memory, without the power of discrimination, is believed to be a fact within its own early expe-

rience, is related as such to friends, and considered by them direct evidence of wonderful longevity. This fact is noticed by Goethe on the very first page of his *Autobiography*.

The term which science has fixed as the extreme limit of human life is found to be precisely that at which the most carefully attended and skilfully nursed post-centenarians droop and die. Notwithstanding the many reputed cases of individuals enduring to their one hundred and twentieth, or even to their one hundred and eightieth year, no well authenticated instances can be adduced. Attention has been drawn to the Countess of Desmond, and it may be conceded that there appeared some evidence which pointed to the conclusion that her life was protracted far beyond the span of usual extreme old age, but a close investigation led to a contrary conviction. At the same time it would be rash to conclude that even if the common standard of life was raised to one hundred and five, there could be no departures from that limit to a much longer one, as there would always be to a shorter one. Without making too much of a fact to which attention has been often drawn, that some persons are very tall and others very short; that some are fat and others lean; that some die young in spite of every care, while others, who live recklessly, attain to long years of life; it surely teaches that there are influences at work in the human family of which the nature has not yet been discovered,

and of which the bounds cannot be fixed. This is equally the case with the lower orders of animated beings, and among them there are found abundant examples to prove that individual members at times long survive the ordinary term of their existence, and stand out striking examples of prolonged vitality. Writers on natural history record many such cases, and in a notice of James Pearce, who died in 1790, at the reputed age of one hundred and five, mention is made of a goose which had existed on the farm where he laboured for the remarkable period of eighty-six years, having outlived four successive tenants of the holding. If such occasional departures from the general duration of life occur in the case of birds and animals, why should they be considered impossible in the case of man?

Sanitary science, although comparatively young, has already wrought a vast change in vital statistics. These clearly tell that a great improvement has taken place in the national health and life; the standard of the one, and the value and duration of the other, have been greatly raised, without, however, showing any increase in centenarianism. The diffusion of health principles has for its object the collective life of a people, and not the abnormal prolongation of that of any individual. Nor must too much be expected of hygienic science, however carefully regarded. Modern life is a strangely artificial thing; and artificial, it is to be feared, it will always continue, and therefore, when science

has accomplished its all, there will remain a great gulf between the possible and the actual term of human existence. Moreover, were there the will, there is no power of reaching the possible by a bound. It is a matter, unfortunately, over which neither an individual nor a generation, however wise and prudent, can hope to exercise effectual control. Could a child be trained from the cradle under the most enlightened health conditions inviolably observed, there might be in his system some hereditary taint which would sooner or later work for evil, and prematurely end his days. Every breeder of improved stock of any description has been taught by experience the danger which exists of one or another of the offsprings suddenly exhibiting some ancestral defect—"harking back" to a blemish which, it was hoped, had been thoroughly eradicated. So there is always a real danger of dormant evil seeds existing in the human constitution, suddenly to become vitalised; it is frequently thus with consumption or gout, and even worse still with mental maladies. If one generation is skipped, another is scourged, and thus a long series of years would be required of severe hygienic discipline before the highest type of a sound mind in a sound body could reasonably be expected.

But to take life as we find it, with all its present high pressure and restless feverishness, with all its destructive over-civilisation, it is not easy to define old age, and certainly it cannot be limited to three-

score years and ten, or even to fourscore years. There is a marked difference between different members of the community in this respect, for "ageing does not synchronise with age." Never did a more true sentence fall from the pen of Charles Dickens than when he wrote, "Father Time, though he tarries for none, often lays his hands lightly on those who have used him well." This, as the words imply, is not an invariable rule; the inherited constitution, as just stated, has no little concern in the matter, while many other unseen forces may be at work to undermine health and to abridge life. The popular expressions of aged, a great age, and very aged, often simply imply that bodily infirmities have made a wreck of a life not necessarily far advanced in years. In many cases mind and body begin to show the inroads of time soon after six decades are passed—a period which is allowed, by very general consent, to be the one at which concessions should be made to the gradually diminishing vigour of each. As a rule, no further acquirements are expected of the sexagenarian; a large measure of repose is considered his due. In Dr. Johnson's opinion, notwithstanding that on one occasion he advocated the contrary, no man adds much to his stock of knowledge or improves much after forty. Wordsworth acknowledged that he did not love the poets of his own time, giving as his reason: "My taste was formed, for I was forty-five when they appeared, and we cannot after that age love new things." Eble, a celebrated German physi-

ologist, considers that at forty the hair begins to turn gray, which is an outward and visible sign of diminished energy in the nervous system. One authority regards sixty-three as the age at which persons may be termed old. "That age corresponds to what the old philosophers designated 'the grand climacteric'—seven multiplied by nine." Other writers have placed this change at forty-nine, seventy, and eighty-one. According to Dr. Copeland's "Dictionary of Practical Medicine," in the case of males, declining age extends from the forty-eighth to the sixtieth year; a green old age commences at sixty and runs to sixty-five or seventy; a ripe old age extends from seventy-five to eighty; decrepitude then commences. In the case of females, declining age commences at forty-two and extends to fifty-two; a green old age from fifty-three to sixty or sixty-five; a ripe old age from seventy to seventy-five; decrepitude then commences. Dr. Acosta's researches led him to the probably true conclusion that the commencement of decadence is often deferred until very late in life. Any one looking around him among his friends and acquaintances will see many in whom both the bodily and intellectual powers are in full vigour far beyond the age of sixty, or even of seventy. Biographical annals attest the same fact. Much may depend upon the rapidity or tardiness with which the physical and mental powers were developed. Those functions and faculties which take the longest to mature are those which endure the longest and decline

the slowest. Time seems to forget to wing its shaft at these happy possessors of slowly ripened powers. Life appears in their case to intensify with growing years ; to increase in activity, reality, and earnestness.

D'Israeli, the elder, pleasantly discusses the vitality of many distinguished men in a chapter of his "Literary Character." He gathers together many delightful proofs of the fascination which art and scholarship exercised over their devotees to a very advanced age, and even to the last hour of existence. In many instances literary or artistic enthusiasm has actually prolonged life ; it has defied the power of death until some fondly cherished task had been accomplished : some work of art executed, or some noble contribution given to literature. In such a spirit Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, states that at an advanced age she continued to correspond with absent friends, and adds, "I do think the intercourse I thus continue with persons I have long loved and valued has a tendency to prolong my life." Taken as a whole—for exceptional cases have occurred—men who have attained to eminence in any walk of life have found no injury to mental or bodily health arise from the earnest and ungrudging exercise of their respective powers. Or rather, on the contrary, they have found in that exercise the best and surest preservative of them. There are few more injurious agencies than rust, and the unnecessary disuse of faculties or functions which should be maintained in due working order, is the surest step to induce their

rapid decay : to exercise them freely, but not exhaustively, is the most certain method to ensure their long and healthy continuance.

“Leisure and I,” said John Wesley, “have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me.” Southey says that “this resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed.” He adds that Wesley was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular felicity of health and strength. “Ten thousand cares of various kinds,” he said, “were no more weight or burden to his mind than ten thousand hairs were to his head. . . .” “His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasureable and wholesome state of activity, he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion ; and frequent change of air is, perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life.”

Among the “Essays” of the late Sir Henry Holland, may be found one on “Human Longevity,” to which this chapter is indebted for two or three interesting facts. The author of that paper afforded a happy and remarkable instance of the conservation of mental and bodily energies to a ripe old age. In

his "Recollections of Past Life," he informs his readers that he went to press when already advanced in his eighty-fourth year, and that his health, with rare exceptions, had been singularly good, enabling him to maintain to that advanced period most of the habits and interests of earlier life, even those in which physical activity was chiefly concerned. His mental activity is revealed in every page of his vigorously-written "Recollections," and in the manner in which he states he kept himself, even then, abreast of scientific discovery and general literature. His unimpaired bodily powers were evidenced by his long-continued autumnal journeys; when even in his eighty-second year he started for the North-West States of America and the Upper Waters of the Mississippi, which he duly reached, and by the time he had returned home, he had travelled by land, lake, or river more than three thousand five hundred miles in five weeks. He excelled in horsemanship at eighty-four years of age, and acknowledged his positive inability to walk slowly. *The Quarterly Review* referred to him as "a man who has been everywhere, has seen everything, has known everybody."

Many equally striking examples might be introduced. Not a few who had reached their sixtieth or seventieth year, quietly set themselves to learn Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Sanscrit. A remarkable German worker began the study of the English language after he had long passed his threescore years and ten, and when past fourscore, translated

some of our publications into his mother tongue. Mr. Savage Landor read through Homer's *Odyssey*, in the original, after he had passed his eighty-fifth year, and wrote in pure and powerful English some of his most wonderfully-conceived "Imaginary Conversations" after he had numbered his eighty-nine years. Mrs. Somerville wrote her work on "Molecular Science" when she had attained her eighty-eighth year; the gentle Isaac Walton's literary work went on until his ninetieth year; Mr. Crabb Robinson retained his happy conversational powers until he had seen his ninety-first year; and Hahnemann, the founder of the Homœopathic School of Medicine, married when eighty years old, and was active in his profession until his ninetieth year had nearly dawned.

All these were examples of what is well termed "a green old age," a term which implies health of body and activity of mind, an unimpaired judgment, an unenfeebled will, a plastic memory, and unchilled affections. To secure such a happy condition when evening shadows grow long, it is necessary that youth and early manhood should be wisely regulated, by which means the middle period of life is prolonged, and the constitution remains unchanged for two or three decades. It is stated of Comte de Montlosier, whose name is to be met with in the by-paths of French history and politics, that, when long past his eightieth year, his eyesight was as perfect as in youth, for he was able to read any type without glasses; his hearing was unimpaired;

and he had retained every one of his thirty-two teeth without a sign of decay. He was a man of great originality and force of character. Among other peculiarities, he had each wing of his house occupied by about thirty cows, with a free communication to the interior, which consequently was filled with the sweet breath of those animals, and which conduced, in the opinion of the Comte, to the health of its human inmates. Full of interest, but very painful, are those cases where the physical powers fail while the mental faculties remain in full vigour, in some instances burning with a flame brighter than when the body was in strong health. Even more painful is the reverse of the picture, when darkness and decay creep over the mind—when the man “dies at the top”—while the earthly tenement appears untouched by the hand of time. Scarcely less sad are the cases where mind and body together show feebleness and decadence, and justify that dark picture which an able physiologist but crotchety man has left on record. Dr. Elliotson writes: “The intellect becomes incapable of understanding anything new: the feelings are so blunted that spouse and children are lost without great suffering, and much of the time is now spent in sleep. Emaciation increases, and at last we are—‘Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.’ In this miserable state of wreck, the powers of the brain called mind, like the powers of all other organs, are reduced to the lowest point compatible with life, and without divine assurance to

the contrary, must indicate a final extinction ; since a gradual expansion of high moral faculties might be expected the nearer our entrance into a higher state of existence, and not a steadily increasing decline into childishness, incapacity, and absolute fatuity—*dementia senilis* as it is technically called—in which no evidence can be apprehended, no views conceived, and the longer life is pushed, the nearer to another world the individual arrives, the more fatuitous he grows, the more and more below the brute creation.” This is no doubt a faithful portraiture of some cases of advanced age ; it is overdrawn as regards a much larger number ; it is a caricature as applied to many thousands, for many preserve much of the glow of youth to the very entrance to the valley of death.

Against this gloomy picture by Dr. Elliotson may be set the more sunlit testimony of Professor Humphry, who writes from a very extensive medical experience. He says : “ I often wish Shakespeare had lived to give a brighter version of his seven stages, and to portray the old man not lean and slippered, but well favoured and booted, keen in life’s interests, and happy in promoting the welfare and enjoyment of others. Even in the bed-ridden state . . . all is not cheerless. The quiet coziness, the even temperature, the freedom from exposure, and the reservation of the vital organs of nerve energy and nutritive material consequent on the diminished use of the muscular system, contribute to prolong the lives of some feeble

persons who still retain the pleasures of intellectual occupation and social intercourse, to say nothing of the enjoyment of sleep and the gratification of the appetite."

Equally emphatic is Dr. Johnson's testimony, who, notwithstanding his hypochondriacal constitution, could paint a picture of life's decline without any dark shadows. In his "Vanity of Human Wishes" he writes:

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;
The general favourite as the general friend :
Such age there is, and who shall wish it end ?

And a still greater poet more beautifully sings :

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave ;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

It has been acknowledged that Dr. Elliotson's description is unhappily not overdrawn as regards a certain number, and therefore it may be well to recognise the truth of another poet's lines, in which he tells us :

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downwards every footstep wends ;
Happy who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties and half their friends.

Vital statistics have of late years shed much light upon the influence of different occupations with

regard to personal and national health. The wear and tear of some callings in life far exceed those of others, as Dr. Ogle's figures conclusively prove. Dealing with large averages they establish that the longest lives in this country are ecclesiastics of every name and shade. The Registrar-General takes a certain figure as the standard, and finds that the teachers of religion have a higher expectation of life than any other class, and afford more examples of exceptional length of days than any other section of society. Octogenarians abound among them, and in gradually decreasing numbers they run to and over the centenarian line, although it is singular that neither the tiara nor the mitre is represented, for no pope or bishop can be found in the roll; some university heads of houses, and some beneficed clergymen, alone appear among the century-living divines. Perhaps it is a little rash to say no bishop, for if St. Germanus, who died in the year 734, did not actually touch his one hundredth birthday, it is nearly certain that he was within a very short period of it. The same may be said of John Leslie, Bishop of Clogher, who died in 1671. After this highly-favoured class there follow, in respective order, gardeners and nurserymen, farmers, graziers, and agricultural labourers, schoolmasters and lawyers; and, less favourable than any of these, members of the medical profession. In strange contrast with the comparative ease and safety of divines is the career of the military man; in addition to moral

dangers peculiarly besetting him, the life of the soldier is an unsettled one; the dangers of travel have to be encountered, burning climes and tainted air can scarcely be avoided; all the imminent risks and horrors of war must be run, in addition to the ordinary foes which ever stand in ambush to seize their prey. And yet many of the most remarkable instances of extreme and healthy old age may be found among the members of this class. Names are recorded of general after general whose life's warfare was not ended until long after his ninetieth or even ninety-fifth year had been passed. Lately, in the same year, died General Sir Edward Sabine, aged ninety-five, and General George Macdonald, aged ninety-eight. Sailors do not appear to be equally privileged in regard to days long in the land. Few admirals have survived their ninety-second year, although Admiral Sir George Sartorius, who died in 1885, had numbered his ninety-five years.

A general impression prevails that the scholar, pure and simple, enjoys a very extended existence. This is supposed to be particularly true of the German savant. It may be questioned if any ground exists in support of this view, for comparatively few pass much beyond their seventieth year. The life of a scholastic generally lacks exercise and variety, two elements which have an all-important bearing upon health and long life. For far too many enthusiastic students, the library and the desk have possessed seductions to which every other

attraction has been gladly sacrificed; present hours of long uninterrupted study have proved far dearer than any remote prospect of long life. Pierre Bayle afforded an example of this over-devotion to literary pursuits. His hunger for work was so insatiable that for forty years he laboured fourteen hours daily, but paid the penalty by dying before he had reached threescore. M. Littré, who strongly resembled M. Bayle in devotion to literary work, rose at eight o'clock, and took some task with him downstairs while his room was being arranged. At nine o'clock he went upstairs again, and corrected proof sheets until breakfast time. From one o'clock until three he worked for a literary journal, and from three until six his Dictionary demanded all his energies. At six he went down to dinner, which lasted about an hour. He confesses that he constantly violated the principle that work should not be recommenced immediately after a full meal, but he never suffered from its disregard. From seven at night until three the next morning, he toiled again at his Dictionary, and then "slept at once and as soundly as man could desire." A robust constitution enabled him to number eighty years, but a far longer life would probably have been his portion had he paid more respect to hygienic laws. Many factors, it is true, enter into the question of long life, and too much stress should not therefore be laid upon any particular habit; but, in contrast with the above cases, it is interesting to note that Leopold Von

Ranke, also a scholar of untiring industry, restricted his labours to eight hours daily, and was able to continue them until he had passed his ninetieth year. One of the most admirable figures to be met with in French biography is that of Robert Joseph Pothier, a man excellent in every relationship of life from boyhood to his grave. No more diligent or indefatigable worker ever lived, for, in addition to the fulfilment of judicial and professional duties, his literary labours were unceasing. His "Digest of Justinian," in three volumes folio, is considered a work which might well have occupied an entire lifetime; but this is only one of his many publications. His habits were singularly unlike those of his countryman, M. Littré, for he rose every morning at four o'clock, attended early mass at the Cathedral, a habit which he maintained during his whole life; on his return home he breakfasted; dined at midday; supped at seven o'clock; and retired to bed at nine. He was a great walker. Unfortunately, a fever caught when he was from home, and neglected on his return, so injured his constitution, that he did not survive his seventy-third year. Many literary workers now contend that three hours a day ought to suffice for mental labour, but this must surely depend upon the nature of the work; possibly for the highest creative productions the theory may be correct. Professor Huxley asserts that the man who cannot give sixteen hours a day to intellectual exertion is not in a condition of high mental and physical health.

As the expectation of life is greater in females than in males, no surprise can be felt that some ladies, who have earned for themselves a measure of distinction, have survived to a very advanced age. Their number, in comparison with "men of mark," is of course very limited, for hitherto the theatre of their action has been circumscribed, and their almost only channel of renown has been that of authorship. Even here their number is not large, for although the late Count Leopold Ferri was a most persevering collector of the works of ladies, he succeeded in gathering together only some thirty-two thousand volumes. It is singular that the most remarkable instances of longevity are to be found in the case of ladies who devoted themselves to the study of physical sciences. Those who attained a high reputation for scholarship and philosophical requirements did not attain to very exceptional length of days; Mrs. Carter did not reach her ninetieth year. As the representative of light literature, Mrs. Bray attained to ninety-two years.

Any survey—however superficial that survey may be—of illustrious characters who have departed this life after a very long pilgrimage, cannot fail to attract notice to the fact that the most illustrious names of all countries and of all ages are not to be found in the roll-call. The world's most noble thinkers, its most distinguished authors, and its most successful workers, with scarcely an exception, find no place among those who, in addition to being otherwise eminent,

have been also remarkable for "long-lasting." This conviction forced itself on the mind of Sir Humphry Davy, who, in his "Consolations in Travel," remarks: "As human powers are limited, there are few examples of any distinguished men living in this country to old age; they usually fail, droop, and die before they have attained the period naturally marked for the end of human existence. The lives of our statesmen, warriors, poets, and even philosophers, offer abundant proofs of the truth of this opinion; whatever burns, consumes—ashes remain." The life of this distinguished man ran little over half a century, and if, as in the above quotation, we confine ourselves to the immortal writers of our own country, we shall look in vain for Chaucer, Spenser, Sydney, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson; for Raleigh, Bacon, Taylor, Browne, and Milton; for Dryden, Pope, Thomson, and Gray; for Locke, Swift, and Johnson; for Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne; for Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns; for Hume, Gibbon, and Burke; for Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Campbell, Scott, Lamb, and Moore. All were numbered with the departed before their three-score years and ten were reached; some of them had fallen when little more than half that age had been attained. There is no escape from the melancholy fact that, while men of very considerable attainment and reputation may be found in the list of those whose days were long in the land, men of genius are virtually unrepresented; the sword wears out the scabbard; the soul of fire con-

sumes the vessel in which it burns. Thus George Herbert said of himself, he “had a wit like a pen-knife in a narrow sheath, too sharp for his body.”

As a matter of interest, a brief notice may be given to Dr. Millegen's tables, from which he inferred that moral philosophers, sculptors, and painters have a more certain expectation of life than any other classes, for their average extends to seventy years; philologists reach sixty-six; novelists, dramatists, and miscellaneous authors attain to sixty-two, while poets do not exceed fifty-seven years. These conclusions were reached by casting up the united ages of twenty distinguished members of each class, and so striking the average.

Medical science teaches that a principal factor in bringing on old age is the progressive hardening of the tissues of the body; increased density of the different textures; anything which tends to retard or remove this stiffening, is therefore one chief mean to the prolongation of active life. There is great probability that calcareous water, or water holding in solution other mineral ingredients, plays a decided part in the change of tissues in question; hence the exclusive use of distilled water has been earnestly recommended. But vain would be the effort to review all the methods which have been suggested to counteract the usual ravages of time. Many have been the bootless researches to discover an elixir of life; surpassingly strange are the compounds which have, from time to time, been prescribed for its composition.

Roger Bacon prepared an elixir of gold, coral, vipers, rosemary, lignum aloes, and some other mysterious ingredients which must have made a beverage more likely to destroy life than to prolong it indefinitely. His distinguished namesake believed in the virtue of opiates and nitre. Elias Ashmole, a doctor of physic of Oxford, and founder of the Ashmolean Museum in that city, states that "having the ague, I took early in the morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away"! Confections of various kinds have been invented, but, like the Friar's just named, they savour strongly of the age of alchemy, astrology, and witchcraft. Only those who retain a faith in these worn-out delusions could place confidence in such nostrums. An elixir of his own discovery is said to have kept Dr. Jermitz in good mental and bodily preservation unto his one hundred and fourth year. Simple bread and water did as much for St. Anthony.

Many more modern theories as to how old age may be retarded, or rejuvenescence effected, have been given to the world. Among them is the assurance that constant association with the young has magic power, and is of still greater efficacy if the breath of children be constantly inhaled by the aged; it serves as fuel to revive their dying embers. The transference of the blood of the young to the veins of the worn-out, would work still more potent wonders. Be this as it may, George Macdonald's words are worthy of regard: "When we are out

of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in the world is over. That is a sign that the heart has begun to wither—and that is a dreadful kind of old age." A short time ago a Rejuvenescent Sanatorium was projected, to be established in some healthy suburb of London, and to carry out practically all physiological aids by which those whose years were many, and of whose persons time had made havoc, might be ground young again, while those whose flying years would soon naturally place them in the same category, might have old age, or at least its ravages arrested, and be long preserved from decay. Could such success be ensured, what a marvellous popularity would the institution command! A society of the kind is said to have a flourishing existence in the United States, and to number many thousands of members.

Quackery set aside, however, the important question may fairly be considered, how far any means can be adopted, of a legitimate nature, whereby the long and healthy lasting of mind and body may be promoted. Any attempt to answer such an inquiry would be entirely out of place in these pages. Health literature abounds; many distinguished medical men and sanitarians have published manuals full of practical advice, the result of scientific investigations and personal observations. But it must be remembered that any effort to make old age healthy and happy, must have its commencement in early life. It must also be remembered that

there is as much unwisdom in a too careful attention to one's bodily condition, as there is in an utter disregard of the priceless boon of health. Due attention to broad hygienic principles, without undue anxiety as to their detailed application, is more likely to ward off mischief and disease than is a constant fussiness on the subject. To live by any set of cut-and-dried rules is impossible in the case of the majority of mankind, and happily it is not necessary. A Dr. W. W. Hall has compiled one thousand and forty-eight "Maxims for the Preservation of Physical, Moral, and Mental Health." Who could possibly regulate his life by such a chain of hard-and-fast rules? Professor Hoffman, a most able physiologist, lays down a very few simple precepts, some of them within the power of every one to observe. They are, substantially, avoid excess in everything, respect old habits—even bad ones—breathe pure air, adapt the nourishment to the temperament, avoid drugs and doctors, have an easy conscience, a merry heart, and a contented mind. It would not be easy to over-estimate the Professor's three last-named admonitions; they may be considered exceeding great helps to "long-lasting." But they should be discriminated from that callous disposition which one able writer on longevity asserts is consistent with his own medical observations, that those who enjoy a healthy advanced old age are generally characterised by apathetic feelings; they placidly bear life's disappointments and bereavements; they are not easily

ruffled in temper ; they know neither excess of grief nor of joy. Each one must judge for himself how far length of days is worth such a price. A “grave, tideless-blooded, calm, and cool” condition of life is far from conferring on man his highest possible share of happiness ; it may, moreover, be questioned whether a wide experience of very aged people would justify the view of the writer in question. Certainly it is not supported by the examples of long life which the following pages consider ; neither does a wider range of eminent men of very advanced age appear to favour it. Take Mr. Savage Landor for an instance ; his excitability and pugnacity have rarely been equalled, yet he retained mind and body in wonderful vigour far into his ninth decade.

Hoffman might have included bodily cleanliness in his rules. An English writer could scarcely have omitted it, for there is scarcely a more certain way of escaping disease and of enjoying high health than in keeping a well-washed and thoroughly frictionised skin, covered with garments as pure as the condition of life will possibly allow. An eminent English surgeon would insist upon the gradual diminution of food and drink as old age advances. Instead of the physical frame and brain tissues requiring an increase of nourishment as life declines, Sir Henry Thompson contends that they require less ; bodily activity is diminished, digestion is enfeebled, assimilation is less perfect, the brain is less active. A smaller allowance, therefore, of solids and fluids,

would generally be conducive to the comfort and well-being of those whose lamp of life burns low in its socket, as Cornaro's experience proved. But this must be, after all, very much a matter of individual constitution; the same rule, however generally wholesome, can never safely be applied to every one. Sir Henry Thompson goes so far as to suggest that the high perfection to which mechanical dentistry has been brought, may work unfavourably for the aged, inasmuch as artificial grinders may induce them to eat too much. Sir Richard Owen, on the other hand, considers it calculated to extend the term of life of the aged, because dental helps enable them to masticate their food, and therefore to digest and assimilate it. Lord Lyndhurst attributed much of the health and comfort of his last days to the art of the dentist, and Lord Brougham is understood to have given expression to the conviction that he had reaped great benefit from the employment of artificial teeth. Both were noble examples of well-preserved nonagenarians, alike physically and mentally.

Many eminent medical men have expressed their high opinion of the value of real personal religion as an agent for the preservation of the health, and the prolongation of the life of those who are truly influenced by its principles. An exceedingly able French physicist, himself a sceptic, has fully endorsed this view. A firm belief in the doctrines of Christianity has, independently of everything else, a thera-

peutic value ; the healer's art is greatly aided where his patient is under their influence.

One of England's most noble bards, whose years are many, but whose heart and intellect are still young, beautifully sings :

Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made :
Our times are in His hand
Who saith : " A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half ; trust God, see all, nor be afraid."
ROBERT BROWNING.

From the banquet of life rise a satisfied guest,
Thank the Lord of the feast, and in hope go to rest.
DR. J. AIKEN.

CHAPTER II.

ST. ANTHONY THE GREAT.

Hither, and with one accord,
Sing the servants of the Lord :
Sing each great ascetic sire ;
ANTHONY shall lead the choir.
Let Euthymius next him stand,
Then, in order, all the band.

[*Translated by the Rev. Dr. Neale from the Greek
of St. Theophanes, of the 8th century, for the
Commemoration Day of All Holy Ascetics.*]

Pilgrim of heaven ! thou hast no home on earth. Thou art journeying onward "to a house not made with hands ;" and, like the first apostles of thy faith, thou takest neither gold, nor silver, nor brass, nor scrip for thy journey. Thou hast shut thy heart to the endearments of earthly love, thy shoulder beareth not the burden with thy fellow-man. . . . Thou standest aloof from man—and art thou nearer God ? I know not. Thy motives, thy intentions, thy desires, are registered in heaven. I am thy fellow-man, and not thy judge.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them ; and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.

W. C. BRYANT.

ACCORDING to the usual divisions of history, St. Anthony can scarcely be included among modern

Methuselahs; he belongs, however, to the Christian era, and he has claims for consideration in these pages which cannot be overlooked. Not only did he attain to a remarkable old age, but he lived a remarkable life, he did a remarkable work, and he left behind him, all things considered, some remarkable literary productions.* In the English calendar he has his day on the 17th of January, but probably few general readers know anything more about him than that he has given his name to the very painful and frequently dangerous disease known as erysipelas, or St. Anthony's fire, or the holy fire. His name is also associated with that animal which Jew and Mohammedan alike abhor as unclean, and the village vulgarism of "Tantony pig" is derived from a tradition of this saint. Those who are acquainted with Art will remember that painters have largely availed themselves of St. Anthony's encounters with the Evil One for their ecclesiastical compositions. They generally represent the hermit

* The life of St. Anthony is of deep interest on another account. The study of Cicero and Plato, the teachings of St. Ambrose, and the Epistles of St. Paul, had done much to lead Augustine, the future Bishop of Hippo, from a life of vanity and pleasure, darkened by mental doubt and unrest, to a longing for truth and holiness of life. Self-indulgence and irresolution conquered these nobler aspirations, until through Politanus, an old African acquaintance and an officer of rank, he became acquainted with the narrative of St. Anthony, from which time his whole course of life was changed, and he became the most powerful uninspired teacher of Christianity the world has ever seen.

with a fire by his side, to signify his power to relieve the irritating inflammation of the disease to which reference has been made, and he is also frequently depicted with a hog for his companion, having cured, it is stated, an analogous disease in that animal; and therefore, to the present day, in some Roman Catholic countries, a pig is kept at common charges in honour of the healer, after whom it is termed St. Anthony's hog.

St. Abbas Antonius, otherwise St. Antony, or St. Anthony, either of the two last-named being most familiar in this country, is acknowledged to be the founder of monastic institutions, and has always been regarded as "a model for monks." Such was the testimony borne to him by St. Athanasius, who knew him well, who has written his memoir, and who was strongly disposed to follow his example. In St. Anthony, the patriarch of the monks, was exhibited the highest and truest type of the eremitic life; he was born at Coma, near Heraclea, on the borders of Upper Egypt, 251 A.D. His parents were noble and rich; they were also Christians, and gave to their two children—a son and daughter—a careful training and the example of a pious life. They died comparatively young, however, leaving all their property to the son, but partly, it may be gathered, as trustee for his sister. He appears to have manifested from childhood a disinclination to study, to have been equally indifferent to all boyish games, but followed in the footsteps of his parents, who, to preserve him

from bad examples and vicious conversation, kept him as much as possible to the home circle. Strictly religious from his youth, as years advanced he became increasingly zealous in the promotion of Christian principles, and soon gave the following practical illustration of the influence which they exerted over his own soul. Six months after the death of his parents, when he was about eighteen years of age, he heard read in church the words of Christ: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." The following day he heard the text announced: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." These sayings of the Master whom he professed to serve made a deep impression upon his heart; he accepted them in their literal severity; he lost no time in fully carrying out the injunctions which he understood them to convey. Accordingly he disposed of his whole property, "three hundred plough-lands, fertile and very fair, with all his movables," and distributed it among the poor, reserving only a maintenance for his sister, whom he consigned to the care of some devout woman—in a house of holy virgins, it is stated—which is the first glance given in history of a nunnery. Nothing more is recorded of this sister than that she was ultimately the superior of a nunnery, and that when she was very aged her brother paid her a visit.

Anchorite cells were very rare at this time in Egypt, but here and there a solitary monk could be found, although never very far from human habitations. In a lonely spot near Coma an old hermit was known to exist, whose example moved the soul of Anthony to the same self-devotion. For this purpose he sought out a secluded retreat near Heraclea, where he could surrender himself to a course of severe discipline, to prayer, to the study of the Scriptures, and to rigorous self-examination. It has been well observed that the spiritual intensity of the Christian life found an emphatic, however defective, expression in the flight from a society demoralised to the heart's core, corrupt beyond all modern conception. A poet of the present day may easily sing :

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky,

but such lines afford no adequate estimate of the times and circumstances under which eremitic life arose, and which made it an almost imperative necessity for certain spiritual constitutions to flee from the evils which they could not cure, but to which they might perchance succumb.

His hand once put to the plough, there was no inclination on the part of Anthony to look back. After some experience of his first cell, he seems to have found himself too near to his fellow-men to fully satisfy his sense of withdrawal from the world ; he

therefore sought out a more solitary asylum among the tombs of the Catacombs, and this afforded him a retreat until his thirty-fifth year.

After this he retired still further into the desert, taking up his abode in the ruins of a forsaken castle on a mountain. Here he continued for twenty years, frequently shut up for months at a time, his privacy being secured by a great stone at the entrance of his cell. His diet consisted of bread brought to him once every six months—the bread of the country fortunately remained sweet for a great length of time—and a little salt, while water formed his only beverage. At intervals he issued forth to instruct the multitudes who flocked to see and hear him, for his fame had widely spread; his example had proved infectious, and had attracted crowds of devotees, whom he collected together in monasteries, and regulated their mode of living by fixed rules. His first institution of the kind was founded at Phaïum, when he was fifty-five years old.

During the persecutions against the Christians which arose under Maximinus, Anthony quitted the solitude so dear to him in order to encourage the sufferers at Alexandria by his presence and exhortations. He would gladly, it is believed, have welcomed the martyr's crown for his own head, although he was judicious enough not wilfully to provoke death. As, however, the presence of monks at the trials of Christians was strictly forbidden, because tending to encourage them in their disobedience to the Emperor's edict, Anthony's public appearance must have been

fraught with danger, and reveals at least the courage of the man, as his being allowed to remain unmolested is a proof of the reverence in which he was held. Canon Bright presents his readers, in his able sketch of the life of St. Athanasius, with a charming picture of the now venerable St. Anthony. He writes: "The old hermit's energetic Christian zeal, his practical sense and sober-mindedness, not unmixed with humour, even the outward charm of a face that never lost its bright tranquillity, and that must have seemed especially radiant when, in the last days of persecution, he stood, conspicuous by his white cloak, newly washed, in the very path of the Prefect of Alexandria."

As soon as the storm of persecution had blown over, Anthony returned to solitude; but not to his old cell, on account of the large increase of followers who had gathered around it. A spot of complete isolation, deep in the desert, was fixed upon, near the Red Sea; his cell was a cave in the side of a mountain, with a supply of cool water near it, and a few palm-trees beside it. In order to save his disciples the trouble of bringing him food, he cultivated with his own hands a small field of wheat, of which to make his bread, and a few vegetables; he is said to have also taken to mat-making, by the instructions of an angel. Crowds, however, still followed him; gradually the whole desert was thronged with monasteries, the number of the brethren being computed, at the time of the saint's death, at fifteen thousand. From time to time he visited or wrote to his former disciples

in the Thebaid, and directed all their institutions ; but he always declined to preside over any one of them. When very aged, considerably over a century, Anthony again visited Alexandria, at the earnest request of St. Athanasius, to utter his protest against Arianism, which he considered to be little better than heathenism itself. Large crowds everywhere followed him, hailing him as "the man of God ;" he was, however, impatient to return to the more congenial life of the recluse, although no longer strictly entitled to the character of hermit, for from his ninetieth year two chosen disciples had ministered to his wants, and were present with him at the time of his death. He expired, they stated, with evident marks of cheerfulness on his countenance, and in his last moments fancy saw and welcomed the appearance of friends. He had always expressed a disinclination for his body to be embalmed, which was then still the custom in Egypt, and left particular instructions that he should be interred. His wishes were complied with by his two faithful attendants, who kept secret the place of his sepulture ; but probably only for a time, as the remains of the Saint were transferred to Alexandria in 361 A.D., five years after his death ; after a century of repose there they were removed to Constantinople ; and at the end of the tenth century they were finally deposited in a Benedictine Priory at Montmajor, near Vienne, in France. All he had to bequeath were his hair sheet, which had lasted him his lifetime, two woollen tunics, and the rough cloak

on which he slept; these were all the worldly goods of which he could boast during his eighty-seven years of wilderness seclusion.

Unquestionably his mode of life was very rough. His austerities were severe, lifelong, and in many respects presumably destructive of health, yet he attained to the remarkable age of one hundred and five years. He lived this long existence without sickness; to the very end he was physically robust; his eyesight was unimpaired; none of his teeth were loosened or lost, although they were somewhat worn; he was in full possession of all his mental faculties. These facts make his life an interesting study, apart from the peculiar work for which his memory is particularly cherished. As Epicurus fed "sweetly upon bread and water, those sweet and easy provisions of the body," so St. Anthony, for by far the larger portion of his life, contented himself with the same spare diet, his usual meal being six ounces of bread soaked in water. This was taken only once a day, at sunset, and he would frequently rigidly fast for three or four days at a time. As old age crept on he added occasionally to his bread and water a little vegetable food and a few dates; towards the end of his pilgrimage he partook of a little oil. He was as sparing of his sleep as of his food, for the greater part of each night was spent in prayer, meditation, and frequently in conflicts with evil spirits. Unless he has been very much misrepresented, he was as sparing of his ablutions as of his food and sleep, for it is stated that an

occasional wading through a river, from which there was no escape, afforded him the only washing he ever received. In common with the greater number of centenarians, he was of low stature, but far from insignificant in appearance, for there was something about him which always attracted attention, especially his bright cheerfulness of look and manner. There was an entire absence of anything which denoted a wild man of the woods. It must be assumed that he was born with a singularly robust constitution, which was never abused by vicious indulgences or youthful excesses. The life to which he consecrated himself left him free from the perturbing anxieties which affect the seeker after wealth or honours. Property he had fully renounced ; ambition he had none ; even the student's application to study had no hold upon his mind.

That St. Anthony was neither a scholar nor even a highly-educated man may be taken for granted ; that he was so ignorant as to be unable to read may be regarded as utterly without truth. When it is asserted that he did not know the letters of the alphabet, reference to the Greek language must be intended, for that he could both read and write Coptic seems to be clearly established. It has been well observed that, if he read little, he must have thought much ; and he himself claimed Nature for his book. His "Seven Epistles to Certain Eastern Monasteries" are considered to abound in pregnant thoughts and sound practical observations. They were written

in Coptic, were translated into Greek, and are still extant in a Latin version. According to Mosheim, there are also extant the Saint's "Monastic Rules," his "Remarks on Cases of Conscience," and about twenty Discourses. These were published in a Latin translation from the Arabic, in 1646, at Rome. Father Butler asserts that there is no mention made in ancient authorities of the existence of the "Monastic Rules." St. Anthony's influence was great at the Court of the Emperor Constantine, who wrote to him as to a father; and when St. Athanasius was contending with the Meletians, the aged hermit wrote to the Emperor on behalf of his friend. He also wrote boldly to Balacius, Sub-prefect of Alexandria, who was a partisan of the Arians, and remonstrated with him against the persecution of the orthodox. The sudden death of Balacius, soon after, was considered a judgment for his disregard of the saint's appeal. His sympathies were always aroused at the cry of distress; often the only means to obtain an interview with him was to claim his intervention for some one in trouble. Gentle, bright, and affable to every one else, he was severe and repulsive to heretics, refusing to hold even a moment's intercourse with them, unless they came as truth-seekers. Efforts were repeatedly made by persons of rank to draw the hermit from his seclusion, but to every attempt he replied: "As a fish dies out of water, so would a monk die out of his cell." Although venerated as a saint, and possessed of almost unlimited influence, he never entrenched

upon the priestly office, or undertook any of its functions, while he was always careful to show honour to those in holy orders, and paid studious deference to the youngest deacon. This fact alone would go far to prove that the discretion which he insisted on as a necessary accompaniment to an austere life was not lacking in his own case, for he might well have been tempted to pride and arrogance, as he met with much well calculated to feed vanity. On his visit to Alexandria, all the city turned out to see him; pagans crowded to touch him, many of whom he converted to the Christian faith; and he ably refuted the heathen philosophers who endeavoured to perplex him, for he clearly manifested the superiority of the Christian religion.

Any thoughtful consideration of St. Anthony's life will furnish a key touching his conflict with evil spirits, to which reference has already been made. His long and complete isolation from his fellow-men; his solitary days and nights in the depths of the desert, shut up with his own soul in a narrow cell; his thoughts turned inwards at times on his own spiritual condition, and then outward upon the vanity and wickedness of the world upon which he had so resolutely turned his back; his meditations upon life and death, heaven and hell; all this may well entitle it to be said of him:

He bore by day, he bore by night
The pressure of God's infinite
Upon his finite soul.

And the result need be no matter of surprise. Delusions appear to have darkened his intellect at times, and reduced him to a condition in which he was unable to distinguish phantom from reality, the things of the spirit from the things of the flesh. His firm faith in the personality and malignity of the devil and his angels, naturally distorted itself into the conviction that they frequently manifested themselves to him, and engaged him in actual and deadly warfare. They began this contest at the commencement of his ascetic life, and intensified the horrible nature and frequency of their attacks as his firmness of purpose was more clearly established. Once he was found nearly dead from the chastisements inflicted on him by these demon assailants; the noise of his terrible conflicts with them was heard at times by all who passed near his cell. St. Athanasius asserts that the holy hermit has drawn in one place a particularly striking contrast between the uproar of these demons, and the awful stillness of the destroying angel who hovered by night over the doomed hosts of Sennacherib. No relief was gained from St. Anthony's different abodes; wherever he went temptations followed him, and devils beset him; they assumed all manner of frightful and grotesque shapes; they filled his ears with obscene words, and caused sensual enticements to dance before his eyes. Yet, for a length of time, he possessed a special power of exorcising demons from others. The only effectual instrument for this purpose was the Cross, and

Salvator Rosa, in his famous painting of St. Anthony's conflict with the devil, represents the saint in the act of raising the Cross as the certain means of putting him to flight.

Looking at the whole character of this ancient anchorite, charity seems to demand that his pretensions to miraculous powers should be referred to a state of mental delusion rather than to an attempt at gross imposition. For twenty years he is said to have resisted wonder-working endowments, but had at length reluctantly to receive and practise them.* Dr. Milner states that St. Anthony endeavoured to make the world believe that he existed without food, but which he really took by stealth. The historian gives no authority for the accusation, and as he had to acknowledge that, as his history progressed, he saw reasons for taking a more favourable view of the saint's character than he did in some earlier pages of his work, it may be hoped that prejudice made him misconstrue some

* No serviceable purpose would be answered by giving an account of the various miracles which the holy recluse wrought for so many years. If any reader is curious on the subject, he can find in Canon Kingsley's "Hermits" a fair sample of them translated from St. Athanasius. In the Canon's section on "The Natural History of Prodigies," he will find as much, perhaps, as it is possible to say on that point. Intense spiritual enthusiasm on the one side, and a blind, superstitious credulity on the other, marked the respective parties to these miracles. In all probability each side was equally deceived, except so far as "faith-healing" was concerned, which was then, as now, in certain forms of nervous disorders an unquestionable possibility.

incident of his life, such as that related by St. Athanasius, that his intense realisation of the superiority of the soul over the body, made him reluctant for others to see him eat. The accusation, if true, would have been strangely inconsistent with his method of stern self-examination, and with the habit which he recommended of keeping a diary of the most secret thoughts of the heart.

Famous in life, a still wider fame fell to his lot after his death, and his example had an incalculable influence upon the Christians of the East, in particular, to adopt the monastic life. There was much evil and little good mixed up with this passion for an anchorite existence; to gratify a feverish craving to become holy monks and sacred virgins, husbands deserted their wives and wives their husbands, and servants forsook their masters, bringing about a condition injurious to Church and State. St. Anthony's fame did not expire with the generation which had known him. A century after his death he began to be venerated as a saint by the Greek, and in the ninth century by the Latin Church, and he still retains a conspicuous place in the regard of each. At Rome there is a church dedicated to St. Anthony; it contains some curious old frescoes, where are depicted the temptations which he encountered. On his commemoration day there takes place the annual benediction of beasts; they are blessed and sprinkled with holy water, and are then considered under the saint's special protection for

the ensuing twelve months. There is also at Rome, in the Borghese Palace, a painting in which the saint is represented in the act of preaching to the fishes, whose eyes are riveted upon him, and whom he dismisses with his blessing.

In the year 1095 a religious Order was founded in France, called the Order of St. Anthony, the members of which undertook the charge of persons afflicted with erysipelas, a disease which raged violently in various parts of that country at that time. Allusion has already been made to the removal of the saint's body to Montmajor, near Vienne, where the monks built a cell, and where persons suffering from the holy fire resorted in the hope of being healed through the saint's influence. Among other victims, particular mention is made of Gaston, a rich nobleman of Vienne, and of his son Guerin, both of whom visited the cell and experienced a complete restoration to health. In gratitude for this mercy they dedicated themselves and all their property to St. Anthony, who had, they believed, wrought their cures; they therefore spent their lives in works of kindness to those afflicted with the same malady, and in extending help to the sick and indigent generally.

No Life of St. Anthony, however brief, can well omit to mention St. Paul, the hermit of Alexandria, with whom he was miraculously brought in contact. A Life of St. Paul was compiled by St. Jerome, but is so full of statements clearly legendary in their

character that Neander questioned whether any such saint ever had an existence. Those who believe in him award him the honour of being the first Christian recluse, and claim for him the long term of ninety years' entire isolation from his fellow-men, for he fled to the wilderness in his twenty-second year, and he had exceeded his century of existence by more than twelve years before death's summons reached him. He was born twenty-three years before St. Anthony, and lost both his parents when only fifteen; he was left, however, with an ample provision, received a learned education, and attained to great proficiency in Greek and Egyptian scholarship. He was also an open professor of Christianity, which compelled him, during the persecution under Decius, to conceal himself in the house of a friend. But hearing that a brother-in-law, in the expectation of obtaining his estate, was on the eve of betraying him, he fled to the desert, with the intention of hiding until the persecution had passed away. When that time had arrived, and he could have returned to social life in safety, the inclination had left him; the holy solitude, the delights of heavenly contemplation, and the spiritual benefits of penance, irresistibly impelled him to eschew all earthly affairs, and to remember the outside world as only a subject of earnest prayer. He chose for his cell a cave near a palm-tree and a clear spring of water. On the fruit of the tree he lived until his forty-third year, from which time until his death a raven brought him half a loaf daily.

The day on which St. Paul fled to the desert was the very day of St. Anthony's birth. Ninety years after, the latter saint became tempted to vanity; he considered that no one had served God in the wilderness for the length of time he had, and that he was the first example of so stern and consistent a recluse. This pride had to be humbled; a miraculous intimation was therefore conveyed to him that a more perfect solitary than himself had lived a still longer time in his hermit cell, and a command was conveyed that he should immediately start in search of him. He at once obeyed, but strange shapes confronted him in the way; before him appeared centaurs—half man and half horse—and satyrs danced about him, but on his making the sign of the cross they all disappeared. After two days and a night spent in the quest, St. Anthony found the cell of the ascetic by perceiving rays of light issue from it; he knocked, the door was instantly opened by the holy inmate, who called Anthony by name, embraced him, and then fell into conversation with him, being particularly anxious to know if idolatry still reigned in the world. At this point a raven appeared, and dropped before them a whole loaf of bread, upon which the elder recluse remarked that their good God had sent them a dinner, having doubled the quantity hitherto provided. The whole night was spent in prayer.

The following morning St. Paul told his guest that the hour of his death approached, and that he

had been sent by God to bury him ; he requested Anthony to go back to fetch a cloak which he had given him, who, hurrying to return, saw his happy soul carried up to heaven, attended by choirs of angels, prophets, and apostles. Going into the cell he found the body of St. Paul in a kneeling attitude ; he carried it forth with the intention of burying it, but was perplexed as to how he was to dig a grave, having no appliances for the purpose. Two lions overcame the difficulty ; they quietly walked up to the living and dead saints, and then proceeded to scratch up a quantity of earth with their paws, making a sufficient excavation for the interment of the corpse. St. Paul died in the year of our Lord 342, in the hundred and thirteenth year of his age, and the ninetieth of his solitude. The last rites over, St. Anthony returned to his own cell, carrying with him his deceased friend's garment of palm-leaves patched together, in which he always afterwards appeared on grand festivals.

It is distinctly recorded of St. Anthony that he visited all the famous ascetics which were reported to him, in order to ascertain the distinctive virtues of each, that he might combine them all in his own practice. If, therefore, such an aged and a holy hermit as St. Paul had been brought under his notice, he would no doubt have sought him out ; putting aside the miracles of the story, and granting that St. Paul had a real existence, the meeting of the two ancient eremites may be regarded as extremely

probable, and would afford an artist no bad subject for an easel picture.

In one of Latimer's sermons another anecdote, taken from St. Athanasius, is told of St. Anthony; "a pretty story," the good old Bishop calls it, for he had small respect for the useless life of a hermit. A voice came from heaven, saying: "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." The old saint immediately set out for the city, found the cobbler, and questioned him of his whole conversation, and how he spent his time. "Sir," said the poor man, "as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender; I am but a poor cobbler: in the morning when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have: after, I set me at my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly; and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life."

There exists an original sketch by Titian of St. Anthony granting speech to an infant, in order that it might testify to the innocency of its mother. Competent judges pronounce this study to be a very beautiful production.

CHAPTER III.

JOANNES CANTACUZENUS, EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

Rebel though he was,
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endowed—courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper, and an ample soul.

* * * * * *
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right,
Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

THE character which the author of "Philip Van Artevelde" ascribes to that hero, as given in the motto to this chapter, is remarkably applicable to the rebel emperor whose career is now to be briefly traced. Gibbon tells his readers that the name of Cantacuzenus may "well inspire the most lively curiosity." Each of the two epochs of his life excites interest and sympathy: as a statesman, warrior, and crowned ruler of men, he played a conspicuous and distinguished part; retired to the cell of a monk, he wrote valiantly for what he considered to be truth, added new chapters to early history,

and left a name enrolled among the world's energetic thinkers and eloquent authors. Whether he really attained to his centennial birthday is a little uncertain, for the exact date of his birth is unknown; the historical evidence is, however, sufficient to prove that he must have reached the very fringe of a century before his eventful life closed. It is not certain but that he died the oldest eminent man on record since the days of Moses.

Although not absolutely of royal blood, Cantacuzenus came of a highly distinguished family, some of whose members stood in very near relationship to the royal line. Mention is made of an ancestor who, in 1107, commanded the Greek fleet; one of his immediate descendants married the niece of the Emperor Manuel, and was killed in action against the Turks about 1174. Other members of the family appear on the page of history, and sufficiently attest the influential position to which it had attained. The father of the subject of the present sketch was Governor of the Peloponnesus, but died at the early age of thirty, leaving a widow with one daughter and two sons, the elder being Joannes, who early wrought out a name for himself in letters, arms, and statecraft. These qualifications naturally gained for him an exalted position at the Court of the elder Andronicus, by whom he was made, in 1320, Grand Domestic, one of the highest offices which could be given to a subject. The violent death of Michael, who shared with his father the

imperial purple, made the grandson heir to the throne, a position at all times full of temptation, and especially such in the age and the land in which his lot was cast.

A spoiled childhood soon developed into vicious youth and early manhood, not unstained by terrible crimes. Such a career lost him the affections of his grandfather, who transferred them to another grandson, whom he intended to make heir to his dominions; this aroused the anger of the younger Andronicus, and in time the unhappy differences deepened from mere disputes to open defiance and rebellion. The grandson filled the palace with his armed followers, while the capital, clergy, and senate remained faithful to the aged grandfather. Cantacuzenus is accused of having connived at the vices of the former, to have sided with him in his undutiful opposition, and to have been, by his zeal and ability, the very soul of his revolutionary action. On the other hand, it is distinctly stated that the Grand Domestic was opposed to the harsh measures by which the emperor's life was so embittered that, after having resigned in favour of his grandson, he was glad to exchange the palace, which he still shared, for the cell of a monk, and the imperial purple, which he was still allowed to wear, for the coarse garments of the Order upon which he threw himself. Thus, after seven years of civil turmoil, the grandson was left, in 1328, in sole possession of the throne.

Cantacuzenus was immediately entrusted with the

supreme administration of the affairs of the empire, in which he acquitted himself with a prudence, an ability, and an energy which called forth the approbation of his sovereign, his Court, and his people generally. Masterly in measures, spotless in honour, he upheld the tottering State both in peace and in war; he reunited Lesbos and Anatolia to the empire; he negotiated a treaty by which the constant piracies of the Genoese in the Archipelago were to cease. In an age of unblushing corruption and of foul crimes, he was pure from malversations and free from violence, setting a noble example to all beneath him. Whatever natural abilities were possessed by the youthful emperor—and they were many—he managed to render them useless by carelessness, and gradually to destroy them by vicious pleasures; he had, however, the sagacity to perceive his own inadequacy to govern alone, and to feel the value of a Minister who could hold the reins so firmly for him. Accordingly, in 1329, he proposed that his Grand Domestic should be associated with him as joint occupant of the imperial throne, such a dual monarchy having had many precedents. This arrangement did not commend itself to the mind of Cantacuzenus; he therefore declined the honour, but retained the favour of the emperor, and continued to hold his influential position as the second power in the realm. Death was, however, at hand to change the form of government. Andronicus had grown old before his time; the excesses of youth had accelerated the infirmities of age, and before he had

reached his forty-fifth year his throne became vacant. He left a signal proof of his confidence in the ability and fidelity of his Grand Domestic, for he entrusted him with the guardianship of his infant son, and with the mission to govern the empire under the regency of Anne of Savoy, the empress-mother. Jean Palæologus, the child emperor, was only nine years old; Cantacuzenus accepted the double trust confided to him, and set himself faithfully to discharge its duties. Nor does the whole tenour of his life warrant any other belief than that he was naturally inclined to loyalty to the throne, and wished for the happiness of its subjects. His desire for the good of the State was such that he employed his own private means to pay the troops when the public finances were not available. But he was soon taught that the higher the place the greater the danger. The empress-mother and some of the nobles before long grew jealous of his exalted position and great power. One, bold, subtle, and rapacious—the Grand Duke or Admiral Apocaucus—combined with the proud and feeble John of Apri, Patriarch of Constantinople, to compass the downfall of the boy emperor's guardian. At first secret slanders were circulated; by degrees his opinions were slighted; his prerogatives were disputed, and during his absence from the city, which he had left to accompany an expedition against the Bulgarians and Turks, he was publicly denounced as a traitor, proscribed as an enemy of Church and State, delivered, with all his adherents, to “the sword of

justice, the vengeance of the people, and the power of the devil." Even his aged mother was cast into prison, where death soon released her from her infatuated foes.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate than the absence of the guardian from the imperial city; it deprived him of the opportunity of facing his enemies and of taking counsel with his friends. On hearing all that had occurred, his first impulse was to return immediately, in order to throw himself at the feet of the emperor, and on the justice of the people; his friends, both among the nobles and in the army, strongly opposed such a course, which they represented could only have a fatal termination. They convinced him at length that his sacred duty was to endeavour to save himself, his family, and his friends by the only path which lay open to him, which was to draw the sword, and to grasp at the supreme power. The standard of rebellion was therefore raised, although avowedly not against the emperor, but against his evil counsellors, and although Cantacuzenus was crowned at Demotica, the names of Jean Palæologus and his mother were proclaimed before his own. This took place in 1342, and resulted in a civil war of five years' duration. Constantinople adhered to its rightful sovereign; the principal cities of Thrace and Macedonia rendered obedience to the usurper. His cause, however, did not flourish; small success attended his arms; his soldiers melted away; their officers accepted bribes

from his enemies ; false rumours were circulated of crushing defeats which had overtaken him, and even that he had been slain. At length he was compelled to seek refuge with the Cral of Servia, in the first instance, and afterwards with the Turkish chiefs of Asia Minor. But reverses neither quenched his spirits nor paralysed his efforts, and in time the vicissitudes of war turned in his favour, for friends who remained in Constantinople were watchful of their opportunity to act on his behalf, and at length they saw the right time arrive. The infamous Apocaucus had met at the hands of an assassin a bloody death, and the gates of the imperial city were thrown open to Cantacuzenus. His ward was now fifteen years old ; he seems to have discerned the desirability of coming to some arrangement with his guardian ; his mother did not at first favourably receive his suggestions, but was at last won over to his views. On February 8th, 1347, his late foe entered the palace as joint emperor, having acknowledged by a treaty drawn up by himself the hereditary right of Jean Palæologus to the throne of his family. The guardian reserved to himself, however, the sole administration of the affairs of the empire for a period of ten years, and cemented the whole arrangement by giving his daughter in marriage to the young emperor ; there were thus seated on the Byzantine throne two emperors and three empresses. Again the late rebel distinguished himself by great moderation ; he allowed no vindictive spirit to influence his conduct towards

those who had, he knew, been his enemies ; he manifested an earnest desire to heal the wounds of the State which civil war had inflicted. His own pen has described how far less injurious is a foreign than a civil war ; as given by Gibbon his words are, “ the former is the external warmth of summer, always tolerable, and often beneficial ; the latter is the deadly heat of a fever, which consumes without a remedy the vitals of the constitution.”

But a permanent peace was still very far off ; the young emperor began to act for himself, and daily manifested a growing jealousy of the joint occupant of his throne, and also of his son Matthew. Jean Palæologus added to an impatient ambition the vices of his father, which his guardian in vain exerted himself to check. The empire was once more torn asunder by internal factions, and very soon civil war again raged. In 1348 Constantinople was besieged, and although the enemy was repulsed, plots and seditions continued. After a war with Servia, the young monarch was left at Thessalonica with some companions who taught him to hate his guardian with intensified hatred, and to be sorely impatient of his exile from Constantinople. He effected a treaty with the Cral of Servia, and immediately followed it up by open revolt. At the request of his guardian the empress-mother made a journey to Thessalonica to mediate, but returned without success. By the aid of the Turks, Cantacuzenus became master of the field, and his ward, driven from sea and land, took

shelter among the Latins of the isle of Tenedos, where his obstinacy and insolence so provoked his guardian that he associated his own son Matthew with himself in the government, and altogether set aside the succession previously agreed upon, in which he manifested an unwisdom rarely to be found in his proceedings. But again the fortune of war changed; Constantinople was restored to Jean Palæologus, in whose favour a general rising took place. A large party still remained faithful to the rebel emperor, whose cause, though sorely tried, did not appear hopeless, and whose wife strongly leaned to a continuance of the struggle. There is every reason to believe that better feelings than ambition or revenge now took possession of the breast of Cantacuzenus; that he felt more deeply than ever the complicated evils into which the State had been thrown, and perceived that the only way to heal them was for him to resign all claims to the imperial purple. He hastened, therefore, in 1355, to conclude a treaty by which he renounced the crown, and even his exalted positions under it; he stripped himself of all his influence and power, and retired to the monastic cells of Mount Athos, adopting the name of Joasaph Christodulus. At the same time his wife retired to a nunnery, changing her name from Irene to Eugenia. A complete reconciliation with the emperor followed, who henceforth accepted his former foe as his friend and the spiritual father of his people. The ex-rebel monarch also induced his son to lay down the arms

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instigator and actor in the scenes which he describes." With some severity Gibbon remarks that in its pages "we should vainly seek the sincerity of a hero or a penitent. Retired in a cloister from the vices and passions of the world, he presents, not a confession, but an apology of the life of an ambitious statesman. Instead of unfolding the true counsels and characters of men, he displays the smooth and specious surface of events, highly varnished with his own praises and those of his friends. Their motives are always pure, their ends always legitimate; they conspire and rebel without any views of interest; and the violence which they inflict or suffer is celebrated as the spontaneous effect of reason and virtue." A Latin translation of this history, from the Greek MS. in the library of the Duke of Bavaria, was published at Ingoldstadt in 1603, and another splendid edition appeared in Paris in 1654.

In 1375 Pope Gregory sent the then famous monk a highly complimentary letter on account of his efforts on behalf of Christianity. His strangely eventful life is stated to have closed on November 20, 1411; possibly there is an error in this date, for Cantacuzenus had attained to high rank and honour in 1320, a position which he could not possibly have filled unless years had given him political experience and military skill. That his life was extended to a very advanced old age is supported by a consensus of historical writers; the fact is the more remarkable because of the terribly destructive forces which must

have been in action for a large portion of his existence. It seems little short of a miracle that he escaped unscathed from war, treason, political agitations, the wear and tear of alternate hopes and fears, from disease and the accidents of travel, to all which his career continually exposed him.

He has been accused of timidity, duplicity, and falsity ; it is charged against him that he employed mercenaries to help him in his struggles. There is little to support the assertion of cowardice, and, as his opponents freely indulged in every kind of deception and bought help from every quarter they could, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that he did the same. A far more damning allegation is that he formed an alliance with Orchan, on condition of sending his own daughter to the harem of the Turk, whose army he was to allow to make slaves of Greek subjects.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE GEMISTHUS PLETHO.

Une longue dispute sur des matières philosophiques peut contenir peu de philosophie.

FONTENELLE.

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain :
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

MILTON.

THERE is very little to be told concerning this eminent scholar and philosopher ; the details which can now be gathered concerning his life are meagre in the extreme ; nothing can be found which throws any light upon his inherited constitution, or his domestic or other habits. As, however, there is ample evidence that during his remarkably long life he was a laborious student, a man of independent thought, an untiring writer, and one of very exceptional influence over the minds of his contemporaries, some mention of him must needs be made in these chapters. His name is variously written ; he is some-

times referred to simply as Gemiste, and at others simply as Pletho, the latter being a designation bestowed upon him, as the word implies, for the fulness of his knowledge and his great attainments in the sciences generally, as the multiplicity and variety of his published works testify. The subjects these embrace are grammar, history, geography, mathematics, astrology, theology, and philosophy. As a theologian he enjoyed a very high reputation; as a philosopher he was still more eminent. This intellect of wonderful power and versatility had allotted to its working a term far beyond the ordinary span, for his life is truly said to have covered an entire century, although it is not quite possible to indicate with precision the two extremes; some historians consider that 1350 to 1451 would be the correct dates; others suppose that his birth did not take place until some years later than this would place it. According to general consent he was born at Constantinople, and is recognised as one of the last celebrated Byzantine writers.

Professor Müller, in his "History of the Literature of Ancient Greece," states "that in the fifteenth century, when the Turks were gathering around Constantinople, Georgius Gemistus Pletho and Theodorus Gaza were established at Florence and Ferrara; George of Trebizonde was a salaried teacher at Rome; John Bessarion, also of Trebizonde, was created a cardinal in 1439." All these are names which find themselves mixed up with the hereafter of Pletho's life, the greater portion of which, however,

was spent in the Peloponnesus, evidence existing that he occupied an important position there under the Emperor Palæologus, and had won for himself a high character for learning, prudence, and exemplary manners. This reputation led to his being selected as one of the deputies from the Greek Church to the Council of Florence, held in 1438, under Pope Eugenius. He had for fellow deputies Bessarion, Gaza, and other men of mark, by whom the possible union of the Eastern and Western Churches had to be debated. Pletho was at first opposed to the union, especially as he held, with his Church, an opinion on the nature of the Holy Spirit—the Double Procession of the Holy Ghost, as it is termed in scientific theology—at variance with that of the Romish Church. But it is stated that, without renouncing his views on this point, he became at last an earnest advocate for the proposed measure, which was fated, however, not to be realised. At the same time he was throughout a strenuous defender of the Greek Church ; he won the admiration of all by his intimate knowledge of the causes of the schism which kept the Churches divided ; he was consulted as an oracle on all debated points, and his eloquence caused him to be listened to with profound attention. Hallam says that he sustained the cause of the Greeks “ with an acuteness of reasoning, a flow of eloquence, and an unwearied zeal that entitled him to the gratitude of his countrymen, and extorted the admiration and esteem of his Latin opponents.”

But Pletho's visit to Italy has made his name memorable in another direction than in the Church controversy; he is now chiefly remembered as the principal agent in the revival of Platonism in the West. The Aristotelian philosophy had long reigned supreme, although its spirit was lost, and there remained but an unfruitful form, a mere science of words, and Pletho became disgusted with its scholastic subtlety and sterility. He turned to Plato, at that time disregarded by scholars generally; he made his works the object of long and profound study; his philosophy seems to have taken full possession of his mind; and he consecrated himself henceforth as the apostle of Plato's teaching. He became, moreover, as earnest in the disparagement of Aristotle as he was in the exaltation of Plato. The "broad-browed" founder of the Academy and Pletho were separated from each other by some two thousand years, and yet there was an unquestionable affinity between their souls which drew the latter so strongly to the teaching of the former. Mr. Grote writes: Plato "was sceptic, dogmatist, religious mystic and inquisitor, mathematician, philosopher, poet (erotic as well as satirical), rhetor, artist—all in one; or, at least, all in succession, throughout the fifty years of his philosophical life." Plato and Pletho would have touched on almost all these points; nor were deeper ones absent. Many of the early Fathers recognised a Christian element in Plato; they regarded his teachings as foreshadows of a divine revelation; they

noticed many passages which bear a striking resemblance to the Holy "Scriptures in their picturesque parabolic and axiomatic style, and still more in the lofty moral, religious, and almost Christian sentiments which they express ; these are scattered thickly all through the 'Dialogues,' even those that treat of physical, political, and philosophic subjects." For these reasons some of the highest ornaments of literature, philosophy, and religion have been in every age Platonists. Broadly speaking, however, Plato's philosophy prevailed in the earliest Christian centuries, and that of Aristotle in the Middle Ages. According to the views of Mr. G. H. Lewes, Christianity left speculative philosophy no standing-point, and Revelation therefore superseded all the guess-work of the schools. This remark may well be borne in mind when the latter years of Pletho's life are considered.

As the apostle of Platonism in Italy, Pletho proved himself energetic and powerful. Publicly and privately he advocated the study of Plato with great zeal and with equal success ; he became the recognised leader of a school for the propagation of that philosophy ; he enrolled Cardinal Bessarion among his disciples, whose numbers rapidly increased, and gave existence to an entirely new mental development. As a matter of course Pletho became acquainted with Cosmo de' Medici, at whose Court he was greatly admired, and who zealously espoused the Platonic philosophy, carrying with him the Florentines as a whole, who generally saw with the eyes of the "father

of their country." Cosmo founded a Platonic Academy at Florence, and selected Marsilius Facsinus, a young man of great promise, to be thoroughly educated in the mysteries of Platonism, that he might become the chief exponent of its doctrines and the preceptor of the new institution. Facsinus did not disappoint his patron's expectations. Meantime a controversy remarkable for its warmth and even its bitterness, raged among men of letters ; the revulsion of scholarship from Aristotle to Plato did not carry with it all the learned men of the day. George of Trebizonde took up the gauntlet in favour of the Peripatetic philosopher ; he depreciated the teacher of the Academy ; he was not sparing of invective against those who so zealously wrought for a revival of that school. Theodore Gaza also espoused the side of Aristotle, but with temper and moderation. Cardinal Bessarion replied to George of Trebizonde in a work entitled "*Adversus Calumniatorum Platonis*," into which he threw almost as much heat as his adversary had displayed. Hallam remarks that the controversy appears to have been managed as much with the abuse of the lives and characters of the two ancient philosophers, as with any rational discussion of their tenets. Each side endeavoured to prove that the doctrine it advocated was more consonant with the Christian religion than that of the other.

Sudden changes seldom bring enduring settlements ; heated feelings generally push controverted subjects to fanatical extremes. It was thus in the

case under consideration ; the quick triumph of the Platonists was not of long continuance ; Pletho and his friends may be said to have caused the reaction. They were not content that Plato should hold the distinguished position which rightfully belonged to him ; their extravagant admiration was pushed to an extreme that laid them open to the accusation of a desire to substitute Platonism for Christianity, and there is too much reason to believe that, as far as Pletho was concerned, the charge was not without foundation. For, after an enthusiastic and exaggerated estimation of Plato, he appears gradually to have become eclectic in his philosophy, and to have deemed it possible to merge together the teachings of all the different schools, in order to deduce from them some system of philosophy which should be worthy of universal acceptance, and which should supersede the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, and of Mahomet the Prophet. In one word, he sought a coalition of the doctrines of Plato, the traditionary tenets of Egypt and the Eastern nations, with the sacred creeds of the Jews and of the Christians. The spurious writings attributed to Zoroaster and Hermas were to be of equal authority with those of Moses and St. Paul. George of Trebizonde affirms that he heard Pletho say that such a religion would be worthy of humanity, and would conquer the world. The allegation is in a large measure supported by his treatise on the " Cardinal Virtues ;" it is still more clearly established by his " Book of the Laws," com-

piled in imitation of the "Laws of Plato;" this was posthumously published, and was considered by Gemadius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, so injurious to Christianity that he ordered it to be publicly destroyed, for its author is said to have expressed in it a conviction that paganism was preferable to the religion of Christ. Were not the page of biography full of examples of surpassingly strange mental changes, both political and religious, it would be scarcely credible that the mind of Gemiste should have suffered such a remarkable aberration, for in earlier manhood he was regarded by his Church as the personification of orthodoxy, and the champion of revealed religion.

Among Pletho's numerous writings, special mention is made of his contributions to the great philosophic controversy which has been described: "A Treatise on the Difference between the Platonic and Aristotelian Philosophy," and an "Explanation of the Magic Oracles of Zoroaster," in which are exhibited twelve fundamental articles of the Platonic religion, and an excellent compendium given of the entire Platonic philosophy. He was also the author of "Natural Arguments concerning God." These, like all his writings, are acknowledged to exhibit great learning, and a full acquaintance with every detail of his subject. His familiarity with the different schools of philosophy, especially the Alexandrian school, was singularly thorough; his knowledge of Grecian history was profound.

The last glimpse of Pletho is obtained in 1441. He was then a public functionary in the Peloponnesus, at a very advanced age, possibly in his ninety-first year. If so, ten years of life still remained to him, for by very general consent it is allowed that he was in his one hundred and first year when overtaken by death.

CHAPTER V.

LUIGI CORNARO.

It is reported concerning Socrates, that when Athens was destroyed by the plague, he, in the midst of all the danger, escaped untouched by sickness, because, by a spare and severe diet, he had within him no tumult of disorderly humours, no factions in his blood, no loads of moisture prepared for charnel-houses, or the sickly hospitals ; but a vigorous heat, and a well-proportioned radical moisture ; he had enough for health and study, philosophy and religion, for the temples and the academy ; but no superfluities to be spent in groans and sickly nights.

BP. JEREMY TAYLOR.

ALL that Bishop Taylor predicates concerning Socrates in the foregoing extract, the reformed and transformed Venetian, whose story is now to be told, claimed for himself. Born some nine or ten years before Titian, and dying before him by about the same length of time, Luigi Cornaro must have been his contemporary for nearly ninety years. There is every reason to believe that they were personally acquainted, and, wide asunder as their method of life appears to have been for the larger portion of that time, they each attained to the same remarkable age, as each had

reached at least his ninety-ninth year before his end came.

Peculiar interest is attached to the life of Cornaro on account of the record which he published of the havoc which dissipation and intemperance had wrought upon his constitution, and of the means which he successfully adopted for its recuperation. He is also otherwise well entitled to remembrance, for in an age signalised by the revival of intellectual activity, he stood out as a man of singularly versatile accomplishments, and of philanthropic and patriotic projects. These admirable features of his character have been, to a considerable extent, overshadowed by the striking example of his amended life, which exhibited a rare instance of self-control, of determined abstemiousness, and of a successful battle against diseases which had brought him to the brink of the grave more than sixty years before he became its tenant. No ordinary man could have submitted to the severe self-denial which enabled him to revolutionise the entire habits of his life, and to resist for the remainder of his days the pleasures in which he had so long indulged, and to which his great wealth and exalted position still tempted him.

Another interest is attached to Cornaro, or at all events to his tractates on "Temperance and Sobriety," inasmuch as they were first translated into English by the saintly George Herbert, although no mention is made of this fact in the many notices which have appeared of them. Sir Henry Thompson,

in his "Diet in Relation to Health and Activity," merely states that "a paper in the *Spectator* was one of the first notices of Cornaro in this country." The extracts which will appear in the following sketch will be chiefly taken from Herbert's version, which contains all the practical matter of the original, but omits certain severe strictures upon the reformed religion, a matter which at that time deeply affected thoughtful and devout minds.

Cornaro was a member of one of the most illustrious families in Venice, but unfortunately, from the misconduct of some of his relatives, he was early in life deprived of his rank as a nobleman, and excluded from all State employments and honours. Born in 1468, a child of fortune so far as riches and possessions were concerned, his lot was cast in perhaps the most voluptuous city in Europe; he was early placed in a peculiar and perilous position, and threw himself into the vortex of dissipation and sensual pleasures; he became distinguished as a rake, a gourmand, and a wine-bibber. He was also of a violent disposition, which led him into many difficulties and dangers. He ran this course of "fast life" until after he had turned his thirty-fifth year, with the result that his health then completely broke down, diseases multiplied upon him, and a premature death seemed inevitable. To quote his own words: "I say, therefore, that the infirmities which did not only begin, but had already gone far in me, first caused me to leave intemperance, to which I was

much addicted: for by it, and my ill constitution (having a most cold and moist stomach) I fell into diverse diseases, to wit, into the pain of the stomach, and often of the side, and the beginning of the gout, with almost a continual fever and thirst. From this ill temper there remained little else to be expected of me than that after many troubles and griefs I should quickly come to an end; whereas my life seemed as far from it by nature as it was near it by intemperance. When, therefore, I was thus affected from the thirty-fifth year of my age to the fortieth, having tried all remedies fruitlessly, the physicians told me that there was one help for me, if I could constantly pursue it, to wit, a soberly and orderly life; for this had every way great force for the recovery and preserving of health, as a disorderly life to the overthrowing of it, as I too well by experience found. For temperance preserves even old men and sickly men sound; but intemperance destroys most healthy and flourishing constitutions; for contrary causes have contrary effects, and the faults of nature are often amended by art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry. They added withal, that unless I speedily used that remedy, within a few months I should be driven to that exigent, that there would be no help for me but death, shortly to be expected.

“Upon this, weighing their reasons with myself, and abhorring from so sudden an end, and finding myself continually oppressed with pain and sickness,

I grew fully persuaded that all my griefs arose out of intemperance, and therefore, out of a hope of avoiding death and pain, I resolved to live a temperate life.

“Wherefore, being directed by them in the way I ought to hold, I understood that the food I was to use was such as belonged to sickly constitutions, and that in a small quantity. This they had told me before; but I then, not liking to that kind of diet, followed my appetite and did eat meats pleasing to my taste; and when I felt inward heats, drank delightful wines, and that in great quantity, telling my physicians nothing thereof, as is the custom of sick people. But after I had resolved to follow temperance and reason, and saw that it was no hard thing to do so, but the proper duty of man, I so addicted myself to this course of life, that I never went a foot out of the way. Upon this I found within a few days that I was exceedingly helped, and by continuance thereof within less than one year, although it may seem to some incredible, I am perfectly cured of all my infirmities.”

Although his physicians laid down the broad principles which were to restore him to health, they appear to have left the application of them to his own judgment; he was to discover for himself what particular articles of food best suited him, and in what quantity they best agreed with him. As he observed in a later letter upon his case, “no man can be a perfect physician to another, but to himself

only. The reason whereof is this; every one by long experience may know the qualities of his own nature, and what hidden properties it hath, what meat and drink agrees best with it; which things in others cannot be known without such observation as is not easily to be made upon others, especially since there is a greater diversity of tempers than of faces." With his mind filled with these convictions, and with a firm determination to follow whithersoever his conclusions led him, he began most carefully to note whatever he ate or drank, to ascertain what caused him uneasiness and what agreed with him. The grim earnestness with which he entered upon the quest is almost amusing; his downright sincerity admitted of no tampering; any instruction his stomach conveyed to him was turned to practical account, without hesitation or compromise. His own words record, "I began to search out most diligently what meats were agreeable unto me and what disagreeable; and I proposed to try whether those that pleased my taste brought me commodity or discommodity; and whether that proverb wherewith gluttons use to defend themselves, to wit, 'that which savours is good and nourishing,' be consonant to truth. This upon trial I found most false; for strong and very cool wines pleased my taste best, as also melons and other fruit; in like manner raw lettuce, fish, pork, sausages, pulse, cake and piecrust, and the like; and yet all these I found hurtful.

“Therefore trusting on experience I forsook all those kinds of meat and drinks, and chose that wine that fitted my stomach, but in such measure as easily might be digested ; above all, taking care never to rise with a full stomach, but so as I might well both eat and drink more.” Happily this sagacious old Venetian patrician does not leave his readers in the dark as to what “measure” of meat and drink he found it prudent to limit himself. His “whole day’s meat,” he writes, “viz., of my bread and eggs and flesh and broth, was twelve ounces exactly weighed, and the measure of my drink was fourteen ounces.” Instead of taking, as formerly, only two meals daily, kind nature taught him, he says, to divide the quantity into four collations, because thus divided it was more easily digested. He held, furthermore, that as years increased, the quantity of food and drink ought to be decreased. In spite of this conviction, he was tempted to add two additional ounces to each. How the departure came about, and what were its results, cannot be better told than in his own words : “I was led by the advice of physicians, and the daily importunity of my friends, to add something to my usual stint and measure. Divers reasons they brought, as that old age could not be sustained with so little meat and drink ; which yet needs not only to be sustained, but also to gather strength, which could not be but by meat and drink. On the other side, I argued that nature was contented with a little, and that I had for many years

continued in good health with that little measure ; that custom was turned into nature, and therefore it was agreeable to reason that, my years increasing and strength decreasing, my stint of meat and drink should be diminished rather than increased, that the patient might be proportionable to the agent, and especially since the power of my stomach every day decreased. To this agreed two Italian proverbs, the one whereof was, 'He that will eat much, let him eat little' ; because by eating little he prolongs life. The other proverb was, 'The meat which remaineth profits more than that which is eaten.' By which is intimated that the hurt of too much meat is greater than the commodity of meat taken in a moderate proportion.

"But all these things could not defend me against their importunities. Therefore, to avoid obstinacy and to gratify my friends, at length I yielded, and permitted the quantity of meat to be increased, yet by two ounces only.

"This addition, after ten days, wrought so much upon me, that of a cheerful and merry man I became melancholy and cholerick, so that all things were troublesome to me, neither did I know well what I did or said. On the twelfth day a pain of the side took me, which held me two-and-twenty hours. Upon the neck of it came a terrible fever, which continued thirty-five days and nights, although after the fifteenth day it grew less and less. Besides all this, I could not sleep, no, not a quarter of an hour ;

whereupon all gave me up for dead. Nevertheless I, by the grace of God, cured myself only with returning to my former course of diet, although I was now seventy-eight years old, and my body spent with extreme leanness, and the season of the year was winter, and most cold air. And I am confident that, under God, nothing help me but the exact rule which I had so long continued. In all which time I felt no grief, save now and then a little indisposition for a day or two." From that time forth he stood upon the exact measure of his meat and drink as firm as a rock, and reaped the reward in a happy old age.

He did not, however, pay exclusive attention to diet; he adopted all-round hygienic principles, telling us that with his carefully selected and scrupulously weighed food he "avoided other hurtful things also, as too much heat and cold, weariness, watching, ill air, overmuch use of the benefit of marriage; for although the power of health consists most in the proportion of meat and drink, yet these fore-named things have also their force." He adds: "I preserved me also, as much as I could, from hatred and melancholy, and other perturbations of the mind, which have a great power over our constitutions. Yet could I not so avoid all these but now and then I fell into them; which gained me this experience—that I perceived that they had no great power to hurt those bodies which were kept in good order by a moderate diet; so that I can truly say, that they who in these two things that enter in at the mouth keep a

fit proportion shall receive little hurt from other excesses."

Mental elasticity and vigour, as well as bodily health and strength, rewarded Cornaro's reformation. He had retired to Padua, where he erected for himself a palace, kept open house, and extended a warm welcome to men of science, letters, and arts. For he had become himself an earnest student, proficient in many accomplishments, and skilful in many departments of practical knowledge. He is stated to have been "accomplished as a singer; he also wrote a comedy and a treatise on architecture; he was a first-rate sportsman; at home on all subjects relating to agriculture, draining, dykes, and fortifications. He brought waste lands into cultivation; he planned the regulation of the lagoons, and formed a scheme to divert the course of the Tiber by a cutting at the Ponte Molle, thus anticipating by three centuries the plans of the present day." His comedy he evidently regarded with great satisfaction; he terms it "a most pleasant comedy, full of honest wit and merriment; which kind of poems useth to be the child of youth, which it most suits withal for variety and pleasantness, as a tragedy with old age, by reason of the sad events which it contains. And if a Greek poet of old was praised, that at the age of seventy-three years he writ a tragedy, why should I be accounted less happy, or less myself, who, being ten years older, have made a comedy?" He had before stated that it was written when he was eighty-three years old.

His own picture of his life is too pleasantly drawn to be omitted here. He wrote: "I am continually in health, and I am so nimble that I can easily get on horseback without the advantage of the ground, and sometimes I go up high stairs and hills on foot. Then, I am ever cheerful, merry, and well contented, free from all troubles and troublesome thoughts, in whose place joy and peace have taken up their standing in my heart. I am not weary of life, which I pass with great delight. I confer often with worthy men, excellent in wit, learning, behaviour, and other virtues. When I cannot have their company, I give myself to the reading of some learned book, and afterwards to writing; making it my aim in all things how I may help others, to the furthest of my power. All these things I do at my ease, and at fit seasons, and in my own houses; which, besides that they are in the fairest place in this learned city of Padua, are very beautiful and convenient above most in this age, being so built by me according to the rules of architecture, that they are cool in summer and warm in winter.

"I enjoy also my gardens, and those divers, parted with rills of running water, which truly is very delightful. Some times of the year I enjoy the pleasure of the Euganean hills, where also I have fountains and gardens, and a very convenient house. At other times I repair to a village of mine, seated in the valley, which is therefore very pleasant, because many ways thither are so ordered that they all meet and end in a fair plot of ground, in the

midst whereof is a church suitable to the condition of the place. This place is washed with the river of Brenta, on both sides whereof are great and fruitful fields, well manured, and adorned with many habitations. In former time it was not so, because the place was moorish and unhealthy, fitter for beasts than men. But I drained the ground and made the air good, whereupon men flocked thither, and built houses with happy success. By this means the place is come to that perfection we now see it is ; so that I can truly say, that I have both given God a temple and men to worship Him in it, the memory whereof is exceedingly delightful to me." This charming portrait of himself was drawn when he was eighty-three years old. He had married rather late in life a lady of a distinguished house, by whom he had one child, a daughter named Clara, whom he lived to see an old woman, the mother of eight sons and three daughters. These young people were evidently a source of great pleasure to their aged grandfather. He wrote of them : " Now, lest there should be any delight wanting to my old age, I daily behold a kind of immortality in the succession of my posterity. For when I come home, I find eleven grandchildren of mine, all the sons of one father and mother, all in perfect health, all, as far as I can conjecture, very apt and well given both for learning and behaviour. I am delighted with their music and fashion, and I myself sing often, because I have now a clearer voice than ever I had in my life."

A sneer has been raised against Cornaro on account of his excessive care of himself, but surely, considering all the circumstances of his case, he was fully justified in taking all possible means to prolong the life which to him was gladsome instead of wearisome. After all his efforts to avoid risks to health, he necessarily had to encounter some, of which he gives account. For he wrote :

Having endured many heats and colds and other like commodities of the body and troubles of the mind, all these did hurt me little, whereas they hurt them very much who live intemperately. For when my brother and other of my kindred saw some great and powerful men pick quarrels against me, fearing lest I should be overthrown, they were possessed with a deep melancholy (a thing usual to disorderly lives) which increased so much in them that it brought them to a sudden end ; but I, whom that matter ought to have affected most, received no inconvenience thereby, because that humour abounded not in me.

Nay, I began to persuade myself that this suit and contention was raised by the Divine Providence that I might know what great power a sober and temperate life hath over our bodies and minds, and that at length I should be a conqueror, as also a little after it came to pass. For in the end I got the victory, to my great honour and no less profit ; whereupon also I joyed exceedingly, which excess of joy neither could do me any hurt. By which it is manifest, that neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life.

Moreover, I say that even bruises and squats and falls, which often kill others, can bring little grief or hurt to those who are temperate. This I found by experience when I was seventy years old ; for riding in a coach in great haste, it happened that the coach was overturned, and then was dragged for a good space by the fury of the horses, whereby my head and whole body was sore hurt, and also one of my arms and legs put out of joint. Being carried home, when the physicians saw in what case I was, they concluded that I would die within three days ; nevertheless at a

venture, two remedies might be used—letting of blood and purging, that the store of humours and inflammation and fever which was certainly expected, might be hindered.

But I, considering what an orderly life I had led for many years together, which must needs so temper the humours of the body that they could not be much troubled or make a great course, refused both remedies, and only commanded that my arm and leg should be set and my whole body anointed with oil; and so without other remedy or inconvenience I recovered, which seemed as a miracle to the physicians. Whence I conclude that they that live a temperate life can receive little hurt from other inconveniences.

Never did a more enthusiastic worshipper bend the knee at the shrine of temperance, and he seeks throughout all his pages to justify his practice by abstract principles. He argues that, "If the world consist of order, if our corporal life depend upon the harmony of humours and elements, it is no wonder that order should preserve and disorder destroy. Order makes art easy, and armies victorious, and retains and confirms kingdoms, cities, and families in peace. Whence I conclude that an orderly life is the most sure way and ground of health and long days, and the true and only medicine of many diseases. Neither can any man deny this who will narrowly consider it. Hence it comes that a physician when he cometh to visit his patient, prescribes this physic first, that he use a moderate diet; and when he hath cured him, commends this also to him, if he will live well in health. Neither is it to be doubted but that he shall ever after live free from diseases if he will keep such a course of life, because this will

cut off all causes of diseases, so that he shall need neither physic nor physician ; yea, if he will give his mind to those things which he should, he will prove himself a physician, and that a very complete one."

In corroboration of these views, he quotes in one place the opinion of Galen, with whose writings he appears to have been familiar, and whose example he certainly closely copied. Without consciousness, perhaps, of the fact, Galen was in many respects his prototype. Like many who have lived to a remarkable old age, this physician of ancient days had a weakly constitution when young, which led him to study his health as carefully as the excesses of his youth and early manhood compelled the Venetian patrician to study his future ways. Each adopted a severe regimen ; each carefully watched the effects of different foods, drinks, and exercises upon himself ; each learned to strictly govern passion and mental emotions ; each preached to others the gospel of temperance and purity ; each, by practising his own preaching, enjoyed a long and healthy decline of life. But after all, the members of the healing art were not to be swept away as quite without their use, for Cornaro further adds : "Nevertheless I deny not but that physicians are necessary, and greatly to be esteemed for the knowing and curing of diseases, into which they often fall who live disorderly. For if a friend who visits thee in thy sickness, and only comforts and condoles, doth perform an acceptable thing to thee, how much more dearly should a physician be

esteemed, who not only as a friend doth visit thee, but help thee?

“But that a man may preserve himself in health, I advise that, instead of a physician, a regular life is to be embraced, which, as is manifest by experience, is a natural physic most agreeable to us, and also doth preserve even ill tempers in good health, and procure that they prolong their life even to a hundred years or more, and that at length they shut up their days like a lamp, only by a pure consumption of the radical moisture, without grief or perturbation of humours. Many have thought this could be done by *aureum potabile*, or the philosopher’s stone, sought by many and found of few. But surely there is no such matter if temperance be wanting.” This allusion to life being extended to “a hundred years and more,” affords an incidental proof that in Italy, at that period, such a term was considered the extreme limit of old age, as it has been in all climes and in all times. There appears always to have been a possibility of reaching that age, although it was very rarely attained; there is no authentic proof that it was ever to any appreciable extent exceeded.

A glance has already been given of the renovated worthy in his own homes, to which, however, he did not confine himself. In extreme old age, he tells his readers: “Sometimes I ride to some of the neighbouring cities, that I may enjoy the sight and communication of my friends, as also of excellent artificers in architecture, painting, stone-cutting,

music, and husbandry, whereof in this age there is great plenty. I compare them with those of antiquity; and ever I learn somewhat which is worthy of my knowledge: I survey places, gardens, and antiquities, public fabrics, temples, and fortifications; neither omit I anything that may either teach or delight me. I am also much pleased in my travels with the beauty of situation. Neither is this my pleasure made less by the decaying dulness of my senses, which are all in their perfect vigour, but especially my taste; so that any simple fare is more savoury to me now than heretofore, when I was given to disorder and all the delights that could be.

“To change my bed troubles me not; I sleep well and quietly anywhere, and my dreams are fair and pleasant. But this chiefly delights me, that my advice hath taken effect in the reducing of many rude and untoiled places in my country to cultivation and good husbandry. I was one of those that were deputed for the managing of that work, and abode in those fenny places two whole months in the heat of summer (which in Italy is very great), receiving not any hurt or inconvenience thereby: so great is the power and efficacy of that temperance which ever accompanied me.”

There is much in these autobiographical sketches of Cornaro which recalls the narrative of another pleasant gossip upon his own career and principles of action, and, although a digression, a brief notice of him may not be without interest. Agnolo Pan-

dolfini must have been a contemporary, or nearly so, of the Venetian; he was, however, a Florentine, a successful merchant, who had enjoyed good health, a peaceful mind, and an attached family, blessings which naturally enabled him to reach a ripe old age. For the benefit of his children, he left a record of the means by which he attained to wealth and honour, and earnestly desired that they might walk in the same path. In the first place he states that he kept his soul to God, by preserving, as far as possible, his heart light, undisturbed by anger, hate, or covetousness, and abstaining from everything of which he would be likely to repent. In the second place, he considered that work, exercise, and cleanliness were required for the body; for the attainment of these, abundant and pure air, a wholesome house, and personal activity were necessary. "Exercise preserves life, kindles the natural warmth and vigour, carries off superfluities and evil humours, fortifies the body and the nerves, is necessary to youth, useful to the aged. He who takes no exercise can never live a cheerful and healthy life." He further insists that the residence should be in the purest air, in a pleasant country, with good water; in short, everything should be wholesome, pure, and good. His own country house must have been a model of a rural mansion, so carefully arranged that everything contributed to a free and joyous life, occupation and recreation constantly succeeding each other.

There were several points at which the Venetian

and the Florentine touched; they were both clearly sanitarians, although they lived so many centuries ago, for they recognised the importance of well-drained lands, of unpolluted water; of abundant and pure air, of wholesome dwelling-houses, and of habitual exercise. To this last-named point the one looked to carry off any ill humours the body might generate; the other regarded a minimised quantity of food as a mean to prevent any ill humours being bred in the system. Each was no doubt right according to the nature of his constitution, for no one rule will apply to all. As already quoted, Cornaro asserted that the diversity of tempers among men, by which of course he meant constitutions, was greater than that of their faces, and asked: "Who would believe that old wine should hurt my stomach, and new should help it; or that cinnamon should heat me more than pepper?" He therefore remarks: "No man is confined to that exact measure or particular sort of food I am, nor yet prohibited the use of many kinds of victuals. In short, he who is not offended at anything has the quantity and not the quality for his rule; than which nothing is more easy to be observed."

Among possible objections to his system, he considered it likely to suggest itself to some, that if so meagre a diet were habitually employed, there would be no margin left for a reduction in the case of sickness. His reply is, that Nature's voice instructs the sick man that he ought to eat very little indeed, and

that he who "lives a really temperate life" has taken "away the causes of disease, and therefore there is no place for the effect." To the objection that so severe a diet was too hard a thing to be kept, he replied: "Galen kept it, and held it for the best physic; so did Plato also, and Isocrates, and Tully, and many other of the ancients; and in our own age, Paul the Third and Cardinal Bembo, who therefore lived so long; and among our dukes, Laudus and Donatus, and many other of inferior condition, not only in the city, but also in villages and hamlets." He anticipates a third objection, namely, "that a long life is no such desirable thing, because that after one is sixty-five years old, all the time we live after that is rather death than life." He replies by a reference to his own case, as he was then able, at the advanced age of eighty-three, to take pleasure and delight in himself and all around him. "By which," he says, "it is evident that the life which I live at this age is not a dead, dumpish, and sour life, but cheerful, lively, and pleasant."

Cornaro then proceeds to speak of death as a terrible thing to young men; but he thought it not only a shameful thing to fear it, as it could not be avoided, but he hoped, when it should come to him, that he would "find no little comfort in the favour of Jesus Christ." But, although he looked to death as finally inevitable, he knew, he said, that at the time he then wrote, his end was far from him, "for, setting casualties aside, I shall not die but by a pure

resolution, because that by the regularity of my life I have shut out death all other ways, and that is a fair and desirable death which nature brings by way of resolution." This impression that death was still far from him at the time he wrote the above words, was not an idle one, for at the age of ninety-one he wrote his "Earnest Exhortation to a Sober Life," and at ninety-five, his letter on the same subject addressed to Barbaro, Patriarch of Aquileia. His expectation of the manner of his death was also fully justified, for his dissolution was accompanied by no physical agonies and no mental disturbance. His end was calm and peaceful, the *euthanasia* of the Greeks; it took place in his own arm-chair, in his own palace at Padua, when he had practically attained his century of existence.

Number 195 of the *Spectator* contains an allusion to the aged Venetian's collected tractates in the following words: "The most remarkable instance of the Efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of Long Life is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian; which I the rather mention because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian Ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England." The passages quoted in this chapter from the tractates must convince every reader, it may be presumed, that they contain much sound wisdom—the result of shrewd observation and a sincere love of truth. It speaks much for their

author's sagacity that, three centuries after his views were given to the world, they have been endorsed by one of the most eminent surgeons of the present day, Sir Henry Thompson. This high authority supports Cornaro's principle that, "with increasing age and diminished powers, a corresponding decrease of food must be taken in order to preserve health." He contends that "the typical man of eighty or ninety years, still retaining a respectable amount of energy of body and mind, is lean and spare, and lives on slender rations."

Dr. Cheyne, in the last century, was a notable example of what a diminished and different course of diet could accomplish in the reduction of enormous corpulency, occasioned by the free indulgence of the pleasures of the table. He was not only terribly incommoded by the burden of his flesh, but his health was most seriously impaired. A milk and vegetable diet so greatly benefited him, that he wrote several works earnestly urging its value upon his readers' attention. Lord Byron so injudiciously and suicidally treated his unfortunate tendency to fatness, that he can scarcely be brought forward as a case in point. The present century does, however, afford a very remarkable instance of the success which attended a strict adherence to Cornaro's method of diet. It is stated that the late Lord Lucan did full justice to all the good things which his Parisian *chef* could set before him, and did equal justice to the choice wines his butler brought up from the cellar. At fifty years

of age he found himself portly in person, but sadly deranged in health. Taking an honest view of the situation, he determined to try the plan of the old Italian; indeed, he was less indulgent to himself than was his prototype, for he limited his allowance of solid food to eight ounces daily. Upon this narrow supply his superfluous flesh and fat gradually vanished; he became spare, active, and healthy, dying at last of heart-disease of very old standing. This would no doubt have proved fatal many long years earlier had he continued his former course of life; as it was, he survived until his seventy-fifth year.

Many editions have been published of Cornaro's treatises, both in the original and translations. In the preface to a Cambridge copy of 1636, there is an interesting allusion to the translator of Cornaro's portion of the work. The writer says: "Master George Herbert, of blessed memorie, having at the request of a noble personage translated it into English, sent a copy thereof, not many months before his death, unto some friends of his, who a good while before had given an attempt of regulating themselves in matter of diet; which, although it was after a very imperfect manner in regard to that exact course therein prescribed, yet it was of great advantage to them, inasmuch as they were enabled, through the good preparation that they had thus made, to go immediately to the practice of that pattern which Cornaro had set them, and so have reaped the benefit thereof in a larger and eminenter manner than could otherwise

possibly have been imagined in so short a space." The reference to "Cornaro's portion" of the Cambridge issue requires a word of explanation. The title of the volume is, "A Treatise on Temperance and Sobrietie. Written by Lud. Cornarus, and translated into English by Mr. George Herbert." Published with it, but separately paginated, appears "Hygiasticon, or the Right Course of Preserving Life and Health unto Extreme Old Age; together with Soundnesse and Integrity of the Senses, Judgment, and Memorie. Written in Latin by Leonard Lessius, and now done into English." Appended to this, with a continued pagination, was "A Discourse, Translated out of Italian, that a Spare Diet is better than a Splendid and Sumptuous. A Paradox."

CHAPTER VI.

TITIAN : THE PAINTER.

Mind appears, from the beginning of the sixteenth century, to have been ever less an object of study with the Venetian painters than the mere pictorial representation, which may perhaps be safely said to be the end of their efforts as a school ; the moral or lesson of a picture, if it has any, being always subordinate to the one great aim of displaying a beautiful composition of colours.

R. N. WORNUM.

BIOGRAPHICAL annals furnish no more striking instance of "long-lasting" than that which is afforded by the life of this celebrated painter. His career is the more remarkable because, not only was the fire of his genius unquenched at the patriarchal age of ninety-nine years, but his eye and his hand were still obedient servants, and he fell a victim at last to a malignant pestilence, and not to natural decay.

Art critics have written much upon Titian without being able to arrive at any exact agreement in their estimate of his true position in Art. There is a great gulf between the views of Sir Joshua Reynolds and William Blake, between those of Mr. Ruskin and

M. Rio ; many intermediate judgments have been recorded by those who have weighed him in their critical scales. To arrive at the true character of any great master in any department of work, there must be considered the age in which he lived, the atmosphere by which he was surrounded, and the conditions under which he laboured. Titian was the grand representative of the third or final stage of the renaissance of painting in Italy, for Venice was the last of the Republics visited by that strange awakening. It gave in response results in various respects different from those of Florence or Umbria, for example, and failed to exercise any permanent influence for the exaltation of the painter's art, for, immediately after the days of Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese, a marked decline is acknowledged to have taken place. Art historians are at no loss to account for the fact ; the very personality of those painters whose works have left an abiding stamp upon each stage of the entire movement affords a key to the rise, culmination, and decline of the pictorial art. In Tuscany inspiration fell upon men full of deep religious feeling, of keen emotions, of energy of thought, all of which they brought to their work, and which left an enduring impress upon all that they accomplished. Not quite thus was it with the Venetian masters. They were neither scholars, philosophers, nor mystics. Not even that absolute hierarchy to which they professed to belong possessed any firm grasp over them. They were citizens of no mean city ; profit, pleasure,

and honour held important places in their affections; they were essentially mundane; they saw the world with thoroughly worldly eyes, without any wish or effort to penetrate to its spiritual mysteries.

This is no unjust estimate of Titian. He was certainly not a religious painter; he handled scripture stories and pagan myths, ecclesiastical themes and profane subjects in exactly the same style, and raised the soul no higher in the one class than in the other. One of his grandest productions is undoubtedly the "Assumption of the Virgin," but even of this it has been well said that it leads "the soul away from worship to dwell on the delight of youthful faces, blooming colour, graceful movement, delicate emotion." These are the main characteristics of Titian's style. All his pictures have to tell is immediately visible; there is no subtlety, no mystery, no essential underlying truth in the vast body of his work. Unrivalled as a portrait painter, with scarcely an equal as a colourist, skilful in grouping, successful in depicting action, he was supreme master of all the technicalities of his art. As years rolled by he became more and more realistic in execution; his paintings were marvellous for their vividness and fidelity, but they exhibited no passion, nor any earnestness, nor any intensity. Richness of colour and distinctness of effect are pronounced to be his grand excellencies. It must be remembered that in his day, and in his city, painting was a trade rather than a profession; it was in no wise derogatory to the

artist to open a *bottega*, or, in plain English, a shop, where customers could look over his stock-in-trade, purchase anything to which they took a fancy, or commission any portrait or composition. Indeed, work of a lower description would not be disregarded. When Giotto resented the order which was given to him to paint the "arms" of a conceited official, it was not the nature of the work itself which offended him so much as the manner in which the order was conveyed. Titian loved profit; he knew his patrons' requirements; he suited his pictures to their tastes; if those tastes were not of a very elevated nature, the fault was none of his.

As far as Titian's life-story can be related, it has been admirably and exhaustively told by Mr. J. A. Crowe, C.B., and Count Cavalcaselle, in two stout volumes, with illustrations. These gentlemen give the result of their diligent researches into all the details of the great painter's life; they particularise all his known genuine works; they give notices of lost and spurious ones; and critically examine, with great impartiality, the merits of those which they have had opportunities to inspect, and these include nearly all his pictures in this country and on the Continent. If they have been a little too fond of finding or coining uncouth words to describe the *technique* of Titian's art, it interferes little with the reader's interest, and detracts nothing from the instructive nature of the work. The following sketch is largely indebted to their pages.

Titian, Titiano, or Tiziano—"Il Divino Tiziano," as his countrymen call him—was born in 1477, in a modest house or cottage, the property of his forefathers, situated at Cadore, a small town in a district also so called. His home was a mountain one; his early outlook consisted of dolomite peaks, wild and even sublime scenery, diversified by quiet valleys, thickly foliaged woods, and the rushing torrent of the Pieve. A loving admirer of the great painter has published a charming volume giving an account of his personal visits to the locality of Titian's birthplace and childhood. Any reader interested in the subject will find Mr. Gilbert, in his "Cadore, or Titian's Country," a genial and skilful guide. The ancestors of the painter had long held a conspicuous position among the Cadorines; he was descended from a Guecello, who in 1320 settled at Cadore as administrator for its then feudal lords, the Counts of Carmino, and from that date the annals of the district record the names of various members of the family who were prominent actors in all local events. It was a Guecello, the grandson of the Podesta, who brought into the family the name of Titian by his marriage with Bartolommea, whose dowry consisted in part of the patronage of a chapel in the Pieve, dedicated to San Tiziano, of Oderza. Titian's father, Gregoria Vicelli, as the name had become, although a distinguished soldier and sage counsellor of the place, appears to have had a slender income, with two sons and two daughters to establish in life. Cadore was not a fruitful or plentiful district;

its agricultural produce sufficed for only one-fourth of the year's consumption ; it depended, therefore, upon outside supplies for the sustenance of its inhabitants. There existed wealth in the mines and forests, but to a large extent these were undeveloped ; as far as the works went, they gave employment to the strong and an impulse to the carrying trade. On the whole, life at its best was far from luxurious, and at times had something akin to privations ; the natives were consequently hardy, energetic, and thrifty.

Not much light can be thrown upon the early days of Titian, for although traditions exist which represent his genius shining forth at a very juvenile age, they are open to considerable suspicion. As, however, the members of his family were principally bred to the profession of law or arms, it may be presumed that, in common with many of our great artists, the child was father of the man, and that childhood gave clear indications of a natural leaning to Art. At any rate, it was resolved to make him a painter. Happily he had an uncle—whether brother of his father or his mother is uncertain—in Venice, to whom it was arranged he should be entrusted. Accordingly, when only nine or ten years of age, he exchanged his father's roof for a residence in that city of the waters, some seventy miles distant. Whatever darkness had fallen at that period on the former glory of Venice, it retained much wherewith to dazzle the eyes of its every visitor. Proud of its wealth, its freedom, its power, its isolation, it was unique in its

situation and atmosphere, in its state pageantries, the pomp of its rulers, the ostentatious display of everything that appealed to the lust of the eye and the pride of life. It could not have failed to have opened up an entirely new world to that art-born brain which had exchanged its physical birth-scenery for soul-stirring impressions of artificial city life.

All that can be certainly ascertained of the student days of Titian may be told in a few words. He is known to have been a pupil of Sebastian Zuccato, who is described as a mosaicist and a then painter of note, but whose name, if on the page of George Sand, is not now to be found on the roll of distinguished artists. Fame has dealt more kindly with the brothers Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, under whom Titian also studied. These artists were, it is recorded, not mere designers of altar-pieces, but masters of portrait, creators of composed pictures, and founders of landscape art. They were therefore admirably adapted to develop the genius of the young student whose future was to be one of unrivalled success in all these departments. For a time Titian had as a fellow-pupil Giorgione, who in after days almost rivalled him as a colourist, and excelled him in fresco painting; time has destroyed his frescoes, while scarcely more than half-a-dozen of his panel pictures are known to exist. He died at the early age of thirty-six. The elder Palma is also believed to have been a companion in the same studio. Titian, in his early

days, sometimes imitated the style of his teachers, and sometimes that of his fellow-students. He had, however, far too much originality of genius to allow him to be long enslaved by external influences or even by worthy examples. Although he did not rise by any extraordinary leap to reputation, Titian gave early indication that he could make his art speak a language of its own, and that so far from being a mere copyist of others, there was every probability that he would become the founder of an original school.

Tradition points to his earlier labours having been the decoration of house-fronts, for the Venetians were proud of dwelling-places so adorned. He also employed himself as a painter of Madonnas; a small Madonna at the Belvedere of Venice still bears witness to his early rejection of the traditional treatment of the subject, and conveys a promise of brilliant success in more mature days. But a thick cloud of doubt hangs over many of the pictures attributed to the early manhood of this master, and no very certain data can be adduced by which it is possible to trace his upward career; the task is rendered the more hopeless because time has effaced his frescoes, and fire and other accidents have destroyed many of his panel and canvas pieces. Step by step he advanced in skilful work, and by slow degrees in reputation. Even at the age of thirty he is found working under Giorgione, to whom had been entrusted the external decoration of the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, of which

mention will have to be made hereafter. At first, he worked in the style of his collaborateur, but speedily struck out a manner of his own, producing work which met with the warm approbation of sound judges. An anecdote runs that a distinguished party of connoisseurs overwhelmed Giorgione with praise for work which they supposed had been executed by him, but which in reality had been done by Titian. This is said to have greatly annoyed Giorgione, and recalls a somewhat similar occurrence between Ghirlandajo and his pupil, Michael Angelo. If anything of the kind really took place between the two workers on the Fondaco, the irritation must soon have passed away, for they were friends until the plague of 1511 carried Giorgione to an untimely grave; his unfinished pictures were completed by Titian, by whom no subordinate position was henceforth held. He began to be well known as a painter of Madonnas of remarkable beauty and very high finish; of sacred and ecclesiastical compositions which won general admiration, such as the "Man of Sorrows," and "Christ carrying His Cross," and of secular pieces equally beautiful, such as "Artless and Sated Love." At this time also commenced that series of the likenesses of earth's great ones which consumed so large a portion of his artistic life; the splendid portrait of a Doge, now in the Vatican Museum, was the earnest of the extraordinary success which was to crown this branch of Titian's art. But the masterpiece of his comparatively early days is to be found

in the Dresden Gallery, under the title of "Christ and the Tribute Money." Notwithstanding a recent eminent critic considers this picture is too highly rated, it is generally confessed to be, for simplicity and power, for combined detail and breadth, for brightness and delicacy of colour, "the most perfect easel picture of which Venice ever witnessed the production."

The history of Italy records the disturbed condition of Venice and its districts from 1508 to 1512. In the June of 1509, the province of Friuli was occupied by Maximilian; in the following month the capital was burned, and the whole of the villages of Western Cadore were sacked. These unsettled times had a disquieting effect upon artists, and among the migrations of the craftsmen, Titian took up his abode at Padua, at that time distinguished for its university, galleries of antiquities, museums, and literary collections. Here he resumed fresco-painting, scarcely rising equal to his reputation, certainly adding nothing to it. Report represents him as having been employed in the decoration of Cornaro's palace. It was for a brief season only; after a short stay at Vicenza, he returned to Venice, and threw himself into more congenial work. The "St. Mark of the Salute" was a production of this period; it is noted for its mellow colours and its masterly treatment of atmospheric lights and shades; it denoted a large increase of artistic power.

An incident is recorded in the thirty-sixth year

of the painter's life which had a marked influence upon his future career ; he could apparently act upon the impression that his genius could no longer be called in question, and that he was therefore entitled to a certain recognised and remunerative position in his adopted city which the authorities had it in their power to give him. This was a broker's patent in the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, which he petitioned might be granted him on the first vacancy, with all the privileges enjoyed by Giovanni Bellini, who held a like appointment. The peculiar institution referred to was a State building erected and maintained for the use of foreigners of various nationalities, but chiefly German, where they were permitted to reside and trade ; it was strictly regulated by Government, and free-trade principles were never more thoroughly ignored than they were by the rules to which foreign merchants had to submit. Among the officers connected with the establishment were thirty brokers, through one or other of whom all business had to be transacted. A broker's patent was a State prize, for it carried with it a salary of about one hundred ducats a year, an immunity from taxes, and other privileges ; it seems to have been in some cases a sinecure, in others the work was done by deputy, and it was conferred from time to time upon some eminent painter—a sort of retaining fee for his services to be at the disposal of the Great Council. It was as a painter that Titian requested the patent ; he based his petition upon the fact that he had studied painting from his childhood

upwards; that he was desirous of fame rather than profit; and that he would prefer to serve the Doge rather than the Pope, who then, as in earlier days, earnestly wished to employ him. He also desired to have a position in the Council Hall allotted to him, in which to paint a large battle-piece. In all particulars Titian's prayer was granted; two youths were given to him as assistants, who, with all colours and necessities, were to be paid by the Salt Office, the State department answerable for the public buildings. Bellini's adverse influence, it is conjectured, caused all these privileges to be withdrawn in the course of a few months, and Titian was informed that he would have to wait his turn for a broker's patent. He immediately sent in another petition, in which he urged that he should succeed Bellini in his office, and continue to work in the meantime. The office which Bellini held, and for which the broker's patent was given him, was that of *la Sanseria*, the principal duty being—and it was one to which the Venetians attached great importance—to paint the portrait of each successive Doge, at a payment of twenty-five ducats; a votive picture for each Doge was also expected, at a fixed price; and the privilege was conveyed of working on the decorations of the great hall. Titian's request was again granted, but only to be again revoked; for an official examination of the work already executed in the great hall led to an unqualified report that the cost had been largely excessive, and all the artists were therefore dismissed. After some

further negotiation, however, and the death of Bellini, Titian found himself in full possession of the office and its privileges. As is too often the case, the privileges appear to have been more highly prized than the duties. When each successive occasion arose, Titian painted the new Doge with due regularity, but the work in the great Council Chamber was utterly neglected. In vain, from time to time, the authorities remonstrated and threatened to annul his appointment ; he disregarded all their expressions of dissatisfaction for the long period of twenty-one years. During that whole time he had no rival to compete with him, which made him feel so secure in his position that he went his own way in defiance of protest and threat. In 1537, however, he was rudely awakened to the twofold fact that a formidable rival had appeared in Venice, and that he bid fair to supersede him in his office. Pordenone, who had acquired an established reputation in other parts of Italy, took up his abode about this time in the city of the waters, was soon admitted to State service, received the thanks of the Council of Ten for the manner in which he had executed the work entrusted to him, and made that body eager to turn over to him the unheeded task of Titian. A resolution was accordingly passed, and served on the great painter, in which he was plainly reminded that since his appointment he had drawn his salary without performing his promise, and closed with the remark : “ It is proper that this state of things should cease, and accordingly Titian is

called upon to refund all that he has received for the time in which he has done no work." This rebuke, the intimation it conveyed, and the appointment of Pordenone to paint in the Council Hall, immediately aroused Titian from his indifference, and he girded himself up for the speedy execution of the task so long overdue. With astonishing energy, and with inimitable skill, he soon produced his famous piece, the "Battle of Cadore," a painting of large dimensions, as the principal figures were life-size. It represented the field of Tai, where the troops of Maximilian were overthrown in sight of the Castle of Cadore, an incident in Venetian history of deep interest to all, to the Cadorines in particular, and had special attractions for the artist and his family. A disastrous fire in 1577 consumed this masterpiece, of which an engraving by Fontana, and some studies and copies, alone remain to convey an impression of its high qualities. At the time it was pronounced to be the finest painting which had ever adorned the Hall, and it at once appeased the anger of the authorities. More than once again, however, his office was threatened, and in 1567 he besought the Council of Ten to transfer the patent to his son and assistant Orazio, with which wish the Ten complied. During more than the half-century these facts comprise Titian had painted many portraits of the Doges who had reigned and died, and several of their votive pictures. His portraits, admirable as faithful likenesses, did not merely give the "outward skin," but each one was

stamped with the life and soul of the sitter, and was so masterly in its execution as to leave upon the mind of the beholder an impression of "something divine," a feeling of mingled astonishment and admiration.

But it is necessary to go back the long years just named, and to trace the artist's footsteps in other directions. At the date of his appointment to the Sanseria, he had attained to a position which soon brought him more commissions than it was possible to execute within the time his patrons deemed reasonable. Among those early patrons particular mention should be made of Alfonso d'Este, the Duke of Ferrara, his wife being the too well-known Lucretia Borgia. Like his father, this prince encouraged Art and smiled upon letters; therefore Titian attracted his notice, was invited to his Court, became his guest in 1516, and on many subsequent occasions. The prince projected great things, the painter promised great things, which promise was not soon fulfilled, although renewed by abject and flattering letters. In vain the duke wrote; in vain his agent in Venice remonstrated with the painter in mingled terms of pride and anger; in vain Alfonso sought a personal interview.

There was in all this an exhibition of one of Titian's peculiarities. He would promise anything, but he mentally reserved to himself his own time for the execution of his promise. There can be no room, therefore, for surprise that his patrons often had their patience sorely tried. For not only were no com-

missions rejected, however thick and fast they poured in upon him, but as a rule his works were of slow growth. He could, it is true, at times show himself a very improvisatore, by dashing off a masterpiece with singular speed, but such was not his ordinary method of production. The foundation of a picture once laid, it would be turned to the wall, and there left for weeks, or for months; on being again taken in hand, defects would be remedied, and again it would be put aside, to be resumed three or four times more, until its creator could regard it with satisfaction. This fact goes far to explain the difficulty which exists with regard to the exact date of many of Titian's pictures, as mention is frequently made of this or that one before the artist had touched the canvas which would one day glow with it. The same holds good with reference to its successive stages; so, while the painter was devoting himself exclusively, "body and soul," to Alfonso, he was deeply engaged in other productions carefully kept from the knowledge of the duke. Time brought that nobleman his reward; he received portraits of himself and probably of his first wife; certainly one of Laura Dianti, who was either his second wife or his mistress; portraits of Ariosto, and many compositions, among which may be named "Venus Worship," "Noli me Tangere," "The Virgin's Rest," and "Bacchus and Ariadne." Further intercourse led the duke to entertain a very high esteem for the artist, whose help he often sought in matters beyond his own profession.

Nothing would be more futile than an attempt to enumerate all the noted pictures which for so remarkably extended a term left the easel of the artist. A few representative ones can alone find mention. Among these must come the magnificent composition of the "Assumption of the Virgin," now in the Academy of Venice; it was executed for the high altar of Santa Maria de' Frari, in that city, and was exhibited to the public on St. Bernardino's Day, March 20, 1518. Crowds of his fellow-citizens gazed on the painter's creation with undisguised delight, and notwithstanding certain defects, and the unsuitable position it now occupies, competent judges pronounce it to be a truly grand production. A masterly altar-piece at Brescia contained a majestic figure of St. Sebastian, which in a great measure satisfied the artist's own ideal, as it met with the warmest admiration of all who saw it. The "Madonna di Casa Pesaro" is considered to tell of the maturity of Titian's power, and to contain "the most splendid and solemn union of the laws of composition and colour, with magic light and shade." A few words will explain the picture. The artist had painted Pesaro, the Bishop of Paphos, many years before, in the act of praying to St. Peter to grant him victory in an impending conflict with the Moslems. His prayer was not disregarded, and in this piece the bishop is depicted in the act of returning thanks for his victory. An altar-piece painted for Doge Andrea Gritti, of "St. John the Almsgiver," had thrown into it all the

artist's originality and power, for the noble old Doge entertained very kindly feelings for Titian, who painted his portrait and also executed for him a fresco. An incident connected with the painter's "St. Peter, Martyr," is of considerable interest. In 1528 the brotherhood of St. Peter Martyr invited all Venetian artists to compete for a new altar-piece for the church of Giovanni e Palola, which should represent the death of their patron saint. Palma and Pordenone, each of eminent reputation, entered the lists against Titian, but signally failed, for after a public exhibition of the designs he carried off the prize. After two years of careful labour, the painting was delivered and exhibited, and excited then, as in subsequent times, intense admiration. "Generations of artists, from Benvenuto Cellini and Tribolo in the sixteenth to Rubens and the Caracci in the seventeenth, and Reynolds in the eighteenth century, spent hours in admiring and studying it." Wilkie and Turner also expressed unfeigned delight with this masterpiece. Tradition states that the Signoria threatened with death any one who should have the audacity to remove it from its position. Unhappily the original was destroyed by fire in 1867; a copy, however, exists in the church of the brotherhood, and one is also to be found in Paris.

Long before the death of the Duke of Ferrara, he had introduced Titian to his nephew, Federico Gonzaga, Marquess of Mantua. A gratifying reception was extended to the painter in 1523, when he

visited the court of the marquess-duke, who fully appreciated his genius, and always treated him with marked courtesy, even speaking of the love he bore to him, and of the "singular pleasure" which it would give him to receive him again. Further visits followed, and among the noted pictures painted for the duke's castello there must be named the "Entombment," and the "Madonna del Coneglio," which obtained a promise of a benefice for the artist's priestly son, but it was long before any advantage reached the hands of his father, to his "great discontent." A series of the Roman Emperors, executed from medals, were commissioned by the marquess, and eleven of them were finished before the patron's career was closed by death, which event took place in 1540. Titian attended his funeral, and no doubt keenly felt his loss, for he had always treated him with generosity and kindness, and had gained him the patronage of the Emperor, Charles V. But before any details are given of his connection with this renowned monarch, mention should be made of two other princely patrons for whom much work was executed. For the Marquess of Mantua's brother Titian painted the "Rape of Proserpine," and for Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, whose wife was sister to the Marquess of Mantua, he painted portraits of himself and of his duchess. They were finished in 1537, in the painter's noblest style; so admirable were they that the high-born of Venice were enchanted with them, and they called forth the

unbought praises of Aretino. The duke was a soldier of tried skill and courage ; he arrived at Venice as generalissimo under orders to assume command. But in the midst of war preparations the duke fell ill, and was anxious to return to Pesaro ; at his request Titian accompanied him, but change of place failed to counteract the poison which had been treacherously administered, and after weeks of great agony he died in 1538.

Courtly in person, dress, and manner, Titian may be considered the true type of a Court painter, and step by step he rose in favour among the great ones of the earth, until he numbered Charles V. and Pope Paul III. among his friendly patrons. A sight of the Duke of Mantua's portrait made the emperor wish for one of himself by the same artist ; and by invitation Titian visited his Court at Bologna, 1532-3, accomplished an eminently successful likeness, to the great satisfaction of Charles, and laid the foundation of much future intercourse with him and with his degenerate son Philip after him. The emperor paid a thousand scudi in gold for the painter's services on this occasion, and created him a Count of the Lateran Palace, of the Aulic Council, with all the advantages which accompanied those privileges ; he was made a Knight of the Golden Spur, by which he was entitled to wear the sword, the chain, and the golden spur ; while his children were raised to the rank of nobles of the empire, with all the privileges pertaining to families with four generations of ancestors. During this visit

Titian was introduced to General Davalos del Vasto and to Ippolito de Medici, both of whom held high state at the emperor's Court, and were secured as the painter's warm friends, sitting to him for their portraits. William Hazlitt was an enthusiastic admirer of Titian, and in his young days, before he had deserted Art for Literature, executed, with great success, a copy of Ippolito's portrait. His own likeness of Charles Lamb was said to have had a Titianesque air about it. The monarch would fain have had the painter accompany him on his campaigns, that his brush might hand down to posterity some of their striking incidents. A quieter and a safer life better suited the taste of the artist. He had, nevertheless, a perfect willingness to visit the Court in any of its temporary homes, and in 1536 he accompanied his friend the Marquess of Mantua to Asti, where the emperor was then meditating the invasion of France. Personal interviews did not limit the painter's dealings with the monarch. Acting on the advice of Aretino, Titian sent the emperor the painting of the "Annunciation," prepared for the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, of Murano, for which the nuns of the convent had refused to pay the five hundred scudi charged for it. Charles accepted the painting with great gladness, which he testified by a present of one thousand five hundred scudi above the price originally fixed by the painter.

Another meeting with the emperor, in 1541, resulted in the grant of an annuity upon the treasury

of Milan ; he received also a pension from General Davalos, for whom he painted the "Allocution," a marvel of art which caused a lively sensation when exhibited at Milan. Another meeting took place at Busseto, in 1543, the painter then being the guest of Cardinal Farnese. He painted for Charles a portrait of the late empress, from a likeness supplied to him ; the execution was signally successful ; the emperor made one of the two eventually produced his constant companion during the remainder of his life, and allowed almost the last look of his dying moments to rest upon it. In 1548 Titian was again at Augsburg, at the summons of Charles, who sent him an outfit and money for the journey. He was graciously received, and painted his imperial patron on the horse ridden by him at Mülberg. As usual, the portrait was eminently satisfactory, and in acknowledgment his pension on the treasury of Milan was doubled. Incessant labour must have been the lot of Titian during this visit, for he was called upon to paint the portraits of a large number of the noble and distinguished company assembled on the occasion, as also of the elector and other of the prisoners. He had also to execute many composed pictures. Once more the monarch and the artist met ; in 1550 the latter was again invited, or commanded, to Augsburg ; he found Charles in gloomier mood than ever, his health broken, his heart sick of thrones, Courts, and combats, his soul yearning for the seclusion and rest of the cloister, to which he had determined to retire.

He granted Titian repeated and confidential interviews, to the surprise and displeasure of the courtiers. He is said to have hushed their complaints by telling them that he had many nobles, but only one Titian. His communications with the painter admitted of an easy explanation. Charles earnestly desired a composed picture which should express in Art language the feelings which induced him to withdraw from the world, and end his days in religious exercises. He had an equally earnest desire to possess a portrait of his son Philip, then twenty-four years of age, of ungainly figure and of unattractive features. From a masterly, although rapid, study which Titian made on this occasion, two portraits were ultimately produced. Philip was represented in one as a warrior, in a suit of damasked steel, while in the other he was portrayed as a courtier. Attitude and costume were changed in replicas, but the head, into which Titian had thrown all his strength, was the same in each. The one now in the Museum at Madrid is the one which Mary of Hungary sent to this country for Mary Tudor to see the likeness of him who aspired to share her throne. Thanks to the skill of the painter, the portrait decided Mary in Philip's favour. In February, 1551, the Court left Augsburg, and Charles and Titian saw each other no more, but the latter received a pension of five hundred scudi, nominally from Philip. The emblematic composition, which occupied the artist's thoughts at the same time as the portraits, was finished in the autumn of 1554. A more difficult

subject could scarcely have been presented to an artist's imagination ; it was no less than a representation of the Trinity, seen in the radiance and glory of heaven, surrounded by patriarchs, prophets, and evangelists, with the Mother of the Saviour pleading with her Son for the pardon of the sins of the royal family. Charles was to figure as a penitent in the company of his empress, with Philip and Mary of Hungary. In imagination and execution the picture is considered a magnificent specimen of art, notwithstanding certain unquestionable defects. It delighted the emperor ; it was his companion in the solitude of Yuste, after his abdication ; special mention was made of it in his will ; his dying glances were thrown upon it. The "Grieving Virgin," a picture of considerable pathos and of beautiful execution, was also with the emperor in his last days.

Many canvases from Titian's studio had reached Philip before the death of his father ; after that event the great painter's brush appeared to be constantly at work for him. The pictures forwarded to him are far too numerous for special mention. One, a pure and simple landscape, was a novel step in painting, for hitherto, although Titian had thrown into his composed pictures many beautiful "bits" of Cadore and other scenery, they had always been subordinate to the composition as a whole. In the present instance the landscape itself was the principal feature, and he had every reason to be satisfied with the success of his experiment.

In rapid succession there were despatched to Philip compositions of a sacred, ecclesiastical, and profane character, the last-named generally consisting of nude female figures—"poesies," as the artist termed them. These paintings were sometimes original, or replicas, copies, or adaptations. Philip had long been promised a "Lord's Supper," on which the painter had been engaged for seven years. Although it was a very large composition, the true secret of its having been so long in hand was probably the hope that the King's desire to possess it would induce him to pay attention to Titian's constant complaints of non-payment for his works, and of his difficulty in obtaining the annuities granted by the emperor upon the treasuries of Naples and Milan. For long years no money could be wrung out of the chest at the former place, and the officials of the latter steadfastly refused to pay the grant. At last Orazio had to journey to Milan for a settlement, and then he appears to have received only a part of the amount due. Again and again Titian had to implore Philip to help him; he pleaded that he had reached a great age, "not without privations," and urged that his wants should immediately be relieved. At the time of his death he had still heavy claims upon his royal patron, for when partial payments were made, they were sent in rice warrants or bills, involving fees for agency, commission, and interest, so that he wrote: "I do not receive a *quotrino*, but half of it goes in these charges or neces-

sary presents." Mention has already been made of the Marquess of Mantua's brother, Ferrante Gonzaga, who afterwards became Governor of Milan, to whom Titian presented a replica of his portrait of Charles V., in the hope of inducing him to move in the matter of the pension from that city, but the present was thrown away, for he did nothing.

Mention has yet to be made of the most friendly and generous of all the patrons of Titian. Guidobaldo, the second Duke of Urbino, was a man of fine taste and great liberality; according to the painter's own avowal, his "princely kindness was never equalled." His palace at Venice, where with his wife Julia Varana he often held court, was the resort of men eminent in politics, literature, and art. Titian's portraits of the duke and duchess were considered marvels of art, as was also that of an idealised likeness of Aretino executed for the duke. Guidobaldo conceived a very high opinion of the painter, not only as an artist, but as a man; and he did not hesitate to bestow very unusual marks of honour upon him.

But Titian was the man of his day, and even had he been so disposed he could not have given himself exclusively to any one patron; nor had he any wish; he delighted to serve not only two but many masters, assuring each in turn that he was body and soul exclusively devoted to his service. And circumstances now arose which separated for a time the two friends, the duke and the artist. In 1542

there visited Venice Ranuccio, the son of Pier Luigi, who was the natural son of Paul III. Ranuccio Farnese was accompanied by the Patriarch of Aquileia, Cornaro, and Leoni, three distinguished tutors or governors, by whom Titian was employed to paint the portrait of the young princely ecclesiastic, which he did in a manner which greatly delighted all concerned. There is every reason to believe that the likeness is preserved in the Gallery of Vienna under the title of "A Young Jesuit," and which is well known by the many engravings which exist of it. The pleasure which it afforded to the prince and his governors was so great that they gave the painter a formal invitation to the Papal Court, which they renewed a few months after, with the tempting bait of a new benefice for Pomponio. A pause in political complications and disturbing wars had, at this time, permitted most of the members of the Farnese family to return to their palace at Rome, and afforded them leisure to turn their attention to Art. The time was therefore favourable for Titian's visit, but the Duke of Urbino raised his voice against the step; he at last consented, however, on the condition that his commissions should not be neglected. He gave, indeed, much more than a passive consent, he manifested a truly generous friendship; he took the painter under his own personal protection to Pesaro, and thence sent him forward to Rome, with caresses and presents, with an escort of seven riders, with all his expenses paid, and with the hospitality of a palace placed at

his command, which he was requested to regard as his own. In this princely fashion, accompanied by his son Orazio as his principal assistant, Titian entered the Eternal City, and was there cordially welcomed by Cardinal Bembo, who had in former years been resident in Venice, during which time he edited some of the Aldine Classics, and had personal knowledge of Titian, an intimacy renewed on the painter's visit to Padua, where Bembo at that time resided, and in whose museum were found the antiques which formed the groundwork of the twelve Cæsars which the painter undertook for the Marquess of Mantua. His Holiness the Pope also graciously received the distinguished painter, and provided for him a residence in the Belvedere, a palace which belonged to the Farnese. Here he had every opportunity for painting the portraits of the Pope and of the other members of the family, all of which were executed with his wonted skill; some exist at the present day, and bear witness to his extraordinary power in this department of his art. Several compositions were also produced at this time, the most noteworthy of which was "Danaë receiving the Golden Rain," a picture regarded as every way worthy of the master's hand. In the summer of 1546 Titian returned home *viâ* Florence and Piacenza, at which latter place he painted a portrait of Pier Luigi Farnese, who was absent from Rome during his visit there. Once again at home, intimations are conveyed that social honours were freely extended to the now

renowned painter; he was present at dinners and suppers served on luxurious tables, laden with every delicacy in season.

In the following year was painted an altar-piece for the church of Seravalle, of remarkable execution, even "a step in advance of all the master's previous works," but a dispute arose about its price, owing to an alteration in one of its principal figures, and six weary years rolled by before the matter was settled. Unfortunately, such misunderstandings were by no means rare in the latter years of the artist's life. An altar-piece for the people of Roganzuolo, whose church belonged to Colle, was ultimately paid for by eight annual instalments in kind, with the stones and labour necessary to build a villa, planned by the artist for his own retreat; it was beautifully situated on the slope of Manza, and commanded a boundless and glorious view. Less pleasantly settled was the dispute with the authorities of Brescia, who for two years resisted payment of the sum charged for three pieces in the ceiling of the palace of that place; they declared that the great painter's own hand had not produced them, and that they would not pay more than a thousand ducats for them. They were successful in their contention.

Previous years had produced some remarkable canvases which call for a brief notice; among them mention should be made of the "*Ecce Homo*," now at Venice, in which Aretino is made to figure as Pilate. It is an altar-piece of large size, for which

the sum of £7000 was on one occasion refused. A "Christ at Emmaus" was purchased by a patrician from the paintings Titian had on hand; he so greatly admired it that he presented it to the Signoria, by whose order it was publicly exhibited; a replica was executed for the Duke of Mantua. The "Baptist in the Desert" is pronounced to be "a marvel of design and colour," the principal figure affording a splendid display of muscular strength and elasticity, combined with elevation, in a frame of most powerful build. A magnificent picture of "Wisdom" was painted for the centre of the vestibule ceiling of the Library at Venice. Titian had far passed his eightieth year when he painted the portraits of the highly accomplished Irene of Spilenberg, and of her sister, as also of a splendid group of the Cornaro family. Even when his eighty-sixth year had passed, it is clear that the painter had lost no confidence in his own powers of conception and execution; it is equally clear that his patrons experienced no misgivings concerning either particular. A "Transfiguration" and an "Annunciation" testify that even at ninety time had impaired neither mental nor bodily working powers. A "Christ Derided," of sustained beauty and skill, would have been, competent judges consider, a remarkable painting for an artist in the very prime of life. The "Battle of Lepanto," painted when he was ninety-four, is disfigured by an absurd figure of Fame, but is otherwise a noble picture, giving no indication of the extreme age of the artist. His last composition, the

"Christ of Pity," will find mention in a future page, which will touch more particularly upon the personal characteristics of the master.

There remain to be said a few words upon the portraits which the painter has left of himself and of his daughter Lavinia. These appear to have been many in number, but do not admit of easy identification. The Berlin likeness is the one of Titian with which the general public is most familiar, because it has been so frequently engraved. The painting is of masterly execution; it reveals the robust constitution of the man, depicting a tough and vigorous frame; it tells as clearly of the keenness and energy of his character. It is stated to convey the impression of a man whose sixty-five years have not weakened the bodily build, nor dimmed the bright lustre of the eye, nor quenched the fire of the spirit, nor broken a strong will, nor enfeebled a powerful intellect. These physical and mental features stand equally visible in a second likeness, also familiar to the general reader. Old age, it is true, has left a more distinct mark upon the countenance, for he was now probably in his eighty-fifth year; the hair of the head and the beard are snow-white, and the face is somewhat sharp and pinched, yet time has had no power to bend the back, to wither the frame, or to dull the still piercing eye. One portrait, known to have been an heirloom in the family of the Vicelli, of Cadore, was stolen in 1733; it was suspected to have been bought by the Duke of Florence, but what became of it seems as doubtful as

to how it was stolen. Likenesses of the artist were repeated, more or less conspicuously, in several of his compositions; many others, which brother artists painted of him, are extant, all bearing the same distinctive and vigorous features. The Vicelli altar-piece, probably the work of Orazio, is believed to contain several family portraits, the staff-bearer being a likeness of the great painter. The bronze door of the sacristy of St. Marc, upon which Sansovino laboured for twenty years, contains a portrait of Titian, as also of his friends the architect and Aretino; all are projected with remarkable ability.

Many portraits of Lavinia were painted by her father; these were truly labours of love, for he was proud of her grace and beauty. None of his productions are better known than these likenesses, for originals, replicas, copies, and engravings have made one or other representation of her form and features familiar to all who take the least interest in Art. In the Dresden portrait Lavinia is represented with the fan; in Lord Cowper's collection she has the casket in her hands; in the Berlin picture she has a fruit-dish raised a little above her head. The variation in both position and costume leaves unaltered the form and countenance, which convey the impression of an amiable, an attractive, a refined, and a delicately brought-up gentlewoman; all true indications of her character, as far as the little which is known of her life enables a judgment to be formed.

CHAPTER VII.

TITIAN : THE MAN.

There are few works more engaging than those which reveal to us the private history of eminent individuals ; the lives of painters seem to be even more interesting than those of almost any other class of men.

W. HAZLITT.

IF we now turn from the artist to the man, it will be still important to bear in mind the age and the place in which the lot of Titian was cast. He must not be judged by the standard of our own day and country. From early childhood he had his home in a notoriously dissolute city, notorious for evil even in that age and land. Roger Ascham thanked God that he was but nine days in Italy, for in those nine days he saw in Venice more liberty to sin than he ever heard of in London in nine years. And another writer of a little later date says, speaking of the same city : "She swims in wealth and wantonness as well as she doth in the waters ; she melts in softness and sensuality." It must be conceded that in nobility of character Titian fell far below some of his contemporaries,

Michael Angelo, for example. But the materials are very meagre for a sketch of his private life, as no prying Boswell has recorded his every movement and utterance ; Aretino has happily left some interesting glimpses of his friend.

Total darkness veils the early years of the famous painter's private life. Tradition tells of an attachment which he is said to have formed when very young for Violante, the daughter of Palma, and her features are supposed to frequently appear upon the canvases of his mature life. He did not marry in haste, however, for he was more than forty years old before he is found to be a married man, and his wife's name was Cecilia, but nothing is known of her family. Four children were born to the parents ; death snatched the first-born daughter away in infancy ; Pomponio was born in 1525 ; a second son, Orazio, followed ; and in 1530 the mother lost her life in giving birth to another daughter. This bereavement was deeply felt by Titian. An eye-witness of his distress wrote : " Our master Titian is utterly disconsolate at the loss of his wife." He is stated to have taken his motherless little ones to Cadore, and there induced his sister Orsola to accept the future management of his domestic affairs and the training of his children. How well she acquitted herself of these duties Aretino has told in the words that she became " sister, daughter, mother, companion, and steward of his household." His home, during the period of his married life, was at San Samuele, where in 1516 he had set up his

workshop, by State authority, in buildings formerly owned by the Duke of Milan. They were situated in the heart of the city, close to the Grand Canal. The loss of his wife there probably made it a place of painful associations, so soon after his return from Cadore he sought out a new abode, and found one in Casa Grande, situated in the Biri quarter, a northern suburb of the city. At that period all around his home was refreshingly rural, and from his garden he obtained an extensive view of the hills and peaks of his native district. At first the painter occupied only the upper portion of the dwelling, but after a time gained possession of the whole, and ultimately held a mortgage on the house and land; the latter he enclosed and laid out ornamentally. Here his artistic taste found a congenial field for its exercise, and he succeeded in rendering his house and garden eminently beautiful and attractive. A cultivated visitor from Rome gives a pleasant picture of the artist and his abode. He speaks of Titian as "a person fitted to season by his courtesies any entertainment;" he describes one to which he was invited by the artist at his dwelling, which he says was "situated at the extreme point of Venice upon the sea. As soon as the sun went down the waters swarmed with gondolas adorned with beautiful women, and resounded with various harmonies—the music of voices and instruments—till midnight. The house was full of splendid paintings; the gardens were well laid out and beautiful—a pleasure and a wonder to the guests.

The supper was delightful, no less beautiful and well arranged than abundantly provided with delicate viands and precious wines." This was followed by "pleasures and amusements suited to the season, the guests, and the feasts." There is another picture of the painter given by Vasari, who was not over partial to him ; nevertheless he wrote : "Titian has enjoyed health and happiness unequalled. His house has been visited by all the princes, men of letters, and gentlemen who ever came to Venice. Besides being excellent in art, he is pleasant in company, of fine deportment and agreeable manners." Time has so changed all the features of this once fashionable quarter of Venice, with its favourite promenade, that it is now exceedingly difficult to verify Titian's house, which is absorbed, according to Mr. Gilbert, in a row of buildings, and the once elegantly kept garden ground is covered with unsightly erections, bearing signs of nothing but commercial activity.

Kings and nobles of every title were attracted to Titian's residence from the fact that some of his choicest productions were reserved for its walls. Particular mention is made of the visit of Henry III. of France, with a princely suite ; and of Cardinals Granvelle and Pacheco, all of whom the artist entertained in a manner consistent with their rank and with his own affluent position ; for there can be no room to question that a rich reward fell to the labours of his brush. Notwithstanding the loud and repeated cries of poverty which he made to loosen the strings

of the purses of his patrons, contemporary records clearly establish that he realised a lordly income by his art, that he lived in luxury, that he gave his daughter a royal dowry on her marriage, and that he had money at command to lend to dealers in articles of vertu and costly heirlooms, as also to his native district on an occasion of need. As soon as his reputation was well established he was accompanied on his professional journeys by three or four assistants, and well knew how to invest the fruits of his fame and industry. Moreover, the income from his broker's patent, and the sale of his paintings, was increased by many commercial transactions. If any faith is to be placed in physiognomy, Titian's portrait speaks aloud of a keen, practical, business mind; of a man shrewd and sharp in money matters; of one quick to see and strong to seize upon any advantages which offered themselves. It is clear that he and his brother Francesco purchased and worked a mill at Cadore; that he obtained the right of supplying his native town with grain; that he held a concession to cut timber in the forests of Tyrol; that he and his son Orazio were dealers in timber at Venice, and supplied the Duke of Urbino with planks and logs; he appears also to have trafficked in Art treasures of every description. He had freehold lands and villas, and when within a few moons of ninety years he would not issue the engravings from some of his best paintings until the Council of Ten had given him a monopoly of their sale. These facts render painful

and provoking the fawning and cringing way in which he constantly urged his claims upon his patrons. One after another is assured that the artist's whole soul is given to him; that he would willingly coin base money for him; that he kisses his hands and even his feet. He assures each that his only aim in life is to refuse the services of other princes, and to cleave to the mighty one with whom he may be in correspondence. A style of abject supplication is employed when he presses for payments due to him. He was constant in his complaints that he was kept without money for the support of his family, or for the purchase of clothes in which to appear in Court. Only a few years before his death he wrote to Philip that the state of his affairs was such that he did not know how to live; only a few months before his death he again wrote to say that he had reached a great old age, and to implore that such "consolation" might be given him as would enable him to support as it deserved the title of "Cavaliere," which the king's father had conferred on him. In the height of his prosperity he was required by a State decree to make a return of his income. A truly gruesome picture he drew of his financial position. The rent for his dwelling-place ran away with sixty-two ducats a year, out of an income of some one hundred and one ducats. His inherited cottage at Cadore produced only one load of hay from its meadow; various fields belonged to him in the district, but the Pieve swallowed up a portion of one every summer;

two saw-mills at Ansogue were let at twenty-four ducats each, less expenses for embanking the Pieve. He had a field with a cottage at Manza; eighteen fields at Milaré; two fields with a cottage, a house, and a small meadow near Serravalle; a small mortgage; and a cottage at Conegliano, for which he paid a yearly ground-rent of three lire. He finally dwelt upon the smallness of his receipts, and the difficulty he had to maintain his family. The reader will see at a glance that the chief sources of his income are quietly omitted, and that the whole return is about as trustworthy as many which are drawn up in this country in this year of grace. A contemporary, who knew Titian well, did not hesitate to write of his "covetousness and avarice." When he added an organ to the other attractions of his house, it was on the condition that it should be paid for by a portrait of the seller, and not in cash.

This unfortunate thirst for gold is believed to have influenced the artist in his choice of a profession for his son Pomponio. Judging from the whole career of that son, it is altogether improbable that he ever gave the slightest indication of fitness for the ecclesiastical calling; he was dedicated to it because his father expected to obtain for him, even in boyhood, church preferment, which would have been for his own benefit until his son was of due age. As a child Pomponio was therefore put into clerical attire, in which he paraded Venice; his father employed this as an argument to obtain for him an immediate

benefice, alleging that it would be to his own dishonour and infamy should his son have to relinquish the profession to which he had publicly acknowledged he belonged. A bitter punishment fell upon the parent for this unhappy error.

To continue the dark shadows of Titian's character, it must be confessed that he was often guilty of duplicity; that he readily made solemn promises which he had no intention to fulfil; and that on one occasion he was quite willing to lend himself to deceit and fraud. A stern moralist would say that this was the case on more than one occasion, for it has been asserted that he allowed his pupils to fill in his sketches, which he just touched up at last, and then offered them for sale as his own genuine productions. Nor did he disdain to stoop very low to please those whom it served him to please; it seemed a matter of perfect indifference to him whether his canvas should glow with a Madonna of the highest and purest type or with a nude female and suggestive accessories. Philip's characteristics of religious superstition and licentious inclinations were gratified by pictures specially prepared to meet each taste. It is impossible to suppose that Titian's sacred or ecclesiastical compositions sprang from any religious principles. Unlike Fra Angelico, who could not paint a crucifix without being moved to tears, unlike Lorenzo Lotto, who went to Loretto that death might overtake him when painting the Virgin, so as to have his soul filled with her to the last, Titian is

said to have manifested supreme "indifference to things holy and things profane." To him there was no gulf between a Greek myth and a Christian legend. Naturally of a tough mental and physical constitution, his moral character could have been little elevated by his long and close intimacy with Pietro Aretino, whose influence was probably a malign one. Contemporary witnesses stamp him as a shameless parasite, a reckless lampooner, an unprincipled literary bandit, an informer, a glutton, a drunkard, and a debauchee, in short, "all the infamy of the age." Yet for a period of thirty years he and the great painter were bound together in bonds of close friendship, a friendship terminated only by Aretino's sudden death. They were members of the Academy, a club which held quiet orgies in the palace of the one or the house of the other. Compatibility of disposition could scarcely have been the connecting link; it is more than probable that the artist found the satirist helpful to him in his approaches and appeals to noble patrons, for the lash of the latter was so distasteful that no bribe was spared which would turn it aside. Aretino had unquestionably a great admiration for the painter, whom he termed "glorious Titian," and he manifested every desire to assist him to fame and fortune, indifferent to the means, whether open or crafty, fair or foul.

Happily, the bright lights in the character of the painter relieve the dark shadows. It is, moreover, only just to believe that if the details of his long

career were more fully known; other aspects of an equally favourable nature would present themselves. Attachment to his kindred and birthplace may clearly be read in the great master's life. In his first petition to the Council of Ten he described himself as "Titian, of Cadore," although he had been long settled in Venice; and evidence is not wanting to show that love for his native district always burned brightly in his breast, inducing him to visit it at all possible opportunities. Its scenery stamped itself upon his soul, and over and over again appeared in his compositions. Although now not certainly known, portraits of his father and mother were executed by him. In one of his home visits he arranged for his brother Francesco to join him in Venice, to be trained as an artist, and, although after a short time he forsook Art for arms, they were on brotherly terms in the future, sharing in the same speculations. To his mountain home Titian turned when death had deprived him of the mother of his children, and to his sister he appealed to supply her place, and she continued at the head of his household until her death in 1550.

The conduct of Pomponio, his eldest son, rightly deprived him of his father's favour; nevertheless, he was ready to relent on any sign of amendment, and bore many bitter disappointments without wholly casting him off. Orazio was his more dutiful and therefore his favourite son; he assisted his father in his professional work, sharing, especially of late years,

in the execution of many of his important pictures, besides conducting the greater part of his financial and business matters. But the full strength of the father's affections went out to his daughter Lavinia, who succeeded Orsola in the management of his domestic arrangements, and with whose beauty he was confessedly delighted. When any of Titian's kindred visited Venice they sought him out, and found him ever ready to render them any assistance in his power. With the Cadorines in general he stood in friendly relationship, while they were very proud of their distinguished countryman. Through him Doge Gritti nominated his father to an inspectorship of mines, and sanctioned the appointment of his brother-in-law to the Chancellerie of Feltre. He was found earnest in pleading for his friend Sansovino when a dire misfortune fell upon one of his most important architectural erections, a misfortune for which he was condemned to pay a heavy fine, to lose his office, and to suffer a term of imprisonment. Largely through the exertions of the painter, the architect was reinstated and the fine remitted. Titian also promptly exerted himself on behalf of his confessor, who was thrown into prison for denying the divine origin of confession. Again, Pope Paul III., anxious to secure the services of the painter, offered him the "Seal of the Papal Bulls," which he would very gladly have accepted; but when he found that it had already been virtually given to a brother artist, carrying with it a condition that an annuity should be paid out

of its profits to a second member of the same profession, he peremptorily declined the offer.

Hints have been thrown out that Titian watched with jealousy the success of any promising painter. Facts can be adduced which go far to rebut the accusation. When the people of Brescia desired portraits from his hand, he reminded them that they had Moretto, a great portrait-painter of their own. When the Chapter of Parma offered him a commission he refused it, telling them that they could employ no better painter than Coreggio. When a design by Coello was sent to him from which he was requested to paint a picture for Philip, he replied that with so clever an artist in Spain, his majesty did not need to send for pictures from a foreign land. When, on one occasion, at Augsburg, he sent his compliments to Lorenzo Lotto, he expressed a wish that they were together at Court. In Titian, Verdizotti, a Venetian gentleman of no small ability, being a good designer and painter among other accomplishments, found such cordial friendship that he declared he loved him as a father. From all these facts it may be gathered that he was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, an attached husband, a loving father, a staunch friend, and an honourable competitor.

Vasari's remark that Titian had enjoyed unequalled health and happiness deserves special notice. It may be inferred that he began the journey of life with a robust constitution, inherited from plain-living, hardy ancestors; early transplanted, however,

to a licentious city, he found himself surrounded by temptations to habits inimical to health, and to which, there is reason to believe, he did not always rise superior. With such a friend and companion as Aretino, it is scarcely probable that Titian would have reached any higher standard of morality than that which prevailed among his fellow-citizens; that he did not fall below that standard is evident from the esteem with which he was treated by many of his princely patrons, and by his fellow-citizens generally. His manners and bearing were clearly those of a gentleman; he was admitted, especially in later life, to the best society of Venice, and must have borne himself with high-bred courtesy and wise discretion to have warranted the Duke of Urbino to write to Cardinal Farnese: "I greatly love Messer Tiziano, because of his rare qualities, as well as because he has particular claims upon my friendship."

Still stronger is the language used by Count Girolamo della Torre, who wrote to Cardinal Madruzzi: "I take this opportunity of presenting to your lordship Titian, the painter, the first man in Christendom, whom I ask you to treat as you would treat myself." It is also remarkable that Aretino, who was always ready to season his correspondence with foul jests, carefully abstained from that habit when writing to Titian. It may therefore be inferred that certain incidental notices which appear, such as that he had been ill of a fever occasioned by "irregular living," apply more to the pressure of his professional work

not "allowing him time to eat his bread," as he puts it, than to any riotous excess. As to his health in general, he seems to have suffered from scarcely anything but the small ailments of life ; few of earth's daily toilers ever lost so little time from ill-health. In reply to a question put to him by a surgeon of note at Venice, he acknowledged that he was subject to the general experience of task-workers, being eager to labour on some days, and painfully disinclined to it on others. But, after all, his manner of life, as far as it can be ascertained, affords no key to the wonderful preservation of his working powers, nor to the length of days to which he attained ; for it is certain that he did not regulate his life by any stern principles of health, but indulged, throughout his days, in festive living and pleasant companionship.

The happiness to which Vasari alludes was marred by domestic sorrows and troubles. He saw death snatch from him a child, a wife, a sister, a brother, and, more bitter than all, perhaps, his daughter Lavinia, whom he termed the one "dearest to him on earth," even "the absolute mistress of his soul." She was happily married when twenty-four years old, and became the mother of six children ; death came to her, as to her mother, in child-birth. The one great trouble which disturbed Titian's happiness was the conduct of his eldest son, Pomponio. Although dedicated to the priestly office from his childhood, he ran the career of a profligate and spendthrift ; he mocked every one who admonished him, and scorned all his

father's remonstrances. His conduct was so disgraceful that his father had, after all his efforts to obtain him preferment, at last to refuse him induction when it fell within his power to give it, for he looked upon his reformation as hopeless. After a time he relented, but Pomponio's character remained unchanged; he was a non-resident canon of Milan, but never discharged clerical duties. Looking at the strong contrast which the habits of the father presented, we can in some measure realise the bitterness and misery which he must have experienced through this reckless scapegrace, who, immediately after his father's death, squandered all the property for which the painter had so long and successfully toiled.

When Vasari visited Titian, in 1566, being then eighty-nine years old, he found him with brushes in hand, painting as usual. Seven years after he was hale and hearty enough to receive royal visits, to write letters, to paint pictures, and to superintend the labours of his pupils. Time had not, however, altogether overlooked the aged pilgrim; he appears to have been conscious that death's dart would soon reach him, and he therefore delegated more and more of his work to his son and to his pupils. But even in the last year of his wonderful life another example was given to the world of "a brush manipulated by one whose hand never grew weary, and never learned to tremble." The "Christ of Pity" comes naturally under the personal history of the artist, for it was painted under the conviction that his last long rest

was near at hand; it was the outpouring of the dying soul in colours, as the musician would express his expiring thoughts in notes—as indeed, one true poet did in his Requiem, and another in his beautiful chorale, “When my last hour is close at hand.” Titian’s “Pietà” was offered to the Franciscans for a tomb in the chapel of the “Crucified Saviour.” But before it was finished, differences arose between the brethren and the painter, which induced him to leave the picture incomplete, and to direct that he should be entombed in the chapel of his family at Pieve. He had not long to wait; the messenger came with awful suddenness and in terrible guise at last. In 1576 a malignant plague swept away fifty thousand of the inhabitants of Venice, the great painter being among the victims. A sanitary law had been passed by the authorities which prohibited the burial of those who fell by the epidemic in any of the churches of the city, but it was set aside without scruple in the case of their world-renowned painter; so the 27th of August saw a solemn procession wend its way to the chapel of the Crucified Saviour, where he originally wished to be laid, and there, with his knightly insignia, the mourners consigned Titian to his long sleep, and conferred their last honours on him. The “Christ of Pity” was finished by another brush, but it is still possible to trace much of the work of the aged master, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle state that “the touch is massive, broad, and firm, telling still of incomparable steadiness of hand. It is

truly surprising that a man so far advanced in years should have had the power to put together a composition so perfect in line, so elevated in thought, or so tragic in expression." After a full description of the composition, reference is made to the tablet portion, which still contains the portraits, although defaced, of Titian and Orazio, kneeling before the pitying Saviour. The knightly arms of the master are seen at the feet of a sibyl, while he, "wearied with the toils and anxieties of life, conscious of lofty aims not wholly reached, exhausted with a vexing service rendered to earthly dignities, casts himself at last upon the compassion of the Christ whose life and sufferings he knew so well, and left so wondrously set forth." Thus one writer interprets this exceedingly interesting monument of Titian's expiring genius.

The same plague which carried off the father struck down his son Orazio, his faithful companion and assistant, who died in a lazaretto. The city was panic-stricken with the calamity which had fallen on it; fearfulness and dismay everywhere prevailed; law and order were paralysed. Bands of thieves took advantage of this condition of affairs, and before Titian's house could be guarded it was stripped of many of its most precious treasures. To deepen the melancholy termination of a laborious life, by the death of Orazio, to whom the painter had bequeathed all his property, Pomponio inherited everything, and in a very brief period consumed all in folly and dissi-

pation. Not even the home of his ancestors was spared; that home which had been bestowed by the grandfather of the painter upon his father Gregorio, at whose death it passed to Francesco, and finally to Titian. The property at Biri Grande, the cherished home of the painter, shared the same fate.

It is somewhat singular, and cannot but be a matter of regret, that three eminent men of great constitutional vigour at an extremely advanced period of life, should not have died a purely natural death. Isocrates, when on the verge of one hundred years, cut short his life by voluntary starvation; Titian, as just related, fell a victim at the same age to the plague; Charles Waterton, when eighty-three years old, was in full possession of all his physical and mental powers, but lost his life by the falling of a tree. Each would probably have attained to five years over a century but for the disastrous causes named.

It may be well to notice here that not a few of Titian's contemporaries attained to a remarkable old age. Sansovino, the architect and sculptor, reached his ninety-first year; Antonio Grimani was eighty-seven when he assumed the sovereign office of Doge; one of his predecessors perished by the hand of the executioner after he had numbered his eighty years; and the Bishop of Paphos would have been sent to the Council of Trent had not his eighty-five years

somewhat impaired his once keen intellect. Francesco Sforza is said to have lived to "a great old age." The case of Luigi Cornaro has already been considered in detail. Michael Angelo attained the ripe old age of ninety, although he frequently ate only one meal a day, which consisted of nothing more than bread and wine. Gentile Bellini died at eighty-one, his brother Giovanni at eighty-nine; while a distinguished artist of a somewhat earlier day, Spinello Aretino, survived until his ninety-second year. These examples of men of note which have presented themselves unsought in looking over the records of Titian's time, not only fail to sustain the view of Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, to which reference was made in the introductory chapter, but go far to prove that a near approach to a century was not an uncommon event in the sixteenth century, at any rate.

CHAPTER VIII.

FONTENELLE.

Je connois une compagnie de fleuristes qui avoient commencé de donner à chaque nouvelle espèce de renoncule le nom de quelque personne de mérite distinguée dans le monde. . . . Assez ordinairement une certaine conformité entre l'agrément propre à une espèce et le caractère d'une personne connue les régloit dans le choix des noms. Par exemple, la renoncule qui avec l'éclat des roses par dehors montre par dedans une candeur toute unie, sans fard ni moucheture ; ils l'appelloient *la Rollin*. Celle où les mouchetures sont si multipliées et si serrées l'une contre l'autre, qu'elles empêchent de voir le fond qui les soutient ; c'étoit *la De la Motte*. Celle qui avec une riche couleur embellit régulièrement d'un joli panache l'extrémité de chacune de ses feuilles ; c'étoit

LA FONTENELLE.

Spectacle de la Nature.

IN the introductory pages of this work, allusion was made to the theory that those who attain to an extreme old age are generally characterised by an unemotional and apathetic temperament. Fontenelle certainly affords an example in point. He had nearly turned his one hundredth year at the time of his death, and had through life been distinguished for his even temper, unruffled demeanour, and steady

avoidance of all violent exertions, either mental or bodily. He knew nothing of outbursts of joy or of anguish; he avowed that he had never laughed and had never wept; like Galen of old, he carefully avoided all perturbations of the physical and spiritual man. All he ever knew of love was admiration of the female form, and was rather an affair of the brain than of the heart. It has been truly said of him that he was exempt from the great passions and was master of the little ones.

Fontenelle, Bernard le Bovier de, was born at Rouen, February 11, 1657, where his father, who was of a noble family, practised as an advocate. The real family name is stated to have been Le Bouyer, of which Le Bovier was an alteration or corruption, but Fontenelle was the name by which the subject of this sketch always sought to be known. His mother was Marthe, a sister of Pierre and Thomas Corneille, and a woman of great mental superiority. He was educated at the Jesuits' College of his native city, where his faculties developed themselves easily and rapidly, so that his student career was a brilliant one. At the early age of thirteen he wrote Latin verses worthy of being printed; he manifested great proficiency in all his other studies when very young, and the college register has a note by the side of his name: "*Adolescens omnibus partibus absolutus, et inter discipulos princeps.*" The Jesuits were anxious to gather him into their fold, but attractions of another kind very soon drew him far away from their order.

When only seventeen he paid a visit to Paris, and became publicly known by the verses which he published in the *Mercure Galant*, then edited by his uncle, Thomas Corneille, of whom Voltaire said he would have won a great reputation if he had not had a greater brother. Fontenelle is stated to have tried several times for the poetry prize of the French Academy, but always failed. Like his father and his uncle, Pierre Corneille, Fontenelle was admitted as an advocate ; he pleaded a cause entrusted to him, lost it, and immediately and for ever renounced law for letters. He entered upon an author's career under circumstances much more favourable than those which surround many an aspirant for literary distinction. He had naturally lively intellectual powers, which had been carefully cultivated ; he had good family connections, being the nephew of two men who had made a mark in the literature of their country, one of whom—the elder—had earned the highest honours of a dramatic poet ; they both believed in their young kinsman. He was, moreover, of an agreeable personal appearance, was habitually cheerful, and carried a kindly smile into society, notwithstanding he never laughed.

A second visit to Paris is recorded when he was twenty-two years old ; he had then for companions St. Pierre, De Vertot, and Varignon, the eminent mathematician. He has left on record the pleasantness of their meetings : they were all young ; full of the first ardour of knowledge ; they were united ; they had

also the possibly unappreciated happiness of being unknown. Various literary contributions were the work of this period; in addition to these fugitive pieces he aided his uncle Thomas Corneille in the composition of two operas; and he ventured before a theatrical audience a little comedy in one act, but under the name of another. In 1680 his tragedy of *Aspar* appeared, which turned out so complete a failure that on his return home he threw the copy into the fire, and hoped that total oblivion would be its portion. It was rescued from that fate, not for its worth but for its worthlessness. Paris was at that time divided into two dramatic cabals: Corneille and his friends were in one camp, and Racine and his followers in the other; each side depreciated the great man at the head of the other party, and eagerly seized upon anything which could give annoyance to their foes. The hopes of the former had fixed themselves upon Fontenelle, under the belief that the mantle of his distinguished uncle had fallen upon him; the complete failure of *Aspar* severely disappointed them, and turned their expected triumph into a bitter humiliation. Racine therefore took care that *Aspar* should not be forgotten, and Fontenelle, contrary to his lifelong habit, retaliated, and endeavoured by epigrams to disparage *Esther* and *Athalie*, and to avenge himself upon Boileau in like manner. The failure of the first youthful literary venture does not warrant the conclusion that its author will not succeed in future efforts, and

Fontenelle had a persistent predilection for dramatic composition ; moreover, it could scarcely have been without some distinct evidence of ability that both his uncles encouraged his attempts ; nevertheless, defeat attended his prose tragedy of *Idalie*, while his six comedies are pronounced to be below mediocrity. Possibly, if instead of having been met with biting sarcasm he had received from the first a little generous public encouragement, his supple mind might have successfully adapted itself to the task evidently dear to his ambition ; this is the more probable as *Thetis and Peleus*, which was brought out in 1689, was received with applause, and was praised by Voltaire. Fontenelle did not allow his disappointments to lessen his self-esteem or to shorten his days.

Six years before *Thetis and Peleus* appeared, its author had ventured upon an entirely new style of composition, in which he met with decided encouragement. His "Dialogues of the Dead" was, in fact, the first work which raised him among the "men of mark" of his time, although now his own countrymen acknowledge that its success bears witness to the corrupt taste of that day, for the work is full of subtleties and paradoxes, without brilliancy or solidity. He was soon again before the public, for in 1686 appeared his "Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes," which much augmented his reputation, for it was universally read, was pronounced to be a fascinating work, and was translated into many

languages. Its author sought to convey to his readers scientific truths in a lively and interesting manner ; this he endeavoured to effect by the introduction of a lady who sustained the principal character of the work. In the following year, Fontenelle published a "History of Oracles," based upon the labours of Van Daale, a Dutch author, who wrote, however, in Latin, in which the heathen oracles were exposed, and proved to be impositions and forgeries. This view was in direct opposition to that entertained by many of the ancient fathers, who held that the oracles had been directed by the supernatural operation of evil spirits ; it was therefore attacked by Balthus, a Jesuit, on the ground that it tended to free-thought. As in conversation Fontenelle never replied to objection or contradiction, so in regard to his writings he took no notice of hostile criticism ; there remains, however, a remark by him on this argument of Balthus, for, after pointing out that the responsibility of the views rested with Van Daale, and not with himself, he wrote : "*J'aime mieux que le diable ait été prophète, puisque le père Jésuite le veut et qu'il croit cela plus orthodoxe.*" Another new species of composition was entered upon in 1688, as in that year he published a small volume of "Pastoral Poems," with an introductory discourse on the Eclogue. This was for a time eminently successful, but it soon ceased to be read, and is now confessed to be greatly deficient in the qualities demanded by that style of poetry, for it

is destitute of any genuine appreciation of the beauties of nature ; its descriptions of rural life are artificial, and, with the exception of "Ismene," there is really nothing to save the volume from the oblivion into which it has fallen. Another venture, the "Lettres du Chevalier d'Her," was published anonymously, and proved a failure ; Fontenelle would neither avow himself nor disavow himself as the author.

Notwithstanding these numerous publications, Fontenelle was still comparatively a young man, and if before his twenty-fourth year he had composed a large part of the operas of *Psyche* and *Bellerophon*, he had since exhibited great mental activity and comprehensiveness. During this time there had risen around him many rivals and many enemies. For a large portion of his literary life he had to endure ridicule and sarcasm from men of higher intellectual powers than his own. Reference has already been made to Racine's enmity ; it had been intensified by the part which Fontenelle took in the controversy of that day upon the pre-eminence of the ancients over the moderns ; he gave his voice for the superiority of the latter, with indiscreet judgments upon the former, while Racine and Boileau advocated the contrary view. These two powerful foes managed to keep Fontenelle long excluded from the membership of the French Academy ; he failed of admission four times. His close intimacy with M. de la Motte, who was also the butt of superior intellects, told against him ; for thirty years, however, they were united in unbroken

friendship. They had the same admirers and the same enemies, and Fontenelle, who was the survivor, declared that the most beautiful trait of his life was that he had never been jealous of his friend. The coveted membership rewarded each in time, Fontenelle being only thirty-five years old when elected. Eight years after he became secretary of the Academy of Sciences, a position which he honourably occupied for the long period of forty-two years, and the literary labours connected with which form the most valuable portion of his contributions to letters.

Fontenelle's "*L'Histoire du Théâtre Français*," his "*Réflexions sur la Poétique du Théâtre et du Théâtre Tragique*," and his "*Elemens de Géométrie de l'Infini*," were received with respect, and sustained their author's reputation for a wide acquaintance with light literature, conjoined with a considerable attainment in science. Whatever renown he gained as an author rested, indeed, upon his art of popularising science. He learned to combine the art of instruction with amusement; to render dark subjects clear; to employ colloquial expressions to explain scientific facts. In his "*Histoire de l'Académie des Sciences*" he manifests the variety of his knowledge, the grasp and subtlety of his mind, and the graces of his style. If his *éloges* of deceased members of the Academy, which he pronounced for more than forty years, are a little too favourable at times, they are acknowledged to have been penned with great liberality, skill, and delicacy.

No son of literature was ever more happily placed for the remainder of his days than was Fontenelle soon after his fortieth year. His life glided away in the discharge of congenial duties, in pleasant friendships, and in social gatherings. His conversation is reported to have had a singular charm, and his manners were highly attractive. A man of note as a writer, and a favourite in society, was little likely to have escaped jealous enemies, especially as he had his weak points in each case. If the representations of his detractors were to be accepted as true, it would be clear that Fontenelle was little better than a literary charlatan and a social impostor; it must certainly have required all the imperturbability of character which characterised him to have quietly accepted the scathing criticism of Jean-Baptiste Rousseau and La Bruyère, and the pungent satires of other wits of the day. La Bruyère, writing of him under the name of Cydias, makes the galling remarks: "Whether he speaks or writes, he ought not to be suspected of having an eye either to the true or to the false, or the reasonable, or the ridiculous; he avoids both acting on other people's judgment and being of other people's opinion; thus, in company, he waits for each one to explain his views on the subject in hand, or the subject which he has himself brought forward, in order to say something entirely new, in a dogmatic style, but, as he thinks, decisive, and incapable of reply. Cydias matches himself with Lucian and Seneca, sets himself above Plato, Virgil, and Theo-

eritus, and his flatterer (La Motte) takes care to strengthen him every morning in this opinion. United by taste and interest with the despisers of Homer, he waits calmly until the undeceived world shall prefer other poets to him; he sets himself in this respect above other poets, and knows to whom he assigns the second place. He is, in a word, a compound of the pedant and the *précieux*, made to be admired by the city and the provincials; in whom, nevertheless, one perceives nothing great except the opinion which he has of himself." The translation of this passage is taken from Van Laun's very useful "History of French Literature," in which, however, Fontenelle is depreciated a little unduly; his best work is ignored, although at the same time it is acknowledged that he was a literary force in France for more than half-a-century.

But the days of the "Nestor de la Littérature" were drawing to a close, and probably no example of "long-lasting" is more remarkable, for he was so fragile at birth that it seemed an impossibility that he could live an hour; extreme feebleness continued to mark his infancy; in youth he required such continual care that he had to abstain from all amusements of an active character, even from billiards. His chest was so delicate that any agitation caused him to spit blood, and yet, during his exceptionally long life, he suffered from a single malady only, which was slight, and of short duration. He was largely helped by the possession of a serviceable

stomach, which was always good, and equal to the demands made upon it. During a great portion of his life he was subject to occasional swooning fits; he reached his ninetieth year, however, without any of the infirmities of old age weighing upon him, deafness excepted; later on his eyesight failed, but his constitution held out with wonderfully sustained power, so that his declining years were happy, and his old age serene and without suffering. Death reached him in a final swoon; the event took place at Paris, on the 9th of January, 1757; he was therefore a very few weeks short of having attained his one hundredth year.

Whatever flutterings of heart or of brain the fair sex may have occasioned Fontenelle, he never ventured upon matrimonial life. In his personal habits he was economical without being niggardly, and as his income much exceeded his expenditure, he gradually grew rich. His friendship with La Motte has already been noticed; he contracted another very sincere friendship with one of his fellow-collegians of the name of Brunel, who on one occasion did not scruple to write to his friend for a considerable sum of money in the curtest possible terms, and without any apology. It was immediately sent, with just as little ceremoniousness. The death of Brunel was deeply felt by Fontenelle. Hence it may be inferred that he was not destitute of heart, although naturally of a self-contained and calm temperament, which the delicate state of his health had compelled him to humour to

the utmost. His religious opinions have been described as a modest scepticism. He frequently declared that the Christian religion alone had proofs of its authority, and highly praised the "Imitation of Christ," terming it one of the most beautiful books which the hand of man had ever given the world.

Beyond the satirists who dwelt with almost savage severity upon the weak points of Fontenelle as a man and as an author, there existed a more moderate party who considered that his influence on letters was pernicious rather than beneficial; that his constant use of epigram and antithesis set the fashion of an affected, theatrical style, which tended to corrupt the purity of the French language. He was spoken of as the Seneca of his day, for while his admirers claimed for him the old Roman's vigour of style, his striking sentiments, and his pithy maxims, his detractors saw in his works nothing but elaborate conceits, over-embellished sentences, and idle play upon words. At the present time he is little more than a name in the literary annals of his country. An admirable estimate of his principal works, as also of his style and character, may be found in the "*Histoire de la Littérature Française*," by Frédéric Godefroy. It should not be forgotten that Voltaire considered him the most universal genius of the age of Louis XIV., and other critics have acknowledged that he was remarkable for the variety of his knowledge, the finesse of his mind, and the suppleness and graces of a talent eminently French.

CHAPTER IX.

THOMAS AMORY.

. . . . That delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan.

TENNYSON.

THE "Curiosities of Literature" scarcely furnish any more singular figure of an author, or any more strangely conceived works, than are afforded by the eccentric being and the children of his brain, now to be considered. Unfortunately, very little is known of Amory's personality; the meagre details concerning him which can be gathered up do little to satisfy curiosity; at best he is seen in a thick haze, as it were, the shape perceptible, but the features undiscernible. Moreover, his works may be said to be unknown to the general reader; they are familiar to those only who delight to wander in the bye-paths of literature, and to seek out the peculiarities and follies of authors. Amory's claims are sufficient, however, to entitle him to a little nook in this gallery of those

who have a higher right to be remembered than the mere fact of extraordinary tenure of life confers. As he attained to his ninety-seventh year, and gave to the world several volumes marked by some literary ability, originality of thought, extensive knowledge of theology, and close observation of nature, he has the double qualification demanded of those whose lives are here sketched. At times his pen appears to have been guided by a mind eccentric to the very verge of insanity; yet William Hazlitt did not scruple to assert that the soul of Rabelais had passed into that of Thomas Amory; a reader may find some little difficulty in tracing the points of resemblance. Hazlitt also gave Amory a wrong Christian name. Mr. Crabb Robinson wrote of one of his works: "Amory's descriptions are in a high style; his scene-painting is of the first order; and it is the whimsical mixture of romantic scenery, Millennium-hall society, and dry disputation in a quaint style which gives this book so strange and amusing a character." Charles Lamb pronounced it to be "written in better spirits" than any book he knew.

Thomas Amory is asserted to have been a member of an ancient and honourable family. He was the son of Councillor Amory, who accompanied William III. to Ireland, received the appointment of Secretary for Forfeited Estates, and became possessed of considerable landed property in County Clare. This was the son of another Thomas Amory, a younger brother of the miser Amory, or Damer, whom Pope called the

“wealthy and the wise,” and whose mother was the daughter of Fitz-Maurice, the nineteenth Lord Kerry, another of whose daughters was married to Sir William Petty, and a third to the Duke of Leinster. It has been conjectured that the hero of this narrative received an education for some branch of the medical profession, and there are passages in his works which favour this view, as far as it is safe to draw inferences from anything which he writes concerning himself. In one place, for instance, he observes: “Lay open the thorax of a dog (as I have often done), and you will find,” etc., where follows an anatomical description implying some special knowledge of the subject. The preface, or dedication, prefixed to “John Bunclé,” Amory’s best-known work, claims that it is to a large extent autobiographical; but what is apparently true is so interwoven with what is transparently fictitious that it is difficult to know how far any portion of it may be accepted as genuine. He says himself: “As to some strange things you will find in the following journal, and a life in various particulars quite contrary to the common course of action, I can assure you, gentlemen, that, however wonderful they appear to you, yet they are, *exclusive of a few decorations and figures* (necessary in all works), strictly true.” The italics are not in the original, but the words here thus emphasized have to be taken in a very broad sense, for the “few decorations” appear to form the bulk of the narrative portion of the two volumes.

In this preface he tells his readers: "I was born in London, and carried an infant to Ireland, where I learned the Irish language, and became intimately acquainted with its original inhabitants." "I was not only a lover of books from the time I could spell them to this hour; but read with an extraordinary pleasure, before I was twenty, the works of several of the fathers, and all the old romances, which tinged my ideas with a certain piety and extravagance that rendered my virtues as well as my imperfections particularly mine:—that by hard measure, I was compelled to be an adventurer when very young, and had not a friend in the universe but what I could make by good fortune and my own address." The "hard measure" to which he refers was occasioned by his father having married a second time, one of his young maid-servants having been selected for the honour. Many are the strong epithets which Amory heaps upon the head of this individual, rising to a climax with the remark that she was "the most cruel stepmother that ever the devil inspired to make the son of another woman miserable." This second marriage had taken place in the interval of the son's college career, during which time he does not appear to have visited his father's house. On his return home he not only found this new mother—vulgar, selfish, tyrannical—but also a nephew of hers—a spoiled, empty-headed, greedy lad—on whom was lavished all that money could procure to gratify his inordinate desires, while the rightful heir was be-

grudged everything befitting his position. Moreover, his father expected him to become tutor to this hated interloper. The unhappiness of the situation was intensified by the fact that his college tutor had turned Amory into a strong Unitarian, while his father was a firm Trinitarian, so that the orthodox family prayers, which the son was requested to read, violated the convictions of his conscience, while the prayers of his own, which in a few days he substituted for those given him to use, extremely irritated the head of the household. A long disputation on the part of the young man, ended in the father sending him adrift; so with his horse, his dog, his gun, and his lad attendant, he became "the adventurer" which he designated himself. The college tutor, to whom reference has been made, was probably the Jack Bruce of the "Memoirs," to be presently noticed, who taught "religion over a little bowl of nectar, for he never taught in a dry, sour method." With his own personal appearance, address, and acquirements Buncle was perfectly satisfied. During his five years at college, he had studied philosophy, cosmography, mathematics, languages, and history. He derived special benefit from the careful reading of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." His principal recreations were walking, and practising on the German flute. But beyond this, he asserts that in the days of his youth he was one of the most active men in the world at every exercise, that he was rash and venturesome where there was no

occasion to run any hazards, that he was a first-rate swimmer and a skilful swordsman. A romantic adventure which occurred during his college days ought not to be omitted. He entitles it, "The Story of the Beautiful Harriet Noel."

Divested of its descriptive passages, many of which are admitted to be admirably written, he records that on a glorious morning of a first day of August he wandered forth at early dawn, and after a five hours' ramble, in which everything had been forgotten in the beauty of the scenery and the exhilaration of the air, he awakened to find himself very hungry. Looking about, he espied a mansion, to which he immediately directed his steps, passed through the grounds without ceremony, and, on reaching a grotto, saw at one of its windows a singularly beautiful young lady sitting with her eyes intent upon what he afterwards discovered was a Hebrew Bible. She did not at first perceive him, but on raising her head was astonished at the vision before her, and immediately inquired the occasion of his visit. Before he could reply he found a venerable old gentleman at his side, who proved to be the owner of the house and estate and the father of the young lady. Mr. Noel, of Eden Park, proved all that a wandering stranger could have desired; an invitation to breakfast was given, the lovely Harriet presided, and charmed the guest with her modesty, grace, and wisdom. Her father was so delighted with his visitor that he extended the invitation to any length of time

it might be convenient for the wanderer to stay. Very gladly Bunce found himself quite at home in an abode of elegance and abundance, with the delightful heiress of all not seldom his sole companion. Deep Biblical and theological questions were at first discussed, as subjects dear to each; but a declaration of love soon escaped his lips, which the "glorious Miss Noel" did not take in good part. Hardness of heart was not, however, any feature of her character, and ere long she relented, and love-making began in earnest. The German flute did much good service, for music and song were thus enlisted in the wooing, and brought the sire on the side of the wooer. Never did serener skies smile upon two lovers, for the maiden was at once captivated and the father was eager to see the union effected, that he might settle his estate and fortune upon the happy couple.

A long visit was succeeded by a weekly short one, until within a fortnight fixed for the marriage, when a terrible blight fell upon this second Eden, for Miss Noel was smitten with the small-pox, which made woeful havoc of her beauty and consigned her to an early grave. The desolated mourner had thus early, he tells us, stamped upon his soul the dismal fact that "all is vanity." Possibly in this estimate he excepted a Bank of England note for £500, which Miss Noel left him by will.

On leaving his father's house, equipped as before stated, he carried with him a purse of gold and the legacy of the £500 note. He set out, he relates, with

“a passion for extraordinary things and places,” which, he continues, “brought me into several great distresses,” from which he had “quicker and more wonderful deliverances than people in tribulation generally receive.” He proceeds to tell his readers that “the dull, the formal, and the visionary, the hard-honest man, and the poor liver, are a people I have had no connection with, but have always kept company with the polite, the generous, the lively, the rational, and the brightest free-thinkers of this age.” By free-thinkers he simply meant to imply those who were not so decidedly Trinitarian in their views as to decline to weigh his arguments for pure Theism. A few only of his marvellous experiences can be touched on here; they are so utterly improbable that their only value consists in showing the romantic and peculiar character of the man’s mind, his vivid imagination, his keen sense of physical, mental, and moral beauty, and possibly a psychological peculiarity which induced him to believe that his dreams, or visions, were in very truth realities. He confesses that his narratives may “at first sight” seem strange, and next to incredible, but on consideration of all the particulars noticed in the preface, he hoped they would not long remain so; adding: “though you may think the relator an odd man. As to that, I have nothing to say. And if oddness consist in spirit, freedom of thought, and a zeal for the divine unity; in a taste for what is natural, antique, romantic, and wild; in honouring women who are

admirable for goodness, letters, and arts; and in thinking, after all the scenes I have gone through, that everything here is vanity, except that virtue and charity which gives us a right to expect beyond the grave; and procures us, in this world, the direction of infinite wisdom, the protection of infinite power, and the friendship of infinite goodness; then may it be written on my stone—‘Here lies an odd man.’”

His rambles commenced on the morning of a May-day; journeying from the western coast of Ireland, he reached Ringsend, “that lies on the Bay of Dublin,” in five days. After a rest, he shipped himself and his horse for England, but a terrible tempest caught the vessel, and the passengers were thrown into unutterable confusion and distress. Among these was a Miss Melmoth, whose life he was instrumental in saving, and with whom he contracted a close but platonic attachment. When the ship reached Whitehaven they put up at the same hotel, where they continued for three weeks; they took their meals together; they rambled about together; they amused themselves with cards and singing to his German flute; above all, they discussed religious and profitable topics. They had but one soul between them; but, although she was young and beautiful, rich and accomplished, not a hint of love disturbed their enjoyment of each other’s society, and on leaving Whitehaven they travelled together to Westmoreland. Here they had to part, for the lady and her servants were bound for Yorkshire; the gentleman had to

seek a college friend in the county at which they had arrived. A deep melancholy seized upon both when the hour of separation came ; the lady burst into tears, and confessed that the thought of never seeing him again was too much for her ; whereupon a future meeting was happily arranged, and a first kiss sealed a continuance of their friendship.

His search for his college friend then commenced, and was attended with a series of wonderful and romantic adventures, all related with a most transparent air of reality, intermingled with descriptive passages of scenery and never-ending dialogues on almost all branches of knowledge, but especially theology. For everywhere he fell in with beautiful and highly-cultivated women, and they were always mysteriously able controversialists, thoroughly well acquainted with Scripture and all its vexed questions, especially the Unitarian creed. He discovered them in earth's most secluded places ; he found himself unexpectedly brought into communities of fair maidens associated together in some kind of Protestant nunnery, where they led spotless, thoughtful, studious, happy lives, and were not in the least disconcerted at the appearance of a gentleman ; on the contrary, they made him a welcome visitor, and freely set before him the best entertainment the establishment could afford. Such an institution he found in Burcot hamlet and its lodge, on nearing which he was informed that women alone inhabited the place ; that there were one hundred of them, presided over by a young lady

named Azora, who suddenly appeared before him, attended by ten young women, "straight, clean, handsome girls," but far inferior to their head, who was of commanding height, with every feature beautiful. For three days the bold visitor remained, charmed with Azora's conversation, and with her strong, clear, musical voice. An interesting description is given of the ladies' gardens, fish-ponds, etc., which manifests the enlightened views which the writer held on these points of social life, as the morning and evening prayers put into the mouth of Azora show the earnest and devout side of his character.

A pretty hermitage is next reached, which had belonged to a gentleman of whom nothing remained but his skeleton, which Buncle found, with a paper lying beside it which gave some particulars of John Orton, the deceased: a desperate sinner until his fortieth year was reached, when he repented of his evil ways, sold all his property and gave the proceeds to the poor, reserving just sufficient for his own maintenance in the hermit-like life to which he doomed himself. Buncle found Orton Lodge most comfortably appointed, with all its surroundings admirably arranged. He immediately took possession of the house and grounds, leaving behind him an attendant as care-taker. It became his future home. Travelling onward, he encountered Mr. and Miss Harcourt, the latter of whom was the foundress of a religious house of Protestant recluses; she was only

one-and-twenty ; “she had all the qualities that constitute a beauty, for she was tall and graceful, and in every action, and her whole behaviour, to the last degree charming ; her eyes were vastly fine, large and long, even with her face, black as night, and had a sparkling brightness as great as could appear from the refraction of diamonds ; her hair was as the polished jet, deep and glossy ; and yet her complexion fresh as the glories of the spring, and her lips like a beautiful flower.” She excelled in music and painting. The unknown wanderer was warmly welcomed by father and daughter ; into their sympathetic ears were poured his family grievances and his religious heterodoxies, the Athanasian Creed greatly vexing his soul at this time. Their souls were touched ; their home was at his service ; the father’s purse was ready to fly open if money were wanted ; and the heart of the daughter could easily have been won had the slightest siege been laid to it. But destiny impelled him onward, and dreams or visions too numerous to be even glanced at are gravely recorded. In his usual mysterious fashion he appeared before the dwelling of two ladies, both young and charming, by whom he was cordially received, and although a perfect stranger to them, was invited to share their dinner. An elegant and abundant meal was speedily before him, and it soon transpired that he had accidentally found the home of his college friend of which he was in search ; its owner, however, was in Italy, but he had left word that the hero of

the story might be expected, and that on his arrival the residence and all its contents should be placed at his service. His friend's sister and her companion were about to visit Scarborough and London, but at once offered to postpone their departure for a month, in order to keep their visitor company, and they would return to cheer him during the season of winter, or, if more agreeable to him, they would abandon their trip altogether. Miss Turner, for so this most amiable lady was called, had all the beauty and accomplishments of the other fair ones with whom he had fallen in ; she had also a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, which it was soon apparent she was willing to place, with herself, in the hands of this heaven-sent pilgrim, but he considered that it would be taking an undue advantage of the situation, and therefore refrained from speaking the word. Besides which he remembered Miss Melmoth, whom he " liked " as " well as her circumstances," and the time was now at hand when the arranged meeting was to take place.

Again a wanderer, he reached a house beautifully situated and admirably appointed, which turned out to be occupied by a gentleman with whom he had travelled from Ireland, who warmly pressed him to stay the summer with him and his sister. The short stay he made sufficed for the latter to lose her heart to him, but in vain, for Miss Melmoth was drawing him to herself. After a time he came upon an abode of three brothers, all Roman Catholics—one was

a Franciscan friar, the two others were farmers—with one of whom a strong friendship was immediately formed, and he was quickly turned from a Papist to a Protestant. Finally, he arrived at the residence of Mrs. Asgill, at whose house he was to meet Harriet Melmoth, but alas, the former lady had died a month before, and the latter had gone away, without leaving any address, while a letter which she had written for Bunce had been accidentally burned. He was “struck to the soul,” and immediately set out to discover the fair lost one, but for three weeks he was unsuccessful. Meanwhile, Miss Melmoth had heard of his visit, and had commenced an active search for him, and in the usual romantic fashion of the work, her quest was not in vain; they met, she joyfully accepted an offer of his hand, proceeded with him to the Flemings, and the next day to Orton Lodge, where the friar made them man and wife after the rites of the Romish Church. Two years glided away in unclouded happiness; gardening and farm improvements, fishing and shooting, books and song, filled the golden hours of the day. The fascinating Charlotte sang divinely to the soft, sweet notes of her husband’s German flute, but amidst all, time was found for delicate repasts and nectared bowls. But death, alas, was drawing near to this theatre of pastoral happiness, and his “swarthy curtain,” as Amory elsewhere terms it, soon fell over the whole scene, and the young wife was numbered with the departed.

Overwhelmed with grief at his bereavement,

Buncle locked up Orton Lodge, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his man, set off to find relief in change of scene, and also to get, he says, "another country girl for a wife, and a little more money, as they were the only two things united which would screen me from melancholy and confer real happiness." He soon found the object of his search, by peculiar providence, of course, and a very lovely Statia unexpectedly found herself mistress of Orton Lodge; but her reign, like that of her predecessor, soon came to an end. For three days the mourner sat with his eyes shut; he then aroused himself, called for his horse, and determined to try the effect of exercise and variety in the way of consolation.

He soon returned to instal Miss Cramer in Statia's place, but before many moons had waxed and waned that place was again empty. Hereupon he sought to lose his grief at Harrogate, and very soon, from the willing ones there, he selected Maria Spencer to fill the void at Orton Lodge. She was a young lady of vast arithmetical attainments, but after six short months of matrimonial happiness she also sought "the lightsome fields of Hades," as her disconsolate husband called the place of the departed. This left room for number five to have her opportunity; Miss Turner accepted it, but shortly gave place to Miss Fitzgibbon, who speedily retired in favour of Agnes Duck, by whom the charming series was brought to a close. Well might the poor, solitary husband exclaim: "What a wink is life!" After these

bereavements he wandered about the world for nine years insensible to all the attractions of the lovely ones he met, and willing to consider that his day had passed; finally he returned to Orton Lodge to await his own summons to Hades.

Critics have called Bunce a "Bluebeard," an unbloody Henry VIII., and "a strange mixture of vehement Unitarianism in faith, liberality in ordinary judgment, and jovial selfishness in practice." In the author's lifetime, and before the publication of "John Bunce," he appears to have had unfriendly things said of him, for in the preface to that work he wrote: "That tradition might not hand me down, when I am gone, in that variety of bad and foolish characters, which a malice, that knows nothing of me, whispers while I am living, it was necessary that I should tell my own story." He was also, he professed, influenced by a less personal consideration; he wrote: "My principal intention in this piece is to serve the interest of truth, liberty, and religion, and to advance useful learning, to the best of my abilities. That I have the happiness of mankind at heart, and attempt, in a historical manner, to increase their knowledge in general, and in particular, to lead them to a pious contemplation and acknowledgment of God's unspeakable wisdom and goodness manifested in the works of creation; show them the truth of the testimony of Jesus Christ concerning a divine providence, immortality, and a future state; and that as virtue advances and improves, human felicity aug-

ments, and becomes a sure prognostic of that fulness of bliss which men of goodness and integrity are to enjoy, without intermission, frailty, and infirmity in an unchangeable and everlasting life." A more than usually quaint sentence dismisses his readers to his very curious narratives and discussions; he writes: "I have only to add that I wish you all happiness; that your heads may lack no ointment, and your garments be always white and odoriferous." The first volume of "John Bunclé" was published in 1756; the second part appeared in 1766.

This work was not, however, Amory's first venture as an author. His pen had been active in 1751; but although in that year a "Letter to Lord Orrery" was advertised, it is almost certain that it was never published. The announcement in the *Whitehall Evening Post*, of December 12, 1751, ran thus: "Soon will be published, 'A Letter to Lord Orrery,' in answer to what his lordship says in his late remarks in praise of Swift's Sermon on the Trinity; being an attempt to vindicate the divinity of God, the Father Almighty; and to convince his lordship, if he has a mind open to conviction, that the tritheistic discourse preached by the dean of St. Patrick's, is so far from being that master-piece my lord Orrery calls it, that it is in reality the most senseless and despicable performance that ever was produced by orthodoxy to corrupt the divine religion of the blessed Jesus. By Thomas Amory, Esq." The first work which is certainly known to be by Amory appeared in 1755; although

the title-page does not bear his name, its incoherent and overcrowded condition would almost of itself proclaim it to be his production, were other evidence absent. It runs: "Memoirs containing the Lives of Several Ladies of Great Britain: A History of Antiquities, Productions of Nature and Monuments of Art: Observations on the Christian Religion as professed by the Established Church and Dissenters of every Denomination: Remarks on the Writings of the Greatest English Divines, and a Review of Writers called Infidels, from Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, to the late Viscount Bolingbroke: with a variety of Disquisitions and Opinions relative to Criticism and Manners."

The names of twenty ladies are given in the index whose lives were to be included in the work, and as the narratives were to be interspersed with all the miscellaneous matter indicated on the title-page, it need be no matter of surprise that eight octavo volumes were to be issued. Volume I. alone was published, and that without a promised appendix which would have given an account of Dean Swift and of Mrs. Grierson, of Dublin. That he never issued his sketch of the dean is greatly to be regretted; he wrote: "I think I can draw his character; not from his writings, but from my own near observation of the man. I knew him well, though I never was withinside of his house; because I could not flatter, cringe, or meanly humour the extravagancies of any man. I am sure I knew him better than any of

those friends he entertained twice a week at the Deanery, Stella excepted. I had him often to myself in his rides and walks, and have studied his soul when he little thought what I was about. As I lodged for a year within a few doors of him, I knew his times of going out to a minute, and generally nicked the opportunity." From further remarks it appears that the dean did not know who was his companion, and Amory pretended that he was not aware with whom he was in intercourse. The volume of the "Memoirs" contained the "History of Mrs. Marinda Benlow," with a very long postscript, and an almost equally long dedication to Mrs. Monkhouse, of Paterdale, in Westmoreland. This lady was a charming young widow of one-and-twenty, who had withdrawn from the world, and devoted herself, he says, to "obtaining understanding, that you may ever think and act to the glory of God, your own eternal happiness, and the good of others." It is needless to say that she was a sound Unitarian; not one of those who "fancy themselves pious for swallowing the preparation of the doctors; that tritheistic apostacy which the Fathers and Councils forged, and Popes and Theologers have conspired to establish." She, he goes on to say, continued "to worship the Father of the Universe only, through Christ the glorious Mediator."

The preface to the work was dated "Barbican, Feb. 10, 1755," and fully do its pages answer to the miscellaneous character its title promised. Nor is it possible to deny that it contains much that amuses

and interests; there is clear evidence that it is the production of a vigorous, original, independent, and ingenious mind, however strangely warped in some particulars. Space does not admit of a long quotation, or a good example of Amory's peculiarities might be given in his description of the dress in which the ladies of one claustral house arrayed themselves; it combined the sanitary and the æsthetic. Those, however, who were not fully admitted were allowed to wear what garments they chose, with one exception—they were forbidden "that diabolical invention, that for ever execrable design, the impious and unnatural hoop-petticoat. This dreadful machine is never to appear among these wise and amiable women." Occasionally, but very rarely, Amory touches on delicate subjects; when he does so, it is in a style too robust for the eyes or ears of the present generation of gentle readers. An unfavourable notice of the volume appeared in the monthly reviews, to which a reply was published, ostensibly by a lady, with an addition by another lady, but which is understood to have been by Amory himself.

After all these high flights, it is more than a little disappointing to descend to the few dry particulars which are really known of his life. Whether or not he visited foreign countries is uncertain; he makes mention of having been in Peru, as also of having "journeyed over England and Scotland," and of having a familiar knowledge of Ireland. The remarks already quoted concerning Dean Swift seem to render

it certain that he resided for some time in Dublin. At the date of his publications he had settled down in Orchard Street, Westminster, and had, during the latter part of his residence there, a little country retreat at Belfont, near Hounslow. Where, when, or to whom he was married remains unknown; no particulars of his domestic life are recorded, but his wife is stated to have borne herself as a lady of great respectability. One son can be traced, who was educated for the medical profession, and practised, as Dr. Robert Amory, for many years as a physician at Wakefield. Little can be really gathered from some account of his father's life which he contributed to the pages of a magazine.

If the writings of Thomas Amory were at times suggestive of a disturbed brain, the singular habits of his life supported that impression. For, although he had the appearance, manners, and honourable conduct of a gentleman, he led a most secluded and bat-like existence, shunning all company, and never stirring abroad until the fall of the evening, when he would wander in the streets in abstract meditation, possessed of nothing in common with those who surged around him. Such a habit of life was well calculated to nurse visionary tendencies, and to confound the real and the unreal. It may be a matter of surprise that such a recluse should ever have entered into print. He has himself stated that he did so to place himself in a true light with the public, and to instruct his fellow men on some highly important points. His leading motive

was, no doubt, the advocacy and propagation of the doctrines of a pure Theism, which he evidently held with great jealousy and tenacity. Possibly he may have been influenced by another motive ; his personal seclusion may have, as in the case of his contemporary, the poet Cowper, found a certain compensation in his printed publicity ; it may have given him a gratifying feeling of still holding communion with his kind, from whom otherwise there would have been total estrangement. A noteworthy feature in Amory's case is that, although he led a life apart from the human family generally, he was not a morose man, nor in any degree a misanthrope ; on the contrary, as far as his writings reveal his true character, he was keenly alive to the pleasures of society, love, and friendship. He intensely enjoyed the beauties of nature, and was not in the least indifferent to what are termed the good gifts of Providence ; he was full of sympathy and kindly feeling for others, goodwill to man being an essential article of his creed. He even deprecated any of the usual Protestant abuse of nunneries and monasteries, testifying that he had known many most excellent nuns and friars. "This," he declared, "is the testimony of an enemy ; an enemy to popery, not to the professors of it. I love the men ; I hate the thing." He was a great reader, as his works testify. There is nothing to show how the twenty-two years of life, which were left to him after the publication of the second part of "John Buncke," were passed ; he does not again appear in

print, as far as is known, nor can any personal details of him be found. His death took place in 1789, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

Amory's books are said to be without a parallel in literature. Their *bizarre* character was, however, even exceeded in the work of a Dominican friar, born at Venice, about the middle of the fifteenth century, and, as he lived to his ninety-fourth year, a passing glance may be taken of his remarkable production. It bears the Latin title of "*Poliphili Hypnerotomachia*," and, as far as it can be said to be written in any one language, the native tongue of the author appears to have been selected; but this is so strangely intermingled with Hebrew, Greek, Chaldaic, Arabic, Latin, and other words, that its pages form a very Babel of tongues. And if the language is perplexing, the subject matter is not less so; it is pronounced to be a confused *mélange* of fable, history, architecture, antiquities, mathematics, and a thousand other things, all of which the author had evidently studied, and his views are, on some points, of interest even in the present day. Some readers have supposed that they could see in them a prefiguring of the Reformation doctrines of Luther.

It is generally conceded, however, that the work had its origin in an attachment which the author had formed for Lucretia Lelia, a niece of the Bishop of Trévisé, in which place Francesco Colonna was professor of grammar and belles lettres. She is said to have been called Ippolita—by abbreviation, Polita,

then Polia—hence the first word of the title of the book, which signifies the love of Polia. The second word of the title implies the strife, or struggle, of sleep and love; and the initial letters of all the chapters form the Latin phrase: “Poliam frater Franciscus Columna adamavit,” or, “Brother François Colonna has loved Polia, Polita, or Hippolyta.” If there be any lesson at all intended to be conveyed by the author, it is that all human passions are but dreams.

The work has been more than once translated into French, but no English version has ever appeared; and no wonder, for it is stated to be unintelligible in any language. But, however fantastic and incomprehensible its pages may really be, they are worthy of profound respect, for no doubt they were the channel through which their author relieved his full-charged soul, and stilled the throbbings of that love-sick breast which the cowl and the cloister had been unable to freeze to stone. In mystic characters the work speaks of a passion which its possessor possibly never dared to avow, and which he may have cherished with many a penitent pang, and with painful mortifications of what he would have deemed his unruly flesh. There may be more of true romance in that strange volume than in three-fourths of the sentimental novels of the circulating libraries.

Colonna died in 1527, at Padua, where he was professor of theology and a doctor of divinity.

CHAPTER X.

A GROUP OF FAR-ADVANCED NONAGENARIANS.

By what crooked paths soever we walk, the same leadeth on directly to the house of death, whose doors lie open at all hours and to all persons. For this tide of man's life, after it once turneth and declineth, ever runneth with a perpetual ebb and falling stream, but never floweth again.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

	DIED		DIED
PELLERIN	1782	BRAY	1832
KLINGENSTIERNA . .	1785	LATHAM	1837
GOSSEC	1829	CASTAÑOS	1852

No better illustration of the “crooked”—that is, devious or various—paths by which men walk to the grave could be given than that which is afforded by the six “men of mark” of whom mention has now to be made. With one exception the life-work of each was totally different, the probabilities of life were very unequal, and yet each attained to years bordering upon a century, one, indeed, to within scarcely more than a few months of that remarkable age. This was Pellerin, between whom and Bray there exists, to a

certain degree, a parallel, for each for many long years had to devote himself to official routine work, while each won a niche in the temple of fame for archaeological pursuits, although not quite in the same department.

PELLERIN (JOSEPH) was born at Marly-le-Roi, near Versailles, on April 27th, 1684; his studies were prosecuted at the Royal College of Paris, where he eminently distinguished himself in philosophy and languages. For the latter he manifested a peculiar aptitude, for in addition to a knowledge of Greek and Latin, he acquired, under skilful professors, an intimacy with Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic; to these he added familiarity with Italian, Spanish, and English. He was indebted to the knowledge of these three modern languages for an appointment in the Bureau of Marine at Paris, where they were of great service. Although only two-and-twenty at the time of his nomination, he was immediately entrusted with the work of making translations and extracts of the Government correspondence in these tongues. He carried to his official duties a mind of great general capacity as well as of particular acquirements, and threw himself into his work in a spirit the very opposite to the perfunctory manner in which official duties are so often discharged. His remarkable efficiency and skill were manifested on an occasion when some important despatches fell into the hands of the Ministry. A Spanish frigate had been taken, on board of which was the Archduke of Austria, and

with him some documents believed to be of great political value, but unfortunately they were written in cryptic characters, which could not therefore be deciphered without a key. Every endeavour to reach their contents seemed hopeless and impossible, but Pellerin's intellect was quickened by the difficulty, and he determined to make the mystic papers yield up their meaning. After a few days of intense application success rewarded his difficult labours, the more perplexing because some of the documents were in French, while others were in Italian. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was highly gratified with the remarkable skill the young official had manifested in the matter; he appointed an interview, with the double purpose of expressing his satisfaction and of satisfying his curiosity, for he was eager to know by what means the result had been attained.

After such an achievement, followed by other valuable services in his department, Pellerin naturally attracted the attention of those high in Government, and with whom patronage was vested. In 1718 he was appointed Commissioner of Marine, and after some official changes of the Ministry, and of his own duties, he settled down as Commissary-General and Clerk of the Marine. The manner in which he performed the duties of his post gained him universal esteem; he united with great activity and firmness a pleasant and conciliatory address, while everything was conducted with conspicuous ability. His country reaped the advantage of his services for the long

period of forty years. Infirmities admonished him, however, in 1745, that he had better resign public for private life, a step which accordingly he took, although he had not far passed his sixtieth year. He had the satisfaction to see his son succeed him in his office.

It must be inferred, from the notices of his biographers, that, during the years of the active life of Pellerin, he had not occupied his leisure hours with those studies which were to prove the solace of his later days, and by which alone his name is now remembered. Not as the skilful and honourable French official is he now known, but, as in reality he was, the very founder of the science of numismatics, especially of the department of medals. During his official career he had availed himself of the large opportunities it afforded, and had made a considerable collection of foreign and antique monuments, especially of coins and medals. Curiosity prompted him to this in the first instance, but by degrees he acquired a taste for such tokens of past ages, and, as soon as he became master of his own time, he turned his attention to a careful study of his treasures. Among them were many Samaritan and Phœnician coins and medals; to understand them he found it necessary to recall his knowledge of Eastern languages, and to rub up his Latin and Greek, the more so, as, without constant reference to ancient authors and history, he could never satisfactorily arrange and explain his cabinet. He found happiness in the pursuit thus

opened up to him ; it gave occupation to his active intellect, and diverted his attention from his bodily ailments, which, happily, left his mind in full vigour. Moreover, whatever they may have been, they permitted him a very long term of life after his withdrawal from public work. And both time and mental power were necessary to complete the labour upon which he now entered ; for up to that time numismatics had received no scientific attention, and was devoid of all true principles of arrangement.

Pellerin immediately perceived this unsatisfactory position ; he sought a remedy ; he instituted a geographical and historical classification, alphabetically arranged. His own cabinet of medals became in time the richest collection ever formed by a private individual. During the years 1762–1778 he published a descriptive catalogue of them, which occupied ten volumes quarto ; these were illustrated with plates executed with the utmost possible fidelity and beauty, even every flaw and irregularity of the edges being exhibited. Thus the plates are, for study, almost equal in value to the coins themselves. The work, under the title of “*Recueils de Médailles de Rois, Peuples, et Villes,*” is acknowledged to remain a monument of its author’s knowledge, industry, and zeal. Errors have, of course, been discovered in it, as would inevitably be the case in a first labour of the kind. Pellerin’s love for the study had taken such full possession of his soul that he did not abandon his work even after the terrible calamity of blindness had

fallen on him. When a very advanced nonagenarian, and without the power of sight, he invented an ingenious machine which enabled him to compile and write the last volume. Six years before its author's death, Louis XVI. purchased his cabinet of medals for the sum of 300,000 francs; it comprised thirty-two thousand five hundred specimens; the king, however, permitted its aged collector to enjoy its possession during his life. He was taken to his rest on the 30th of August, 1782, and has left behind him a striking instance that a pursuit which keeps the mind in a state of healthy activity acts also favourably upon the physical constitution, so that life is actually prolonged by it.

KLINGENSTIERNA, SAMUEL.—This eminent Swedish natural philosopher and mathematician, who died in his ninety-seventh year, was born on August 8th, 1689, at Tolefors, near Lindkoping. He was descended from a highly respectable family, at whose desire he entered upon the study of jurisprudence at the University of Upsal, with a view to follow the profession of law. He very soon found it, however, an utterly uncongenial study; he was irresistibly drawn to that of mathematics, to which, and to subjects connected with that science, he henceforth devoted himself. In 1723 he composed two dissertations which laid the foundation of his future fame; one was on the height of the atmosphere, the other on the improvement of the thermometer. Four years later

he started on a lengthened tour through Germany, France, and England, which afforded him opportunities to become acquainted with the most eminent scientists of those countries. He was particularly attracted to the philosophical teaching of Wolff, whose disciple he afterwards avowed himself, and whose principles he endeavoured to propagate on his return to his native land. With all the scientific thinkers of reputation in the countries through which he travelled he held much interesting discussion; he especially brought forward his observations on the integral calculus, and upon the figure of the earth. During his sojourn in Paris he made the acquaintance of Fontenelle, of whose work in popularising science mention has already been made.

Klingenstierna returned to Sweden in 1730. Before he commenced his travels he appears to have been promised that as soon as he settled down he should receive the appointment of Professor of Mathematics in the University; in a short time he found himself in the due occupation of that chair, which he held to the close of his long life. At this period he began to teach the metaphysical doctrines of Wolff, whose influence had so strongly possessed his own mind; but, as in Wolff's own country, so in Sweden, those doctrines were considered hostile to the dogmas of religion; and, as the faculty of theology in Upsal decided that they were incompatible, the young professor had to submit to an enforced silence. He thereupon threw greater ardour into his mathematical

instructions, and succeeded in training many eminent pupils. His pen was also active, for he sought to extend the then limits of the science, and his contributions gained him the reputation of possessing a creative genius. He paid profound attention to optical science, which brought him into correspondence with the most eminent opticians of that day, among others with Dollond, to whom he is said to have been of very great service.

On the retirement of Dalin, instructor of the Prince Royal of Sweden, the future Gustavus III., Klingenstierna was appointed his successor, an appointment which received the cordial approval of the nation, for his moral character stood as high as his scientific attainments were eminent. The flight of years only added to his learned labours, and to the rewards by which they were acknowledged; he was created Councillor of State and a Knight of the Polar Star. Unremitting toil did not, however, fail at last to tell upon his constitution; his health declined, and the closing years of his life were spent in comparative seclusion. That repose was broken by only one public incident: the Academy of St. Petersburg had proposed a very difficult problem in optical science; the aged philosopher collected and arranged all his observations on that branch of knowledge, and wrote a general theory deduced from his studies, having a special reference to that question. He forwarded his treatise to the Academy, and had the gratification to learn that a prize of one hundred ducats had been

awarded to him, by acclamation, in acknowledgment of its high scientific value.

That melancholy lot which must ever attend an abnormally extended life did not escape this aged philosopher. His friends were, one after another, gathered to the tomb, while he lived on, the survivor of all his old associates. His long and honourable career came to an end, October 28th, 1785. His remains were laid in the same tomb with those of Dalin, and the mother of his former royal pupil erected a marble pyramid over them, in honour of one of Sweden's most worthy sons. Klingenstierna was a member of the Royal Societies of London and Upsal, and of the Swedish Academy. He enriched all their journals with his contributions, and also published several separate treatises. An edition of Euclid was prepared by him, and he translated several foreign scientific works.

GOSSEC, FRANÇOIS JOSEPH.—Few musical composers have reached a very advanced age; with the exception of Sir George Smart, who died at ninety-one, and the eminent Belgian whose life is now to be considered, who died at ninety-six, not one appears to have reached his ninth decade. Gossec had the double qualification of being a skilful player and an accomplished writer. He was born January 17th, 1733, at Vergnies, in Hainaut; in Grove's "Dictionary of Musicians" his father is stated to have been a small farmer; in Belgian biographies he is

stated to have been an agricultural labourer. In either case his lot was, no doubt, a lowly one, and his bread was eaten by the sweat of his brow. His son's earliest experiences were those connected with cattle-herding; while thus employed his innate love of music manifested itself by the construction of a fiddle out of no other material than an old sabot and some horse-hair. A bright general intelligence and the possession of a fine voice drew upon him the attention of the *curé* of the village, and by his influence the lad found admission into the choral-house of the Church of Notre Dame at Antwerp. Six pupils were here maintained and instructed at the expense of the Chapter, and here Gossec received his earliest lessons in his future profession. He applied himself with great zeal to his studies, and made quick progress in violin-playing and musical composition. At the end of eight years the master of the school confessed that his pupil had learned all that he could teach him; he was evidently considered to be far above the average of lad-choristers, and his friends therefore naturally considered Paris would afford him the best theatre for his future career. In 1751, at the age of eighteen, he accordingly found his way to the city of his hopes, recommended by his late master to the notice of Ramau, who was then in the full enjoyment of Parisian musical favour. Gossec had the good fortune to be favourably received; valuable lessons were given to him, and La Popeliniere quickly made him director of his orchestra.

The youthful aspirant was soon so struck with the poverty of the instrumental music of France that he determined to make an effort to enrich it, which resulted in the production of a symphony, a style of composition until then unknown, for Haydn had not at that time made the public familiar with works of a similar character. Gossec's attempt did not at first become popular, but it gradually grew into esteem. Shortly after this experiment he became director of the music of the Prince of Condé, an appointment which afforded him leisure to produce original compositions of various kinds, and in 1759 he published his first quartet, which was received with great applause, and immediately found its way into many European cities. The following year he founded the Concert of Amateurs, the orchestra of which was led by the Chevalier St. George; during four seasons this institution enjoyed great popularity. It was at this period that Gossec wrote his very popular symphony of "The Chase," and also the work on which his reputation now chiefly rests, namely, the "Mass of the Dead." This was performed at St. Roche in 1762, by an orchestra of two hundred performers, with remarkable effect, much aided by a novel and ingenious arrangement of the instrumentalists, who were divided, according to their instruments, into two bands, one concealed and the other visible. A strong feeling of mystery, awe, and reverence thrilled the audience. In 1773 was undertaken the enterprise of the Spiritual Concert, and soon afterwards, under the

auspices of the Baron Breteuil, the establishment of the Royal School of Music, in which were trained the greater part of the actors who adorned the French theatre at the close of the eighteenth century.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Gossec became director of the Band of the National Guards, and, in conjunction with Catel, composed many of the most soul-stirring martial airs of the period. On the foundation of the Conservatoire of Music, in 1795, Gossec, Méhul, and Cherubini were appointed inspectors; the first-named becoming also Professor of Composition, and was so successful with his pupils that many of them obtained the grand prize. An interesting anecdote is related of his still admired *Te Deum*, "*O Salutaris*;" it is arranged for three voices, and was composed under the following circumstances: accompanied by Lais, Cherubini, and Rousseau, the author often went to dine at a village near Paris, with M. de la Salle, secretary of the Opera. On one occasion the *curé* of the parish met them there, and begged of them the favour to supplement that day the choir of his parish church, as it was the festival of its patron. Lais replied: "With all my heart if Gossec will give us something of his composition." Gossec immediately called for writing materials, and, while the others were at breakfast, produced his beautiful piece which, two hours afterwards, was sung in the church to the great gratification of the good priest and his parishioners. He long continued zealously to fulfil the duties he had

undertaken at the Conservatoire of Music, and, until it was abolished in 1815, he had preserved all the activity of a young man. He was now over eighty years of age, and being in the receipt of a pension from his late offices, he ceased to occupy himself publicly with his art. After a few years of quiet life in Paris, he retired to Passy, where in the house of a friend who took tender care of him, he enjoyed perfect repose, but before the last summons reached him his faculties had become enfeebled. How far the enfeebled faculties were the result of the perfect repose must remain an interesting but an open question ; as a rule, mental activity preserves mental strength. He breathed his last sigh on the 16th of February, 1829.

Gossec is little known to the musical public of the present day ; among musical publications in this country only one piece is to be found by him. He is, however, acknowledged to be of no slight historical importance ; he was the originator of many standard reforms in orchestral practice, as well as of a fuller and richer style of orchestral music. His industry was untiring ; he wrote many oratorios, eighteen quartets for strings, eleven operas, twenty-nine symphonies, serenades, trios, overtures, etc. He composed the apotheosis of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, as well as the funeral hymn for Mirabeau. He also wrote several monographs upon music, and subjects which had relation to that art. It is to his honour that the successes of his life were achieved by his own personal exertions. He had few adventitious helps ;

his career commenced without money, family connections, or influential friends; some say without genius, but this must not be too literally interpreted. Circumstances had debarred him from advantages which might have developed a higher range of attainment; this he felt, and always expressed a regret that he had not received the advantage of studying at the musical schools of Italy. There is little to be found concerning his personal habits or character. He is stated to have been usually very reserved, of a calm, unemotional demeanour, of affable manners, and of a benevolent disposition; he composed his arousing political pieces with the same impassibility with which he wrote his church music, for, although he was the leader of the revolutionary band, he was at heart no republican. Absolutely exempt from envy, he was always ready to promote, to the utmost of his power, the works of his greatest rivals, even those who surpassed him on lines of his own creation. He was a member of the Institute from its formation in 1795, and in 1802 Napoleon made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

To the end of his days he adhered to a pig-tail, to powdered hair, and to shoes with silver buckles. He supported himself upon a malacca cane with an ivory knob. *The Belgians* have not neglected to do honour to the memory of their countryman. On September 9th, 1877, there was uncovered at Vergnies a quadrangular fountain, surmounted by the marble bust of their distinguished musician.

BRAY, WILLIAM. —Every lover of county histories is familiar with the name of this distinguished antiquary, who, it may be observed at the outset, did not belong to the “dry-as-dust school,” buried in the past, indifferent to the present, more of the fossil than the man. On the contrary, Mr. Bray’s life was one of activity, energy, interest in things and people of his day, and full of practical sympathy with works of benevolence. He was born in 1735 at Shere, in Surrey, the son of a gentleman who possessed an estate there, as he did also one at Gomshall. The family were originally Norman; le Sieur de Bray came to these shores with the Conqueror; in more modern days they were seated at Eaton Bray, in Bedfordshire, and could clearly trace their ancestors back to the time of Henry VII. If their pedigree had, however, remained unbroken, their fortunes had not; and the subject of this sketch was wont to declare that the family estates had been “worn threadbare.” The father died when William was quite a child, two elder brothers and himself being left to the care of their mother, who admirably fulfilled the duties imposed upon her. When only ten years old William was entered at Rugby, where he was not otherwise distinguished than by being always ready with his lessons, so that he never suffered from the discipline of the school. He had little taste for the sports of boyhood, much preferring the pleasure of books; his first purchases of these were made at Daventry, where, on one occasion, he nearly ruined himself by an inadvertent

order he gave for the "Rambler." On leaving Rugby he was articled to a solicitor at Guildford, where he was esteemed, but where he was not by any means spoiled by indulgences. Through the influence of Mr. Evelyn, of the well-known Surrey family, William Bray received an appointment in the Board of Green Cloth, immediately after the Coronation of George III., and found himself in genial society, with satisfactory prospects. This secured position enabled him to marry at the early age of twenty-two; he was blessed, he records, with "a most excellent wife," by whom he had a large family—but three only reached maturity; of these one was a son, whom death overtook long before his father's call came.

A lover of books from his boyhood, his studies appear gradually to have inclined to archæology, although other departments of literature claimed his attention, and were the first to give employment to his pen. In a letter to "Urban" he refers to a small poetical piece which he early contributed to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, under the heading of "Avaunt, ye noisy sons of wine." His first separate work was published anonymously in 1777, being a "Sketch of a Tour in Derbyshire and Yorkshire," a second edition of which appeared five years after, bearing his name on the title-page. He was responsible for a privately printed volume, "Collections relating to Henry Smith, sometime Alderman of London;" and he was the author of many articles in *The Archæological Journal* and other serials. His great and important work,

however—the monument of his diligence, knowledge, and skill—exists in his history of his native county. There died, in 1801, the Rev. Owen Manning, Vicar of Godalming, a topographer of industry and ability, who had made considerable progress in a history of Surrey, the first volume being nearly completed. The congenial duty of the further execution of the work was undertaken by Mr. Bray, with the full determination that neither labour nor expense should be spared to make it a worthy history of the county. In its accomplishment he visited every parish and church within its bounds, and by personal investigations succeeded in producing a work which, for accuracy, completeness, laboriousness, and intelligence, is acknowledged to hold a very high place in county histories. It was published in three volumes folio; an interval of some years extended between the appearance of each volume, the third of which came out ten years after the first was issued. There is in the British Museum a duplicate copy of this work, in thirty folio volumes, illustrated with over six thousand prints and drawings by Mr. R. Perceval.

Mr. Bray was eminently distinguished by his industry; he was an incessant worker; for the long period of fifty years he occupied his official post at the Board of Green Cloth. To find time to make the necessary digest and transcripts for the “History of Surrey,” it was his custom to rise at four o’clock all the summer mornings, and throughout his life he was an economist of time. He was elected F.S.A. in

1771, and treasurer of the society in 1803, the year in which he inherited, through the death of his brother, the manor of Shere and the remainder of the family estates. His manner of life was frugal and unostentatious, but without a shadow of parsimoniousness. He paid frequent visits to the Evelyn family at Wotton, during some of which he became familiar with the Diary of the author of "Sylva," which he obtained permission from the family to publish. It appeared in 1818, with a "Life and Correspondence." It was afterwards reprinted in five volumes, and has taken its place among the literary treasures of this country.

It is noted that Mr. Bray was not of a robust frame of body, but enjoyed singular freedom from bodily infirmities. He was short-sighted, had used a glass from boyhood, but was able to read a newspaper until within a few years of his death. Throughout his long life he kept very early hours, took much horseback exercise, and was a strict observer of Sunday. He was of a benevolent disposition, took an active part in philanthropic work of many kinds, and, from his legal training and official habits, he was able to render much valuable aid in conducting the various institutions with which he connected himself. At the time of his death, December 21st, 1832, he was nearing his ninety-seventh birthday, being, as far as can be observed, the only long-lived member of his family, and affording a remarkable instance of life-long mental and bodily activity.

LATHAM, DR. JOHN.—Through the death of Mr. Bray the gentleman whose life is now to be sketched became the father of the Society of Antiquaries, and he well deserves a place in any gallery of literary veterans, for his whole life was devoted to scientific and intellectual pursuits, a life extended to ninety-seven years, less a very few months. He was born at Eltham, Kent, on June 27th, 1740, his father being in active practice as a surgeon in that place. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, but remained there for so short a period that he was unable to make any great progress in classical attainments, his father being anxious to secure his services as early as possible in his own profession. For the attainment of this object he commenced his medical studies at Eltham when very young; he completed them in the London hospitals, being for some time one of Mr. William Hunter's anatomy students. At the early age of twenty-one he is stated to have had a much larger medical experience than falls to the lot of most practitioners at a far more advanced age.

When scarcely twenty-three years old he had established himself in practice at Dartford, Kent, where the following thirty-three years of his life were spent in the diligent and successful discharge of his professional duties, in keeping himself well read in medical literature, and in the eager pursuit of various branches of science. As during these years he was enabled to acquire a comfortable competency on which to retire, it is evident that he did not allow his

favourite non-professional studies to encroach upon his duties to his patients. Those studies were principally antiquarian and ornithological, but he also turned his attention to other branches of science. In 1797 he wrote: "In respect to natural history and antiquities, I compare myself to Garrick between tragedy and comedy, and, though not so great a man, I cannot help, like him, squinting towards that which pleases me best." Many years before this he had become distinguished as an intelligent and a zealous archæologist, which caused him to be elected F.S.A. in 1774. Many papers from his pen appeared in the *Archæologia*; one of them gave an account of some ancient sculptures and inscriptions in the abbey church of Romsey; another had reference to an engraved brass-plate discovered in Netley Abbey. On one occasion he exhibited at a meeting of the society a bill, or knife, made of gold, tipped with amber, the supposed instrument with which the Druids severed the sacred mistletoe sprig. He attained to considerable skill with his pencil, which enabled him to take sketches of churches, and to depict any objects of antique art. The Rev. S. Denne, a brother F.S.A. of the neighbourhood, has borne testimony to the value of Mr. Latham's library, as being rich in volumes on this branch of knowledge.

But he had, as Mr. Denne also observes, "a more favoured hobby than antiquities," and one by which his name is now chiefly preserved, and that was natural history in general, but birds in particular.

He is stated to have been "remarkably assiduous in the collecting of birds, judicious in his mode of preserving them, and skilful in his representation of them." Mr. Latham's knowledge of this department enabled him to point out to Mr. Pennant several omissions in his work on birds; the correspondence thus opened resulted in a warm friendship, and in 1797, when Mr. Latham made a tour in Wales, he spent a fortnight with his brother ornithologist. In that year he also paid a visit to Colonel Montague, of Lackham, whose study of natural history generally included a familiar acquaintance with birds. Mr. Latham also numbered Sir Joseph Banks and other British and foreign scientists among his friends and correspondents.

Many contributions from his pen are to be found in *The Philosophical Transactions*, and other literary journals, and a more enduring monument of his patient labour, comprehensive knowledge, and great technical skill was given to the public between the years 1781 and 1801. At intervals between these dates there appeared his "General Synopsis of Birds," issued in six volumes quarto, with two supplementary volumes, a work which is acknowledged to be of great merit. To this succeeded his "Index Ornithologicus," in two volumes quarto, written in Latin, published in 1790.

In 1795 Mr. Latham relinquished active professional life and retired to Romsey, where his son was in practice as a surgeon. A few years later he

retired to Winchester, to the house of his daughter, Mrs. Wickham, to whom he was deeply attached, and whose husband was a medical practitioner of that city. As early as 1775 he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and three years later he assisted Dr. Smith in the formation of the Linnæan Society. In the year of his retirement from Dartford the University of Erlanger conferred on him the degree of M.D.

His retirement into private life gave him the opportunity to devote himself with the greater zeal to his favourite study of birds, and, considering his advanced age, it may well be a matter of surprise that he had the courage to enter upon the task he set himself, or that his energies and life should have been spared to enable him to accomplish it. At the age of eighty-two he began to publish his "General History of Birds," which extended to ten volumes quarto, the whole of the plates being designed, etched, and coloured by the venerable author. The figures manifest singular fidelity to nature, and the entire work forms a remarkably interesting witness to the skill, patience, and industry of an advanced octogenarian. The publication involved a severe pecuniary sacrifice, but friends ultimately came forward who relieved him in some measure from the painful burden. Up to his ninety-fifth year he had enjoyed a singular immunity from the ravages of time; in 1835, however, his eyesight began to fail; infirmities made themselves felt; yet he continued active and cheerful, took daily walks without any assistance, and only four days before his

death manifested unusual vivacity. This flickering of life's expiring lamp was followed by a loss of intellectual power, which ended in a deep sleep, from which he never awakened. Not a pang indicated the moment of dissolution. Dr. Latham was twice married; his second wife was Miss Delamott, of Ealing, whose pen proved of considerable value to her husband in the way of correspondence, etc. The loss by death of this lady, as also of his son, and his only daughter, Mrs. Wickham, did much to hasten the breaking up of his constitution. He died at Winchester, February 11th, 1837.

Several other publications have been erroneously ascribed to Dr. Latham. He is stated to have been the author of "A Letter on Gout and Rheumatism;" of "Facts and Opinions concerning Diabetes;" of "A Plan of a Charitable institution on the Sea-Coast for Persons afflicted with such diseases as are usually relieved by Sea-Bathing;" of one of the Harveian orations; and the editor of a new edition of "Heald's London Pharmacopœia." Many honours also, which he never received, are set down as accorded to him for his high professional attainments. The explanation is simple: for a long series of years there were two John Lathams in the medical profession, both men of note, and both bearing the degree of M.D. The author of the works just enumerated was, however, purely a physician, a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and who filled the office of president. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where in

due course he took both the M.A. and M.D. degrees, with license to practise. He commenced his professional career at Manchester, removed to Oxford, and finally settled in London, where he was eminently successful, and universally esteemed as a gentleman of great ability and of noble character.

Mr. John Thorp, the eminent antiquary, in a letter dated 1792, states that "Mr. *William* Latham, of Eltham, Kent, who is a member of our society, is a good herald, and married the daughter of Shukburg Ashby, Esq. of Quarby, Leicestershire." This would probably be a brother of Dr. John Latham, of Dartford, as his father was also John, and would most likely have been dead at that time.

CASTAÑOS, FRANCISCO XAVIER.—A Spanish soldier and statesman of considerable reputation, whose name is frequently met with in Sir W. Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," and also in the annals of Spanish politics and history. He was born, according to some authorities, in 1753; according to others, in 1756; as his death did not take place until 1852, he must have been, even on the latter computation, at least ninety-six years old at the time. He was a native of Biscay, the son of a military officer of good family. At the age of twelve he received a commission as captain, and when still very young accompanied his brother-in-law, General Count O'Reilly, to Prussia, to study military tactics at the school of Frederick the Great, at Berlin. In 1794 Castaños

served with distinction as colonel of the army of Navarre, and four years after was nominated lieutenant-general; but having immediately after, with several other officers, incurred the displeasure of Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, and favourite of Carlos IV., he was exiled from Madrid. On the entry of the French into Spain in 1808, Castaños was in command of a body of men near the frontiers of Andalusia; here was fought the battle of Baylen, in which General Dupont was utterly defeated, and eighteen thousand of his soldiers were captured. This victory has been reckoned the crowning glory of Castaños' military career, and for which he was created Duke of Baylen. It has been said, however, that the chief credit of it was really due to the Swiss, Aloys Reding. Napier further detracts from the success by asserting that the French "laid down their arms before a raw army, incapable of resisting half that number led by an able man." The very year of this victory, moreover, saw the name of Castaños a little tarnished by the loss of the battle of Tudela. Nevertheless, the Regency of Cadiz named him general-in-chief of the 4th body of the army, and commandant of several provinces. He was in command at the battle of Vittoria, June, 1813, in which engagement some assert that he manifested great military ability, and largely contributed to the success of the day. Napier says that he was "active in preparation, but slow in the field, and his movements were generally false." But then the same able historian acknowledges that he had only the name

and cares of a general, without the authority. He was thwarted by those whose lawless proceedings it was feared he would frustrate. It is, however, recorded that he became the associate of Wellington, and emulated his glory, and when, soon after the battle of Vittoria, the Spanish Regency deprived him of his command, he wrote to Wellington on the subject, who immediately remonstrated with the authorities. He was, however, nominated Councillor of State.

On the release and restoration of Fernando VII. Castaños was appointed captain-general of Catalonia, and in 1815 he was placed at the head of the army which was sent to assist the Allies against France. The following year he resigned that command. Seven years after, when the Cortes had been dissolved, and he had purged himself from a suspicion of having been a party to their constitution, he was again appointed captain-general. In 1825, he was called to the Council of State, when he ardently advocated, as regarded the Carlists, a system of toleration. He afterwards received the appointment of President of the Council of Castile; in 1833 he manifested opposition to the modifications which were proposed of the right of succession to the Crown, and for some years took no further part in public affairs. On the fall of Esparto, he was appointed tutor to Queen Isabel, although he was then nearing his ninetieth year.

He was named by Louis Philippe Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. It is not easy to arrive at

a true estimate of either the military or political genius of Castaños. His lot was cast in the midst of a perturbed people, and those who rose to the surface were more often greedy adventurers than disinterested patriots. In this respect the civil and military services were alike. Castaños, actuated by higher principles, was no doubt intrigued against, efforts were made to lessen his influence and to destroy his authority. Nor does he appear to have had either the moral or physical fibre to have successfully contended against the opposing forces. Sir W. Napier plainly says that he was of an indolent disposition, and it seems to be apparent on the surface that there was some lack of muscularity in most of his actions. But he certainly rose to high political and military offices, and throughout his very long life must have been a power, and that for good, in his distracted country.

CHAPTER XI.

EVA MARIA GARRICK.

. . . . She comes ! behold
That figure, like a ship with snow-white sail !
Nearer she draws ; a breeze uplifts her veil ;
Upon her coming wait
As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale
As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mould,
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
His richest splendour—when his veering gait
And every motion of his starry train
Seemed governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.

WORDSWORTH.

UNDER her maiden name this lady was, for a short period, an idol of the English public, but the members of the profession to which she belonged, however distinguished in their day, earn for themselves a crown that very soon fades, and in a few generations they are forgotten. Moreover, in the case now to be considered, an early retirement from the practice of her art consigned Mrs. Garrick to semi-private if not to absolutely private life, so that whatever lustre now belongs to the name

is attached to her husband; hers is but deflected glory. Nevertheless, she is a character well worthy of attentive consideration, and, as she lived to reach her ninety-eighth year, she has some claims for a brief notice apart from the great master actor to whom she was so happily married. Even when the interest arising from the mystery of her birth and from the romance of her early days is put out of the question, the practical side of her life affords an instructive chapter, and proves that it is perfectly possible for a beautiful, flattered, and successful *danseuse* to turn into a loving and beloved wife, a very model of womanly amiability, playful sprightliness, and kindly dignity.

Eva Maria Veigel was born at Vienna on leap year's day, February 29th, 1725. A cloud of doubt hangs over her paternity. She was supposed to have been the daughter of John Veigel, a respectable citizen of Vienna; she was suspected to have been an illegitimate child of some member of a noble family, possibly that of Count Stahremberg's; she was asserted to have been the unsanctioned offspring of the Earl of Burlington, the story told being that his lordship accidentally discovered her, when on a Continental tour with his countess, from the strong likeness which she bore to her mother, to whom at one time the earl was devotedly attached. A comparison of dates and probabilities renders this rumour in the highest degree unlikely, or rather impossible. All that can be said on the subject is that, on one

occasion, Mrs. Garrick declared she was of noble birth. Two or three circumstances to be mentioned hereafter, tend to the conclusion that the second of the above surmises is probably the correct one. But whatever may have been the circumstances of her birth, there is no doubt that she appeared early in life as an opera-dancer at the Imperial Court of Vienna, and that she was thus brought under the notice of the Empress Maria Theresa, whose children were then learning to dance. To aid them in the acquirement of the accomplishment, the Empress selected several young girls to form a class to learn with the Royal pupils, and Eva Maria Veigel was one of the chosen. Attractiveness characterised her through life; in these early days it drew the empress to her with so much interest that—so the tradition runs—she requested her to change her name from the harsher German Veigel, itself a corruption, to the more euphonious French name *Violette*, each meaning the same as Violet in English. A little circumstance disturbed the future connections of the empress and her *protégée*; she saw reason to fear that the emperor as well as herself felt the influence of the young dancer's attractiveness, and the discovery once made, no time was lost in sending her out of the way.

London was selected as the scene of her banishment, and she travelled thither under conditions which afford reasons for the belief that she was other than the daughter of the Vienna tradesman. The

Rev. Dr. Carlyle mentions in his interesting "Autobiography" that early in the year 1746, he and some young Scotch friends, who had been studying at the University of Leyden, embarked at Helvoet on their return to Scotland. They sailed at eight o'clock a.m. with a fair but brisk gale, which soon grew disagreeably strong. The doctor goes on to state: "We had one cabin passenger, who was afterwards much celebrated. When we were on the quarter-deck in the morning, we observed three foreigners, of different ages, who had under their care a young person of about sixteen, very handsome indeed, whom we took for a Hanoverian baron coming to Britain to pay his court at St. James's. The gale freshened so soon that we had not an opportunity of conversing with these foreigners, when we were obliged to take to our beds in the cabin. The young person was the only one of the strangers who had a berth there, because as we supposed, it occasioned an additional freight. My bed was directly opposite to that of the stranger, but we were so sick that there was no conversation among us till the young foreigner became very frightened in spite of the sickness, and called out to me in French if we were not in danger. The voice betrayed her sex at once, no less than her fears. I consoled her as well as I could, and soon brought her above the fear of danger. This beautiful person was Violetti, the dancer, who was engaged to the Opera in the Haymarket. This we were made certain of by the man who called himself her father, waiting on us next day

at Harwich, requesting our countenance to his daughter on her first appearance, and on her benefit. I accordingly was at the Opera the first night she appeared, when she was the first dancer, and maintained her ground till Garrick married her." On some minor points the memory of the doctor may have deceived him a little, but the essential part of the narrative is no doubt true.

Mademoiselle Violetti did not reach these shores under any malignant star; on the contrary, the kindest influences which heaven ever shed around an alien almost mysteriously surrounded her from the first moment of her arrival. It is true that she brought letters of recommendation with her, and especially one from the Countess of Stahremberg to the Countess of Burlington; the nature of that introduction is not known; its results were at any rate remarkable. Eva Maria was almost immediately received with maternal kindness; she became an inmate of Burlington House; the earl, the countess, the Countess of Talbot, her sister, all united in treating the young Viennese with marked esteem, and introduced her on terms of equality to all their aristocratic friends and acquaintances. The year of her arrival had not expired when Horace Walpole wrote that the fame of "the Violette" increased daily; that the sister countesses exerted all their stores of partiality for her; that she was taken to one grand house after another, and that Lady Burlington was having her likeness taken. According to a French life of her,

she was one of the most beautiful women in Europe ; it is beyond dispute that she was marvellously graceful in figure, sweet in countenance, fascinating in manner. There was a charming piquancy, modesty, and even shyness in her deportment, which, combined with her beauty, told greatly in her favour. Taken altogether, she was a refined, a dainty, and an elegant damsel, one who was personally well fitted to adorn the drawing-rooms of the highest circles of society.

But it was not as a mere ornament of fashionable life that "the Violette" had cast her lot on this island ; her letters of recommendation were to bespeak the good offices of friends to procure for her a professional engagement as an opera-dancer. No difficulties presented themselves, and she accordingly soon made her *début* at the Opera House, the king being present on the occasion. She is recorded to have been an exquisite *artiste* ; Horace Walpole designated her "the finest and most admired dancer in the world." She became the rage of fashionable life, and Lady Burlington did not hesitate to stand waiting at night with wraps to throw over the shoulders of the fair performer. In December of 1746 she made her appearance at Drury Lane, and with unqualified success, but without the least disturbance of her well-balanced mental constitution. Although she was young and not over-experienced, she neither lacked discernment nor decision of character ; the exercise of these qualities brought her on one occasion under the displeasure of the Prince of Wales. With Lord

Middlesex, he was joint conductor of the theatre, and wished "the Violette" to take lessons in dancing of Denoyer, a celebrated teacher, who was notorious for the assistance he was ready to lend to the intrigues of the class to which the prince belonged. She firmly refused to have anything to do with Denoyer, a refusal which gained her the esteem of many influential friends. Her popularity became so great that singular scenes took place in the theatre if she did not appear even when her name had been put down without her knowledge. After an outbreak of the kind, she volunteered an apology, or rather an explanation; in substance, she humbly begged leave to acquaint the public that she was very much concerned to hear that she had been charged with being the cause of the noise on Wednesday night, and, after stating the circumstances, she ended by saying that she could not possibly have been guilty of an intention to disobey or give offence to an English audience, especially after meeting with so much indulgence, for which she retained all possible gratitude. Simplicity and good feeling pervaded the address, which was received with all the grace its fair speaker could have wished.

Her generous, sympathetic nature was revealed at this time by a little incident which may find mention here. On one occasion her friend Lord Burlington took her to see the political prisoners then in the Tower, and she was much shocked to hear that every one of them would be executed the following morning.

There appeared among them an interesting-looking young man—scarcely more than a youth—a member of an old English Catholic family. Mademoiselle Violette was so deeply moved by the impending fate of this lad, that with intense earnestness she besought his lordship to exert all his influence to procure a mitigation of the sentence. Her wish was regarded, and a pardon was obtained on the condition that Wilding should transfer himself to a North American colony, where death, not to be thwarted of its prey, soon afterwards overtook him in an encounter with some natives.

Lord and Lady Burlington may well be excused if in their affection for “the Violette,” in their pride of her beauty, and in their admiration of her character, they cherished a hope that her hand would be sought by one of the titled and wealthy of the land, and that they would soon see her united to some member of their own circle. Signs were not wanting to warrant the wish; it was doomed to be in part disappointed, in part fulfilled. The story of David Garrick’s sudden bound to fame is too familiar to need repetition here; when, however, that sudden bound is spoken of, it must not be supposed that he had achieved the full victory which ultimately awaited him. It took time firmly to establish and to extend his reputation; it was by degrees that he found himself an honoured guest in the houses of the greatest, and in the certain prospect of an income that would entitle him, as far as money was concerned, to take his position among the

lords and ladies with whom he so dearly loved to find himself associated. Many are the curious stories told of his unintentional conquests of the hearts of ladies who saw him act, and of the devices by which he had to try and cure them of their infatuation. In these cases his own affections had been untouched, but they were now about to be caught by one whose heart had already secretly given itself to him. One night Violette saw Garrick perform, and fell desperately in love with him ; but as this was in the early days of his upward march, the Countess of Burlington did not approve of the wayward maiden's choice, and set herself earnestly to oppose it. As, however, Garrick was gradually getting into the same circle of society as Violette herself, they frequently met at parties, they planned clandestine interviews, and on one occasion, if not on more than one, Garrick disguised himself as a woman in order to hand Violette a *billet-doux* as she passed in her chair. When Lady Burlington was present at any assemblage where the two enamoured ones met, she kept a fierce watch over Violette, while Garrick had to stand afar, ogling and sighing all the time. Her ladyship took an opportunity to remonstrate with the actor, and implored him to try and wean Violette from her attachment ; a curious and novel mission on which to send one whose passion was equal to that which he was urged to cool. He appears to have made the attempt, whether feignedly or unfeignedly may be left to each reader's judgment. The countess

believed in his sincerity, but his efforts, real or sham, were of no avail with the smitten one ; they had, however, a value in the eyes of Lady Burlington, who was softened by the generous spirit of self-sacrifice which Garrick displayed, and further still, by the representation of a physician that the attachment was a matter of life or death to her young friend. Garrick saw his opportunity, sent in a formal proposal, opposition was withdrawn, and the marriage was duly arranged. The young couple were happily united on June 22nd, 1749, he being then thirty years old, and the bride twenty-four. They went through the marriage ceremony twice ; in the morning at the church in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and in the afternoon at the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in Audley Street, the reason of the double celebration being that the wife was a Roman Catholic, while the husband was a Protestant. A handsome settlement was made upon Mrs. Garrick : her husband arranged for four thousand pounds, and the Earl of Burlington was understood to have given six thousand pounds as a wedding portion. But here again mystery steps in. In after days Mrs. Garrick denied that she ever received this sum from the earl ; she spoke of him rather as the agent through whom the annual interest on that amount was paid, the actual trustee being the Duke of Devonshire, whose son was married to Lord Burlington's daughter.

A brief but happy honeymoon followed the marriage, short trips being taken in this country ; a

visit to Lichfield was proposed, as one of these trips, but this was opposed by Lady Burlington, who, although she had consented to the union, did not wish that there should be any close intimacy with Garrick's family. On other occasions the countess manifested a strong desire for control in matters which concerned the husband and wife alone, and the former had to make it apparent that he knew and intended to keep his own independent path. In 1752, the trip which they regarded as their real wedding tour was taken; they visited Paris that summer, but while honour was not altogether lacking to the distinguished actor, he was quietly received, and nothing occurred of any particular notice. In a few weeks they were at home again; they had commenced domestic life at No. 27, Southampton Street, Strand, a locality not then out of the bounds of fashion, and one very convenient for the master's professional engagements. The house was large and comfortable, and many variously distinguished visitors were welcomed within its doors. Breakfast was a favourite meal, and guests were often invited to share it, Dr. Johnson among the number. Unfortunately, on his first visit the great Cham considered that Garrick's manner was patronising, and his sensitiveness once aroused, everything tended to wound it; he saw ostentation and pride in all that his host did to entertain him. He went home in this unhappy frame of mind, and relieved himself by devoting a number of *The Rambler* to a paper descriptive of the breakfast to which Prospero had

invited Aspar. It concerns this sketch only so far as it gives a little peep into the house over which the wife had now to preside. There is mention made of the footman who opened the door; of the mats to protect the staircase from pollution; of the magnificence of the best apartments; of the carefully covered carpet and chairs; of the display of Dresden china; of the tea of good flavour; of the little back-room in which breakfast was served. In this same little back-room many an actor had with pride and pleasure sat down to breakfast with the happy tenants; many a candidate for the stage had also shared the same privilege, while the lady would help her lord to arrive at a sound judgment on any important case. The silver tea-kettle and the little casket for keeping the tea, with which the bridegroom presented the bride on their wedding-day, were always conspicuous on these occasions.

Each year saw the Roscius of his age increase in reputation, in the esteem of the great ones of the land, in the attainment of wealth, and in the enjoyment of unclouded domestic happiness, for he always bore testimony to his wife that she was "the best of women and wives," an opinion in which it will presently be seen that every one who knew her fully shared, so that she was always spoken of as "a charming and much-loved wife." But it must not be supposed that her husband's sunshine knew no shadows. Every reader of Mr. Fitzgerald's interesting "Life of David Garrick" will recall the trials and

difficulties which beset the great actor, partly from his own peculiar constitution, partly from the ingratitude and never-ceasing annoyance of those with whom he was associated, and partly from the grave responsibilities and harassing cares which his position unavoidably entailed upon him. At times he acutely felt "the heavy and weary weight" of all these, which probably gave him a longing for country life, in which to refresh his spirits and to enjoy a quieter existence and a purer air than the neighbourhood of the Strand afforded. Not long after his marriage he found the retreat for which he longed at Hampton, and in 1754 became its owner. Although the rooms were low and not very large, there were plenty of them, drawing-room, dining-room, library, bow-room, small-room, and bedrooms. The spare or best bedroom had a curtain suspended across the ceiling at one end, which completely cut off the bed, and gave the appearance of an elegant sitting-room to the other portion. The gardens were ample and the ornamental grounds extensive; the high-road separated the house and a portion of its grounds from a portion on the river-side.

"Capability" Brown was consulted as to the best method of effecting a communication; he advised a tunnel, which after some little consideration was cut, and gave easy access to the most attractive portion of the domain, for a beautiful sward ran down to the Thames, which could be seen sparkling and flashing in the glorious sunshine. These grounds afforded Mrs.

Garrick occupation and delight; she planted trees and shrubs, concerning which she struck up a strong intimacy with the esteemed old clergyman, whose heart was much in his flowers and ornamental plants; here she grouped her visitors from town, after a comparatively early dinner; and here she and her husband might be found in the summer evenings, eating figs or other fruit from their gardens. From notices met with here and there in the pages of contemporary literature, their visitors must have been many. In 1758, Home, the author of "Douglas," and some of his Scottish friends were invited to spend a day at the villa; singularly enough, the Rev. Alexander Carlyle was one of the party. This was the gentleman whose description of the voyage from Helvoet has already been quoted. In reference to this Hampton visit, he says: "They dined sumptuously, Mrs. Garrick the only lady, now grown fat, though still very lively, being a woman of uncommon good sense, and now mistress of English, was in all respects most agreeable company. She did not seem at all to recognise me, which was no wonder, at the end of twelve years, having thrown away my bag-wig and sword, and appearing in my own grisly hairs, and in parson's clothes; nor was I likely to remind her of her former state. . . . We passed a very agreeable afternoon; and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady, or the guests."

Among other visitors, Hannah More was a frequent and welcome guest. In her young days in London

society the theatre did not frighten her conscience, and Garrick as an actor had no more enthusiastic admirer than that much-patronised young lady, nor probably had any admirer who would so extravagantly express her admiration. At any rate, Garrick was greatly taken with her; both his residences were open to her; he did his best to introduce her into high society. From Miss More's letters, she appears to have intensely enjoyed life at Hampton, and, like every one else, she was strongly drawn to the mistress of the establishment. She asserts that whoever might be at table, "Mrs. Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manner, and her very original tone of humour, was the brightest ornament." "I can hardly say whether I love or esteem her the most." At Hampton, "everything that could please the ear, charm the eye, and gratify the understanding, passed in quick succession." "We go to-morrow to smell the lilacs and syringas at Hampton." "I long for the tranquillity of that delicious retreat."

Another testimony of far greater weight may be quoted, for its author was a lady of gentle birth, accustomed from childhood to the society of the highest and most polished circles, knew life thoroughly, and possessed large powers of observation and penetration. She was also a comparative stranger to the Garricks, but accompanied other friends to spend a day with them at Hampton. Mrs. Delany wrote in 1770, and the italics are her own: "As to Mrs.

Garrick, the more one sees her, the better one must like her; she seems *never* to depart from a perfect propriety of behaviour, accompanied with good sense and gentleness of manners, and I cannot help looking on her as a *wonderful creature*, considering all circumstances relating to her. The house is singular. . . . We had an excellent dinner nicely served, and when over, went directly into the garden—a piece of irregular ground slopes down to the Thames, very well laid out, and planted for shade and shelter; and an opening to the river, which appears beautiful from that spot, and from Shakespeare's temple." Mrs. Delany had also a word of commendation for the way in which Mr. Garrick did the honours of the day.

The fact is evident that the Garricks were great people at Hampton, and well maintained the character. There were noblemen and noble ladies in the neighbourhood who treated them as equal and attached friends; they kept good state, a well-appointed house, honourable company, an excellent table; drove into town in their handsome four-horsed carriage; were exceedingly kind and generous to all their poor fellow-residents. Among other friendly acts, Mr. Garrick gave a high festival to all the poor children of the village on the May Day of each year; this was probably partly in honour of his wife, whose name Maria connected her with that month.

Mention of Dr. Johnson must not be omitted as a guest at Hampton; he came and went at his pleasure, not seldom arriving after every one had

retired for the night, knocking the household up, and refusing to go to bed until supper had been served to him. It may also be mentioned that the house still stands, and has every appearance of a commodious and comfortable rural residence; it is known as Garrick's Villa, and retains the pleasant gardens and grounds which so attracted the actor and his wife, and there still flourish several trees planted by the latter; among them a tulip-tree, a cedar-tree, and the mulberry-tree, which sprang from a sucker from Shakespeare's celebrated tree at Stratford-on-Avon.

Country pleasures, however pure, did not effectually counteract town worries, and the renowned actor began to talk of retirement from the stage; there was probably more of *jinesse* than sincerity in his declarations; at heart he considered that a temporary withdrawal might be conducive to future and prolonged prosperity. Moreover, Mrs. Garrick's health was scarcely satisfactory; complaints of sciatica and rheumatism were loud and frequent; indeed, the attacks were severe enough to make a stick necessary for moving about. The Duke of Devonshire gave husband and wife an invitation to Chatsworth in 1763, to meet Quin among others, to whom Garrick jocosely wrote that the prospect of seeing him seemed to please Mrs. Garrick more "than was quite agreeable to a prudent husband." Immediately on their return home they made preparations for an extended Continental tour. On September 15th, they set off, *viâ* Dover, for Paris,

where the welcome the great actor received was most enthusiastic, and where his wife made a highly favourable and lasting impression. After about three weeks in Paris they continued their journey to Lyons, over Mont Cenis to Milan, Genoa, Rome, and Naples. Everywhere they were received with great cordiality ; the rich and titled English settled in or visiting these places showered dinner and other invitations thickly upon them. By April they were again at Rome ; Venice was next reached ; but Mrs. Garrick had thus far reaped little benefit to her health from change ; she still suffered severely from sciatica ; to relieve it, every nostrum had been ineffectually tried. The mud-baths of Albano were now recommended, and happily they were used with most satisfactory results ; the cure was so far complete that the stick was dispensed with. At Munich, in August, a severe bilious attack confined her husband to his bed for a month. As soon as he was able to travel they returned to Paris, where they were welcomed back with flattering demonstrations of gladness. Mrs. Garrick deepened the favourable impression she had before made upon Paris circles. By one she was spoken of as a “ *charmante épouse*,” although entirely devoted to her husband ! Another wrote to Garrick : “ Mille respects, et j’ose le dire, mille sentimens d’affection à votre chère épouse.” Gibbon wrote : “ May I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Garrick ? By this time she has probably discovered the philosopher’s stone. She has long possessed a more

valuable secret, that of gaining the hearts of all who have the happiness of knowing her." Sterne, who saw in the garden of the Tuileries all the beauties of France, asserted that she could annihilate them "in a single turn." Another admired her "*sourires fins*." The wanderers reached home again on April 27th, 1765, after an absence of about eighteen months.

The great success which attended Garrick's reappearance on the stage, and the flood of wealth which it brought to him, belong properly to the details of his life. Allusion is made to them here simply to explain the change of residence which has to be noted. After twenty years of life in Southampton Street, a removal was considered desirable; a more fashionable and larger establishment was decided on; one which would put him more on a par with the great ones with whom he was increasingly familiar. Adelphi Terrace, then just finished and regarded as an imposing architectural erection, was deemed to meet the requirements of the case; accordingly number four was taken, and fitted up and furnished in a sumptuous style. The ceiling of the drawing-room was painted by Zocchi, the subject being Venus attired by the Graces; the chimney-piece of the room is stated to have cost eight hundred pounds. Garrick's besetting weakness was to mingle freely with the great, and to vie with them in style and grandeur of living; they gladly accorded to him their friendship, for they fully recognised his rare union of special histrionic powers, intellectual endowments,

sparkling conversation, polished manners, and high moral character: it may be questioned if they esteemed him any the more because he closely copied the ways of life of those born to affluence and state. Sir Watkyn Wynn surely thought none the better of him for travelling with six horses and four men-servants when he and his wife went on a visit to Wynnstay. At the same time it must be admitted that if he incurred terribly heavy expenses, they were no more than he could honourably meet; his vast gains not only sufficed for all his own costly method of living, but enabled him with rare and most large-hearted generosity to help his relatives, his friends, and even his foes with sums of no mean magnitude. They were also sufficient to leave his widow a most ample provision, and to enrich his nephews and nieces. No doubt he was mean and shabby at times, but where can a perfectly consistent character be found?

The years of his life in his handsome new abode were not to be many. Intimations of disease, and distaste for the continued annoyances of theatrical management and performance, induced him to retire from both in 1776; on June 10th of that year he came for the last time before an audience, amid such touching demonstrations of regard that he was completely overcome, and broke down utterly in trying to give his farewell address, while his wife was in her box in an agony of hysterical tears. On January 20th, 1779, the trials and triumphs of his

life were alike over, and in a few days he was consigned to his long resting-place, at the foot of Shakespeare's statue in Westminster Abbey, amid such marks of honour and esteem as perhaps never before had been, and never again will be, bestowed upon one of his profession.

In the first moment of her bereavement, the widow turned to Hannah More, then at her home in Bristol. She reached town before the preparations for the funeral were completed, Mrs. Garrick being for the time at the house of a friend. There Miss More followed her; after silent embraces, the mourner recovered herself a little, and said: "The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is His will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astonishing strength to my body and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve, but I am thankful for both." Yet the wrench from her "dear Davy" must have been a terrible one, for the husband and wife had been as inseparable as the late Lord and Lady Hatherley are reported to have been. Garrick declared that for the twenty-eight years of their married life they had not spent a single day apart from each other.

She was always present at his rehearsals, taking her work with her; she listened attentively, and her husband sought her opinion on every doubtful point. Wherever he was invited, it was understood that she was included, and where she could not go, he would not go. On one occasion he would gladly have accepted

an invitation to Ireland, but he declined it, because his wife was always so distressed by sea-sickness that she could not undertake the journey, and he would not go without her. He invariably treated her with the utmost respect and delicacy, and acknowledged that she had been to him in all possible respects the most devoted and best of wives. He did not even regret that they had no children, for he said if they had turned out unkind or disobedient, the trial would have been greater than he could have supported. This absence of sons or daughters enabled him to make a very liberal provision for his widow; he willed to her the Adelphi Terrace residence and the Hampton Villa, with all their linen, plate, wines, pictures, etc., six thousand pounds in money, and fifteen hundred per annum. The full amount was made subject to the condition that she should continue to reside in England; if she fixed her home either on the Continent, in Scotland, or in Ireland, the annual income was to suffer a reduction.

A little scandal was created by some Chancery proceedings which Mrs. Garrick instituted with reference to the residue of her husband's estate. Her own legacy was to stand paramount to every other; that secured, about thirty-four thousand pounds went in bequests to his two brothers, his one sister, his two nieces, and his wife's German niece; the residue, if any, was to be divided between his next of kin, as if he had died intestate. It was to obtain a share in this residue that the application was made to the

Court of Chancery ; but the Lord Chancellor refused such a construction of the will, and the endeavour to so interpret it was generally considered to reflect unfavourably on the applicant. That she was amply provided for, and well able to keep up the two establishments, became clear some years after this, for her savings had amounted to twelve thousand pounds, which she then distributed among her German relations. Although she always appeared cheerful, and never indulged in any appearance of melancholy in the presence of others, there is every reason to believe that her heart was really buried in the grave of her husband ; on Hannah More asking her how she could maintain such self-command, she replied : “ Groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn but a little while ; but a sorrow that is to last for life will not be violent or romantic.” And so a large portion of the anniversary of each returning wedding-day was spent at the tomb of her husband ; and so also, although she had many offers of a second marriage made by men of rank, wealth, and in all other respects eligible, she declined them all. One who saw her at this time declares that she “ looked very well, very sweet, and very elegant,” and afforded, it may be assumed, another proof “ that the autumn of the beautiful is beautiful.”

After two years of widowhood, Mrs. Garrick gave her first party, at which were present Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Colman, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and others of reputation. The hostess is stated to

have looked well; she talked of her husband with complacency, and while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said that "death was now the most agreeable object to her." She held a grand reception in the evening. But it would be a mistake to suppose that she ever returned to anything like festivity, or took pleasure in going into or receiving company. A witness records: "As to poor Mrs. Garrick, she keeps herself as secret as a piece of smuggled goods, and neither stirs out herself nor lets anybody in." In the Diary of Miss Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay) there are frequent allusions to Mrs. Garrick, which are always couched in admiring and affectionate terms, such as "the greatest pleasure I received was from meeting Mrs. Garrick again," and after, on another occasion meeting her in company, she wrote: "She was cheerfully grave, did not speak much, but was followed and addressed by every one" of the distinguished guests. She was in point of fact esteemed and honoured wherever she went. At Hampton the queen often visited her, and finding her on one occasion peeling onions, she requested a knife and commenced to help in the occupation. George IV. and his brothers frequently called on her. Hannah More was for many years a guest at Hampton, and in the summer of 1788, Mrs. Garrick went on a visit to Miss More and her sisters at Bristol. From various causes personal interviews became less frequent in the course of time, but the two ladies never lost the

warm regard they had for each other, as a letter from Mrs. Garrick testifies, written when she was half a year over the nonagenarian line. Her words are : " Indeed, my beloved friend, I have been very near parting for ever from this world ; but the great care taken of me set me up again upon my feet, but not so high as my knees, for they are as yet very *doddlering*. But when you consider that I am six months past ninety, you would say that I am a wonder still if you were to see me. I do not often show my teeth, as there is but one and a quarter left. God bless you all ! and love me as I do you from my very soul." The unknown and uncouth word printed in italics was a playful allusion to her pronunciation of English. Alexander Carlyle wrote that when he saw her at Hampton, Mrs. Garrick had become " Mistress of English ;" but he could only have meant so far as the power of freely expressing herself in it went, for it seems clear that she spoke it with that foreign accent which is so frequently heard from foreign lips, and which is acknowledged to be very pleasant when those lips happen to be beautiful. Among other peculiarities she appears to have always pronounced d for t, which explains the above word, and which caused Lord Lyttleton to call her with friendly familiarity, " Pid-Pad," as she could not say Pit-a-pat. In his correspondence, her husband frequently amuses his friends by giving her messages phonetically, as in writing on one occasion to Foote he sends her best wishes, with the hope that he will

not keep too much company, and makes her conclude with the remark, "It is a bitty you are so bleasant to so riot yourself to teth." Elsewhere he makes her speak of her "humatiz." So Miss Burney says she met Mrs. Garrick in 1788: "I passed through her most cordial hands, was frankly embraced by her, and addressed: 'To I see you once more pefore I tie, my little spark.'"

In reference to her physical frame, Mrs. Garrick's letter to Hannah More fitly introduces the little that can be said on that subject. Like most of those who live to a very advanced age, she appears to have been scarcely of the average height; slender in person when young, and never very stout; erect in bearing; quick in movement, and, on the whole, of well sustained health. She did not escape touches of rheumatism and its kindred ailments; she had also other indispositions from time to time; but in extreme old age it is recorded of her that she had great activity of body as well as of mind, although she spent "so very few hours in bed." One of her contemporaries wrote: "Mrs. Garrick at a period of life when infirmities might naturally be expected, still possesses the power of delighting by the brilliancy of her conversation, which unites the experience of age with the liveliest sallies of youth." About fourteen months before her death, she visited the British Museum, in order to inspect the collection of Mr. Garrick's likenesses which were in the ten folio volumes of theatrical portraits collected by Dr. Burney. Mr. J. T. Smith,

who was then Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the Museum, had the pleasure of showing her these art treasures, and, in his "Book for a Rainy Day," records that "her observations on some of them were extremely interesting;" he adds some of her remarks, which show that her memory had retained wonderful freshness. She invited Mr. Smith to Hampton, and at his request kindly gave him her signature, which she wrote without spectacles, but not without some exertion, as she had not had a pen in her hands for many months. The late Dean Stanley's picture of her in her last days may be a true one, but it scarcely corresponds with the impression other records leave on the mind. He wrote: "A little bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her dear Davy." This is in direct conflict with the obituary notice in *The Annual Register* of the year of her death, which states that "Mrs. Garrick was remarkably beautiful in face and person, and till her death she retained that erect deportment which she derived from her original profession."

Mrs. Garrick never lost her interest in the theatre; she kept her box at Drury Lane, and even privately sat in judgment on new theatrical candidates; her very end came to her, it may be said, through her connection with the theatre. Drury Lane had been re-decorated, and on the 16th of October, 1822, in response to an invitation, she purposed to visit it for

a private view. As the time approached, she had two or three dresses laid out on chair-backs, from which to select one for the occasion ; she wished also to have a cup of tea before setting out. Seated in her arm-chair in the front drawing-room of her house in Adelphi Terrace, she a little resented what she appears to have considered the officious attention of one of her maid-servants, whose act seemed to imply that her venerable mistress could not help herself to a cup of tea. She took it, however, but had scarcely put it to her lips when she fell back in her chair and expired. The lamp of life was extinguished without a single sign of warning, and without the slightest struggle.

Mr. J. T. Smith was one of those who saw her after death, and in answer to an inquiry as to why the coffin was covered with sheets, was informed that it was the mutual wish of husband and wife that each should die in their wedding-sheets. The funeral was a very simple one ; only three mourning coaches followed the hearse ; the first contained two great-nephews of the great actor, and the two executors of the widow ; the second, her solicitor and his wife ; the third, the solicitor's head clerk and her apothecary. She was buried with her husband in Westminster Abbey ; "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." By her will, St. George's Hospital and several benevolent institutions of a like kind received £100 each ; to the parish of Hampton she left £300 to be invested in the name of

the vicar for the time being, the interest to be expended in coals for the poor. Archdeacon Pott had £200 left him in trust for the education of the poor children of St. Martin's parish. Nephews on her husband's side received legacies, and her executors and many private friends had bequests of money, plate, jewels, linen, etc. The residue of her estate went to her niece Elizabeth de Saar, wife of Peter de Saar, of Vienna.

It has already been noted that Mrs. Garrick professedly belonged to the Romish Church, and mention is made of her attendance at Mass. In a very unwarrantable allusion to her from the pen of Dr. Bower, in an angry controversy, he designated her a Papist, and almost insinuated that therefore, in the matter in question, her testimony was not trustworthy; to which her husband replied that she would not, "though a Papist, vary a tittle from that or any other truth, though commanded by the Pope and his whole conclave of Cardinals." From the general tenour of her life, and the choice of her especial friends, the inference may, perhaps, be fairly drawn that the peculiar tenets of Romanism exercised little influence over her; that the noble ethical principles inculcated by all Christian Churches were those which commended themselves to her judgment, by which she regulated her life, which maintained her in unbroken harmony with her husband, and which enabled her to regard Hannah More as her domestic chaplain.

A very sweet and gracious disposition endeared her to that husband and to all his friends. His "sweet woman," his "sweet wife," "sweet Mrs. Garrick," were the terms constantly employed by his correspondents when they alluded to her, widely as those correspondents differed from each other in position and character. Even Foote bore witness to her worth as a woman, and although he distressed her by his constant depreciation of her husband, he declared that he could not sufficiently express his gratitude to her. Mr. Garrick took charge of the two daughters of his brother George, sent them to be educated in Paris, and wrote them many pleasant and affectionate letters, to which Mrs. Garrick frequently added a portion, always lively, genial, and full of good sense, this latter quality being a characteristic almost as conspicuous as her sweetness.

Little is heard of Mrs. Garrick's great accomplishment of dancing after her marriage, but on the last night of the Stratford Shakespeare Jubilee, in 1769, she is stated to have walked a minuet in a manner so graceful as to have excited the admiration of all who saw her, and one witness declared that "it was the most elegant dance" he should ever behold.

There are stated to be several portraits of Mrs. Garrick extant: one as Violette, holding a mask, painted by Zoffany; another by the same artist, of Garrick and his wife sitting in their grounds taking tea; also one with husband and wife standing on the steps of their villa, of which Zoffany also painted two

small views. An etching of Mrs. Garrick in her ninety-seventh year was made by George Cruikshank ; she is presented with full face, standing perfectly erect, in walking costume, with a large muff on her right arm. There is not the least indication of decrepitude, but, on the contrary, the form and attitude are suggestive of unabated activity. There is also vigour in the countenance, although the traces of time are more apparent there than in the figure. Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, executed a drawing of Mrs. Garrick after her death.

CHAPTER XII.

CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL.

Go to yon tower, where busy science plies
Her vast antennæ, feeling through the skies ;
That little vernier on whose slender lines
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,
A silent index, tracks the planets' march
In all their wanderings through the ethereal arch,
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,
And marks the spot where Uranus returns.

O. W. HOLMES.

FOUR years before the death of Castaños, the ranks of science had been thinned by the loss of a lady whose life had been extended to the same remarkable age which had been reached by him, and whose career will always form an interesting chapter in the history of distinguished women.

The life of Miss Herschel was, however, so entwined with the existence of her brother, Sir William Herschel, her work was so largely his work or for him, her whole being was so entirely subordinated to him, that it is difficult to separate the one from the other. His wish was her law ; his

requirements aroused her skill and energy ; she could rise equal to any emergency for him ; she could qualify herself as a singer at his concerts, or as an assistant for his astronomical observations. He was her motive spring, and her efforts met with all the success for which she really cared if they received his approbation.

The Herschel family could trace back their ancestors to the early part of the seventeenth century, but the fortunes of its members had declined rather than flourished during the interval ; and the father of the eminent brother and sister who have rendered the name so familiar to English ears, was, at the time of his marriage in 1731, hautboy player in the band of the Guards at Brunswick. Ten children were the issue of the marriage, four of whom died in infancy, while four sons and two daughters reached mature life. Frederick William, chiefly known by his second Christian name, was born November 15th, 1738 ; his sister Caroline Lucretia, was born March 15th, 1750, and was therefore his junior by several years.

From the scanty records which have been preserved, it is clear that Isaac Herschel, the father, was an enthusiastic musician, and a man of strong powers of mind, of general information, and of a particular leaning to astronomical studies. The mother, on the contrary, seems to have regarded bread-winning and household management as the first articles of her creed, the former as regarded the man, the latter as respected the woman. Nor can she be blamed for

this practical view of life's duties, for without suffering from absolute want, it is clear that the family knew no superfluity of worldly goods, and that their food, raiment, and home comforts were of no higher nature than the calling of the head of the house would lead one to conclude. The special interest in the difference between the father and the mother lies in the fact that all the children appear to have been endowed not only with the musical genius of the former, but also with his general intellectual superiority, thus reversing the ordinary rule that gifts of mind are derived from the mother. William and Caroline excepted, there was an unfortunate absence of steady perseverance in the children of the family, who did well only so far as they came under the influence of William; their habits were otherwise fitful and unsettled, offering a strong contrast to the calm and unflinching firmness of purpose with which he worked out his career. The father's ambition was to see his children become accomplished musicians, his own hard destiny being unable to wean him from his attachment to music, much as fortune had frowned upon the brave hautboy player, for his health had been destroyed, and a premature death superinduced, by the privations and toils which he endured with his regiment during the Seven Years' War. While his life lasted, however, he did all in his power to develop the musical talent of his children, who, for their general education, went from infancy to their fourteenth year to the garrison school. William

profited by these opportunities beyond his brothers, and before his school-days were over had picked up a knowledge of French, a little Latin, with all the ordinary subjects taught, and had become an excellent performer on the hautboy and violin. At the age of fourteen he became a member of the band of the Hanoverian Foot Guards, soon after which war broke up the household. The father, with the two sons old enough, went with their regiment to England; they returned home the following year, and the health of William not being sufficiently strong to stand a soldier's rough life, his parents managed to withdraw him from his regiment; or, in plain words, he became a deserter, and it is said that many years after, when fame and fortune had smiled upon him, his king, with great good-humour, handed him a royal pardon.

William found his way back to England, and for three years his life is a blank. Meantime his sister Caroline, young as she was, had been no unobservant witness of the family vicissitudes, especially as regarded William, for whom she entertained an intense affection, which was returned by his strong regard for her. Not many sun-glints had fallen upon her childhood. No one seemed to care anything about her; in the depth of winter she was turned out to play on the walls of the city, but could not join in the games of other children, and stood freezing while her brother Alexander amused himself by skating on the town ditch. With this brother she went regularly to the garrison school until three

o'clock each day, after which she attended another school until six, to learn knitting and such-like work, which qualified her to provide her brothers with stockings. She was also early installed as scribe to her mother, whose letters to her absent husband were penned by Caroline, as were also those of many a poor soldier's wife whose lord was with the army. A large share of the household work also fell upon her. On the final return of the father, in May, 1760, with shattered health, he devoted himself to teaching music, and Caroline had some direct, and many indirect, opportunities of learning this branch of education, of which she eagerly availed herself. An attack of typhus fever, in 1761, so reduced her strength that she was obliged to mount the staircase on her hands and knees, like an infant. As strength returned, she had to prepare for Confirmation, and, notwithstanding her mother's objection to girls receiving any education, Caroline was allowed some little release from the drudgery of the scullery in order to prepare for the solemn rite.

Unfortunately, it was at this very time, when she was compelled to be much from home, at school and at church, that her "dearest" brother William paid his family a flying visit, so only a small share of the pleasure fell to her lot. To add to her disappointment, he was compelled to leave on the very Sunday fixed for her first Communion, which was thus turned into a dark instead of a happy day. The renewed separation, she long after declared, shattered her

nerves, and threw her into a state of hopeless lethargy, from which she was aroused by another great life-sorrow, for her father, to whom she was deeply attached, had a paralytic seizure, from which he never fully rallied, although he still manfully struggled to help his family. Three years after, the closing scene came, and Caroline was again thrown into "a kind of stupefaction," which lasted for some weeks; she awakened to a sense of the dismal prospect which was before her, for she had acquired only the barest elements of knowledge, with the one accomplishment of violin playing which she had learned from her father. Yet she had an earnest desire to qualify herself for something better than domestic service.

In the summer of 1766 she was enabled to improve herself in music and fancy-work, through intercourse with a young friend; but this was only possible by their meeting at daybreak, as her household duties commenced at seven o'clock. At her own desire she was also allowed to learn millinery and dressmaking, with the secret hope that this would enable her the better to fight the battle of life. It had to be kept a secret hope, for the brother who ruled the house at this time made it a condition that if she learned that industry, it should only be to employ her needle for family purposes. There was small sympathy between this brother and Caroline; he treated her with severity for any little awkwardnesses which displeased his fastidiousness. The poor

girl's outlook at this time was sufficiently uncertain and dreary, giving no possible earnest of the noble work which the coming years would bring, and offering small prospect of the long life to which she would attain. The darkest moment before the dawn had, however, now been reached. Those admirable qualities which her brother William possessed had met with their reward in this country. Failing to obtain suitable employment in London, he accepted a post in the band of the Durham Militia, and at Doncaster, where his regiment was stationed, became acquainted with Dr. Miller, organist of the parish church, and a musician of some eminence, both as a player and composer. By his advice Herschel applied for the then vacant office of organist at Halifax, and found himself the successful candidate. In 1766 he became organist of the Octagon Chapel at Bath, to which he added the teaching of music, and soon had for his pupils many of the young branches of the aristocracy of the city. On the retirement of Mr. Linley, he became leader of the orchestra at the public rooms, and during the Bath season had his time filled up with exhausting and never-ceasing labours. In the direct path of his professional work he composed a large number of anthems, chants, and other ecclesiastical music, in addition to many secular pieces, few of which have survived.

Feeling perfectly assured of his position at Bath—an unmarried man with no prospect of changing his condition—his thoughts turned at this time to his

sister Caroline, who he considered might be serviceable to him in many ways, not least as a singer at his winter concerts and oratorios. The better to qualify her for this position, he requested his brother Jacob to give her lessons, but he threw ridicule upon the whole plan. Nothing disheartened, Caroline says she took "every opportunity, when all were from home, to imitate, with a gag between my teeth, the solo parts of concertos, shake and all, such as I had heard them play on the violin; in consequence I had gained a tolerable execution before I knew how to sing." No better key can be afforded to her determination of character than this little incident offers: it tells aloud of her decision, her ingenuity, her perseverance, and her independence of all outside help; qualities which were called into full and constant play in her future life. In the spring of 1772 William arrived at Hanover, when his sister's return with him was definitively arranged, to her great relief, for she had been held in suspense for many weeks, her mind alternately exercised with the fear that she would not be allowed to accept her brother's offer, and that if she did, it would cause her mother to lose some of the comforts her services assured her. On this point her fears were removed by her brother William settling a small annuity upon his mother, which enabled her to engage a substitute for her daughter. On Sunday, August 16th, 1772, the brother and sister commenced their journey, the narrative of which, written by Caroline, gives a vivid

picture of travel in those days, which contrasts strangely with that of the present time. She says: "After travelling for six days and nights on an open (in those days very inconvenient) post-wagen, we were on the following Saturday conveyed in a small open vessel from the quay at Helvotsluison on a stormy sea, to the packet-boat, which lay two miles distant, at anchor; from which we were again obliged to go in an open boat to be set ashore, or rather thrown like bales by two English sailors, on the coast of Yarmouth."

A rough experience was yet before the travellers ere they could reach London, for, after a night's rest they mounted a rude vehicle to carry them to the nearest point at which they could catch the London diligence, but had scarcely started when the horse ran away, overturned the cart, and threw the passengers into a ditch—happily it was a dry one. They were soon rescued, but it was not until the 26th, at noon, that they reached the metropolis, having been deprived of regular rest for between eleven and twelve nights. After a little sight-seeing, they arrived at Bath on the 28th. Caroline's knowledge of English consisted of a few words picked up during her journey; but at breakfast-time, on the second morning, William began to give her lessons in the tongue indispensable for her future, and added some instruction in arithmetic.

And now, at the age of twenty-two, began that totally new life for Caroline which forms a singularly

interesting chapter in the annals of biography. It was a life, as has already been observed, of entire self-abnegation ; a sacrifice of her own individuality made not simply passively, but with all her heart, and rejoicingly. She gladly sacrificed herself for her brother, in whom she reposed the most implicit faith ; in whose genius she fully believed ; in whose affection she entirely confided ; whose labours she gladly shared ; in whose successes she found her richest reward. Yet anything but a path of roses had to be trodden. At first she was no stranger to homesickness ; she had much to unlearn, as well as much to learn. Among other duties, she was to be house-keeper, and had therefore to study how to set down cash receipts and payments ; she was to appear as a public singer, and had therefore to learn art-singing by taking three or four lessons daily, and by giving much time to practise on the harpsichord ; and, finally, she had to qualify herself for an efficient astronomical assistant, and therefore had to learn how to turn her hand to various mechanical contrivances, to quickly and correctly note observations, to make calculations, and to sweep the heavens independently of her brother. In addition to all this, it must be remembered that she had not been brought up in polished circles, and had to be drilled into an elegant lady ; to accomplish this she had to take lessons twice a week for a whole twelvemonth. She appears, however, not to have been formed of the stuff out of which a fashionable fair one can be manufactured, for,

after a visit to London, which gave her an opportunity of seeing something of high life, her spirits were depressed by the expenses which attended her relaxation. Nor were the young ladies with whom she was brought in contact much to her taste, for she unflatteringly left on record that she "thought them little better than idiots." But this is to anticipate. A stout heart, a firm will, and a few grains of encouragement from her brother, enabled her to rise equal to all these demands—yea, more than all, for she won for herself an enduring name in scientific achievements.

Thoroughly to understand how this was accomplished, it is necessary to trace her brother's career from the day brother and sister arrived at Bath to that dark occasion when Caroline saw him consigned to his last long resting-place. However skilful he may have been as a musician—and skilful beyond all doubt he must have been—his love of natural philosophy predominated, and the study of astronomy made more and more imperious demands upon his time. Nor was he content to know merely what others had observed and noted of the mechanism of the heavens: he threw himself heartily into the work of discovery, and soon found that more perfect appliances were necessary for the attainment of his hopes. Telescopes were at that time small, poor, and expensive. This suggested the manufacture of instruments for his own use, as no mirrors could be obtained of the size he was anxious to employ. And one of his

sister's earliest tasks in the line of her future work consisted in making a paste-board tube, eighteen or twenty feet long, for mirrors which were expected from London ; for at that time Bath had no optician. A further step in the mechanical career before them, arose from the purchase of a miscellaneous collection of tools, hones, polishers, and unfinished mirrors, which had belonged to a Bath Quaker, who had attempted the construction of small telescopes. This acquisition turned the brother's suite of handsomely furnished apartments into workshops, where the different branches of labour could be carried on, such as cabinet-work, clock-work, the turning machine, etc. The sister states that in all these she became "as useful a member of the workshop as a boy might be to his master in the first year of his apprenticeship." Her brother Alexander, who for some time boarded and lodged with them, had a decided taste for mechanics, and rendered essential service in this department.

But music was the mainstay of the family still ; Mr. Herschel had moved to a larger house with a garden in the rear, and an open space running down to the river. Here, as a change from tube-making and such-like work, Caroline had to copy the score of "The Messiah" and "Judas Maccabæus" into parts for an orchestra of nearly one hundred performers, and the vocal parts of "Samson ;" besides instructing the treble singers, of whom she herself was the first. Personally, she was pronounced to be an ornament to

the stage; professionally, she was highly complimented on her singing, and on her pronounciation of English. She was offered an engagement at the Birmingham Festival, but refused to sing in public unless her brother was the conductor. The various musical appointments which Mr. Herschel held at this time yielded him a handsome income, besides carrying with them many privileges in which his sister could share. But music and astronomy were rival forces very difficult to be kept in proper relationship, and it seemed for a time doubtful as to which would gain the ascendancy. As is often the case, circumstances unfolded themselves which almost took the decision out of the hands of those whose destiny was at stake. Mr. Herschel's proficiency in astronomical science had become well known in Bath; he was enrolled as a member of the newly-established Philosophical Society of the city; a telescope of his own construction brought him many visitors; and several ladies of high position became his astronomical pupils. Papers contributed to the Royal Society and to the Bath Philosophical Society, which gave rectifications of the observations of others, or information of new and important discoveries of his own, soon made his name a familiar word in London and in science circles generally. His fame had induced the Astronomer-Royal to pay a visit to his workshop at Bath. Georgium Sidus (now called Uranus) had been discovered in 1781, in which year Mr. Herschel had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, who

had awarded him the Society's and the Copley medals; rumours had also arisen that the King intended to command his presence at Court, with one of his powerful instruments. It is clear from his correspondence that while he was on a visit to Sir William Watson, in 1782, he received an introduction to the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. During this visit to London he was a frequent visitor to the Greenwich Observatory, where, on one occasion, a comparison of instruments was instituted, and the telescope of the Bath musician was found to be superior to any in our national establishment. His self-invented mechanism for its adjustment was also more efficient, and Dr. Maskelyne had a model taken to have the Greenwich instruments mounted on the same principle. Mr. Herschel now found himself invited to the dinner-tables of many wealthy and scientific men; and, on a visit to Windsor, the King expressed his pleasure that he should abandon his musical profession and be appointed Royal Astronomer on a salary of £200 per annum. This involved a heavy loss of income, but would enable him to prosecute his favourite study with undivided attention. It also involved a removal from Bath to some locality nearer the royal family. A house, with a garden and grass-plot, was therefore secured at Datchet, whither, in the end of July, all the household goods of the brother and sister were transferred; and on the first of August the coach set down the travellers at Slough, who walked over

to their new home. Great was the brother's delight at finding stables in which his mirrors could be ground, a grass-plot where the twenty-foot telescope could be erected, and a laundry which could be turned into a library. The sister's anxieties were aroused at finding the house in a ruinous condition, and at the appalling price of everything, from coals to butcher's meat; but her brother assured her that, being now in the country, they could live on eggs and bacon, which would cost little worth consideration.

And here a new chapter in the life of Caroline Herschel begins. Her brother had to be frequently absent, either in attendance on the royal family, or superintending the removal of all his mirrors and tools from Bath. Miss Herschel was consequently left much alone; she confesses that her thoughts at the time were not over-cheerful. She understood that her future training would be to qualify her to act as assistant astronomer to her brother. To make an immediate beginning, she was supplied with a telescope for "sweeping" the heavens; it consisted of a tube with two glasses, such as is usually used in a finder. With this she was to search for comets, and to keep a written description of all remarkable appearances which presented themselves in the firmament. This journal Miss Herschel began on August 22nd, 1782. The work set before her was one which made much heavier demands upon a young lady than many would have accepted under any conditions. She had to spend every starry night on a

grass-plot covered with dew or hoar-frost, without a human being near enough to be within call. Her slight knowledge of the heavenly bodies caused her to lose much time in consulting a celestial atlas. Her brother's presence, when he was taking observations near her, gave her much comfort ; and very soon she found herself closely associated with him, for she helped with the clocks, wrote down memoranda, brought instruments, measured the ground with poles, and performed other duties which required constant attention.

During the winter a twelve-inch speculum was perfected ; eye-pieces were constructed ; improved methods were devised for mounting and using various instruments ; and efforts were made to procure suitable workmen for the different necessary manufacturing processes. Spring and summer found brother and sister exerting themselves with almost martyr activity, for a large twenty-foot instrument was to be ready, if possible, by the following winter. So the carpenters and smiths of Datchet were pressed into service ; and when patterns for tools and mirrors were ready, Mr. Herschel went to London to have them cast. But with him a day's labour did not earn a night's repose. His own original observations went on ; at the same time his sister had to be instructed in the re-measurement of double stars, when she was not engaged in the survey of the heavens through the Newtonian sweeper, or in the duties of the writing-desk. Not only active labour, but constant anxiety

and personal peril fell to her share. Her brother began his sweeps before his instrument was finished, or a safe stage erected, or the ladders even braced; yet he was raised some fifteen feet or more from the ground, and ran an imminent risk of a serious fall. On one occasion he had scarcely touched the earth when a high wind overturned the whole erection; at another time the mould in which a mirror was being cast suddenly leaked, and in consequence the stone flooring flew about in all directions, as high as the ceiling, while all engaged in the work had to fly for their lives. Mr. Herschel fell exhausted on a heap of brickbats. He had also a narrow escape from being crushed to death by the breaking of a beam when taking the forty-foot mirror out of the tube. His sister sustained on one occasion a severe and painful accident: one dark December night, when running over melted snow a foot deep, she was caught by an iron hook used in the gear, which entered her right leg above the knee, from which she could be extricated only by leaving about two ounces of flesh behind. Many weeks of suffering were borne with admirable patience, the great comfort being that for the remainder of the night of the accident, and for several nights after, the heavens refused to show their glory, and therefore she was not greatly missed. How varied and incessant were Miss Herschel's labours may be seen from the record in her journal, where she writes of this period: "In my *leisure* hours I ground seven-foot and plain mirrors from rough to

fining down, and was *indulged* with polishing and the last finishing of a very beautiful mirror for Sir William Watson."

It did not take Mr. Herschel long to discover that there was more honour than profit in his appointment of Royal Astronomer; but he was able to supplement his absurdly small salary by the manufacture and sale of telescopes, by which he made large profits, at the expense, however, of his own pursuit of science, his time and energies being exhausted by what was little other than a commercial industry. Through the representations of some influential friends, a grant of two thousand pounds was made to enable Mr. Herschel to construct an instrument for himself worthy of his attainments; subsequently another grant of the same amount was obtained, with a yearly sum of two hundred pounds to keep his forty-foot telescope in good working order. Before the optical parts of this monster instrument were finished, many visitors had the curiosity to walk through the tube, among whom were the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury; His Grace followed His Majesty with some difficulty, on which the King turned round, gave him his hand, and observed: "My Lord Bishop, I will show you the way to heaven." At a later period, Haydn paid his brother musician a visit, and was greatly astonished at his giant telescope and at his unceasing astronomical labours. Owing to the premises at Datchet being so very much out of repair, a removal was made to Clay Hall, Old Windsor, but was

speedily followed by another to Slough. In the house and garden here on the 3rd of April, 1786, the brother and sister settled down, gathered their instruments together, and collected between thirty and forty workmen, who were soon occupied in the various branches necessary for the construction of the forty-foot instrument; and for many months they were incessantly at work. Miss Herschel remarks that had it "not been sometimes for the intervention of a cloudy or moonlight night, I know not when my brother (or I either) should have got any sleep: never did man or woman lead less restful lives." Extracts from the sister's "Book of Work Done" reveal the writer unceasingly active at all kinds of employment during an absence of her brother in Germany; from cleaning brass-work to calculations for Flamsteed's Catalogue; from cutting out ruffles for shirts at the breakfast-table, to spending the night in sweeping the heavens.

The year just named proved a memorable one to Miss Herschel, for while her brother was still absent she saw an object in the heavens which she surmised to be a comet, and on the following night she satisfied herself that she was not mistaken. "*It was a comet.*" She immediately communicated her discovery to Dr. Blagden and Mr. Aubert by letter, and to Dr. Lind and Mr. Cavallo personally on the following day. She had the extreme satisfaction to find herself acknowledged as the original discoverer of this heavenly visitant; for it was evident that no observers

had seen it until they had received her announcement of its position and appearance.

After her brother's return to Slough, work seemed to be more the portion of their lives than ever ; the day was too short for their efforts, while the night was consumed in observations of the heavenly bodies, the brother being richly rewarded by the discovery of the Georgian satellites, and the sister being gratified by her appointment of assistant to him, with a salary of fifty pounds per annum, the first money, she observes, "I ever in all my lifetime thought myself to be at liberty to spend to my own liking." Truly the sum, small as it was, removed a weight from her mind, for, keeping her brother's purse as she did, and knowing the heavy expenses to which he was habitually put, she confesses that nothing but bankruptcy ran in her "silly head ;" she had therefore kept her own personal outlay down to an average of seven or eight pounds annually. A constant uneasiness pervaded her mind touching the dearness of provisions, the excessive charges of the men employed, the incompetency of servants generally, and the unceasing pilfering which went on among all around her. These anxieties were soon to come to an end, or the weight of them removed from her shoulders, for on May 8, 1788, her brother was happily married, and the conditions of her life were to be considerably changed. For more than fifteen years she had been his devoted companion and assistant in every phase of his life and work ; she had kept his house ; watched over his

health, of which he appears to have been very careless, for often his impetuous desire for rapid progress in any work on hand led him to neglect even his meals; her hand prepared him a dish of coffee to refresh him in his midnight watches; at times that same hand had actually to feed him; and when he took a set meal, his sister had to read to him to economise his time. All this had been to her a labour of love; henceforth, however, his home was to be hers no longer; his domestic comfort and all his pecuniary affairs were to go into the keeping of another.

Outward signs were not wanting to show that the change was keenly felt; but the loyalty and consecration of life to her brother's welfare, which had been so conspicuous a feature in her character hitherto, knew no change, underwent no diminution. She was equally faithful to science, retaining her position as assistant, and living in lodgings near her brother's residence. Sweeping the heavens, whenever possible, still engaged her attention, and before the year expired she had gained a signal reward, for on the 21st of December she discovered a second comet, a fact which she immediately communicated to Dr. Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal, and to other friends, one of whom pleasantly predicted that she would "soon be the great comet-finder, and bear away the palm from Messier and Mechain." As a third comet was observed by her early in the following year, and a fourth in less than a month after, the prophecy was more literally fulfilled than its author

probably expected. On the 15th of December, 1791; a fifth comet presented itself to her instrument; on the 7th of October of the following year her sixth discovery took place; four years later a seventh of these celestial strangers was observed; on August 6, 1797, she had the gratification to announce to her friends that an eighth comet had rewarded the labours of her midnight hours. She might well term them "my comets," for at least five of them were announced by her before they had been seen by any other astronomer in any country. She considered that the whole eight were hers on the principle expressed in her words: "I never called a comet mine till several days were passed without any account of them coming to hand." And she did not fail to say sharp things when any attempt was made to reduce the number of her comets, especially when others wrote of them as only five. Comet-finding was, however, only a small portion of Miss Herschel's astronomical success, for she discovered several remarkable nebulae and clusters of stars. Moreover, her calculations for Flamsteed's Catalogue, the preparation of the index to his observations, the discovery of omitted stars in Wollaston's Catalogue, and making clean copies of all these labours, consumed her days and nights. Through Dr. Maskelyne's influence the Royal Society published in 1798 these laborious works, the former under the title of "A Catalogue of 860 Stars observed by Flamsteed, but not included in the British Catalogue;" the title of the latter runs, "A General Index of

Reference to Every Observation of Every Star in the above-mentioned British Catalogue." Her brother's papers were also always copied "in the clear" by the hand of the sister.

During all this time her domestic life had not been a smooth one: from one cause or another her abode had been frequently changed, and little satisfaction had been found in any of them. On separation from her brother, she went to "lodge and board," strange to say, with one of his workmen, whose wife was to attend on her; her dinner hour was one o'clock; when she went to drink tea with Mr. Herschel and his wife, she returned to her lodgings at seven o'clock. The lodgings were soon after at Slough, but she had to leave them in all haste, as bailiffs had seized all her landlord's goods; she found refuge in a garret. Visits to Bath, where her brother had now a house, relieved the disagreeableness of lodgings, and in December, 1800, she removed to the house of her eldest nephew (her sister's son) at Windsor; but, for some unexplained reason, in the following year another removal took place to Chalvy, which was exchanged a year after for Upton, where, during the winter, she suffered much from a violent cold and cough. It may well be a matter of surprise that these ailments were not constant companions of both brother and sister, for if they had any knowledge of the laws of health, they utterly ignored them. Among other statements which could be advanced to prove this, the following must suffice. Miss Herschel writes: "During the

whole month my brother had not an evening to himself. As he was then in the midst of polishing the forty-foot mirror, rest became absolutely necessary after a day spent in the most laborious work; and it has ever been my opinion that on the 14th of October his nerves received a shock, of which he never got the better afterwards; for on that day (in particular) he had hardly dismissed his troop of men, when visitors assembled, and from the time it was dark till past midnight, he was on the grass-plot surrounded by between fifty and sixty persons, without having had time for putting on proper clothing, or for the least nourishment passing his lips." As a severe trial to her own constitution, an illness from which her brother Dieterich suffered, gave her for four years "accumulated trouble and anxiety;" the time which she bestowed upon him was taken entirely from sleep, or from the brief period usually allotted for meals, "which were mostly taken running, or sometimes entirely forgotten." A bad cough, illness, and a sprained ankle marked the opening of the year 1809; the last-named calamity was caused by an attempt to walk through snow on pattens. With early autumn illness returned, and some fears were awakened that blindness might supervene. Time after time strength of will overcame bodily indisposition; if there was work to be done, Miss Herschel very soon rose equal to its performance, and no occupation came amiss to her. One of her achievements was to paper and paint the rooms of her Slough cottage. Great

gladness was occasioned in 1813 by her nephew, afterwards Sir J. F. Herschel, having obtained the Senior Wranglership at Cambridge, and soon afterwards a Fellowship. The severe winter of 1814 forced the conviction upon Miss Herschel that she should "never be anything else but an invalid for life." Another removal took place in February of that year, although Slough was not left.

Concurrently with all these shifting scenes in the life of the sister, the health of her brother grew more and more precarious and unsatisfactory, so that he was frequently compelled to suspend all his labours, and to seek rest and strength at health resorts. On April 5th, 1816, he was made a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, but he was growing more feeble each week of his life, a painful change in his health and spirits being plainly visible to his friends. "Sorrow and sadness" began to be present at the interviews of brother and sister; the diary of the latter dwells much upon his increasing weakness, accompanied by constant giddiness in the head. A visit to Bath in 1818 was accomplished only by spending four nights on the road, the return journey requiring equally slow stages, as no benefit had been derived from the change. In July of the following year he appeared to be dying, but surgical help enabled him to recover for a time. Still no strength could be gained, and the years 1820-1 saw him slowly sinking; on the 15th of August, 1822, he was unable to remain up, and his sister wrote in her

journal: "For ten days and nights we remained in the most heart-rending situation till the 25th of August, when not one comfort was left to me but that of retiring to the chamber of death, there to ruminate without interruption on my isolated situation." On the day named the angel of death had truly invaded the sick man's chamber, and on the 7th of September the grave had closed over his mortal remains, at the good old age of eighty-four. No words could adequately describe the terrible blow which this bereavement proved to the sister whose whole existence had been so long bound up in that of her idolised brother. It subverted for a time her usual calm judgment; it induced her to take the step—afterwards bitterly regretted—of leaving for ever the country in which she had so long found a home, and where her singular abilities had been generously recognised, at any rate by friendship and honours. For fifty years she had been her brother's companion and assistant; now the land of their adoption and the theatre of their labours became intolerable to her, so the dogged resolution was taken that she would return to Hanover, the scene of her childhood, the home of her relatives. Two days after the funeral she began her preparations, and on the 16th of the following month a farewell had been taken of all her friends; on the 18th she and her brother Dieterich went on board the steam-packet, and arrived at his house in Hanover on the 28th.

With this important change commences the third

epoch in Miss Herschel's long existence. As far as the usual expectation of life went, it would have been assumed that at the age of seventy-two, with a deep sorrow for her heart's guest, and with a body already familiar with maladies, she would soon have followed her brother to another world ; she had, in fact, to wait more than a quarter of a century before the end came. Unfortunately Miss Herschel did not settle down to a serene and happy old age. She soon found that her hastily formed determination to return to Hanover was a mistake. All-round changes had been wrought by time ; she was changed, her relations were changed, the city of her childhood had changed almost beyond recognition. All was as different from her mind's picture as the earth which the dove found on its liberation from Noah's ark was different from that which it remembered on the day it entered its place of refuge. There was as little place of rest for the sole of the returned pilgrim to Hanover as there was for the dove on the semi-aqueous earth ; and the exclamation soon escaped her lips, to be often repeated : " Why did I leave happy England ? " Her life henceforth has to be traced chiefly from her letters to Lady Herschel—her brother's widow—and to her nephew, who took even a more distinguished place in science than his father. There early arise in these letters intimations of impaired health. " Vain to struggle any longer against age and infirmity ; " " not above six hours' tolerable ease out of the twenty-four, and not one hour's sleep ; " and yet the wish

prevailed that she might live a little longer, in order to make a more correct catalogue of 2500 nebulae for her nephew. A visit from this eminent relative, in the autumn of 1824, greatly gladdened her, and her future letters reveal how intensely her heart went out to this surviving link between herself and her lost brother; the more so, no doubt, because he was not only walking in his father's science-footsteps, but had already shed additional lustre upon the family name. Although no sentimentalist, this fact could not fail to be grateful to Miss Herschel, because it sustained the honour which her brother had won.

Her own life had been one of hard work, physical and mental; she was a believer in honest and successful labour. In some of her kindred she had to lament the absence of energy and self-reliance. She wrote on the death of one of them: "Nothing but the grave could relieve him of wretchedness, and nothing but that would arouse his posterity to a sense of their duty, which is to work for an honest livelihood; even the youngest is old enough to do so; and I hope to hear that they may awake from their dreams of commissions in the army and midshipmen in the navy. The lot of the children of a poor musician and descendants of a menial servant (even to a king) is not to look too high, but to trust to their own good behaviour, and serving faithfully those who can employ them; then they will not want encouragement." These are sound and wholesome words, applicable to not a few in every age and every civilised

country. There is a postscript to the letter : " Mr. H. is released from his plague, for his wife is dead." A little sharpness, not far removed from acidity, appears at times in these letters ; and, naturally enough, perhaps, some measure of contempt betrays itself for any other branch of science than astronomy. The brother with whom she now resided must have had a taste for entomology, for she writes : " It is almost the only subject with which he amuses himself. It is well he does not see the word ' amuses,' for I suppose it should be ' sublime study ;' for whenever he catches a fly with a leg more than usual, he says it is as good as catching a comet ! "

There was evidently little affinity between herself and this brother. She stated on several different occasions her bitter disappointment with regard to him and his family. At first she gave herself up to him, with all she was worth ; for she made over to him, on learning the misfortunes his family had suffered, her stock of five hundred pounds. She soon found, however, great difficulty in remaining mistress of her own actions or opinions ; the latter were always disputed. Whatever subject was touched upon, he maintained a contrary view to that expressed by his sister. He would allow, she wrote, no one to know anything but himself, so that conversation between them was impossible, and was at last confined to a remark on the weather, or the flavour of a dish. Chiefly from this cause, Miss Herschel arranged for some external relaxation, and for some intercourse with those who

formed the intellectual society of the city, although she did not rate their attainments very highly, her vision being bounded by astronomy, and even there confined to that exact department which her brother William had made his own. As soon as his influence was withdrawn, she lost the open, receptive, and adaptive mind by which she had been distinguished.

In her home at Hanover practical astronomy was out of the question; she had, indeed, her twelve-foot Neptune sweeper, but the roofs of the opposite houses shut out her sight of the heavens. As she has left on record, she was "placed between roofs of houses," which prevented her seeing even an eclipse of the moon when in a low part of the ecliptic; it passed away behind the houses of her opposite neighbours. None the less did she continue her astronomical toils, for she now "undertook and completed the laborious reduction of the places of 2500 nebulae, to the 1st of January, 1800, presenting in one view the results of all Sir William Herschel's observations on those bodies, thus bringing to a close half a century spent in astronomical labours." This testimony was borne to Miss Herschel on the occasion of the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society being awarded to her in February, 1828, and chiefly in consideration of the valuable nature of the above-named work. Sir David Brewster pronounced it to be one "of immense labour," and "an extraordinary monument of the unextinguished ardour of a lady of seventy-five in the

cause of abstract science." The work bears the title of "The Reduction and Arrangement in the form of a Catalogue, in Zones, of all the Star-clusters and Nebulæ observed by Sir William Herschel in his Sweeps." This great work accomplished, her deep interest in her favourite study induced her to commence to read and weigh all the memoranda made in former years by her brother and herself, much of which, for want of time, had never been sufficiently considered, or their value duly estimated. Her mind was also keenly alive to the work of her eminent nephew, and to any discoveries on the lines of her late brother's labours: her sympathies were scarcely wide enough to embrace new methods, or to welcome fresh results.

A new and flattering recognition of her astronomical services greeted her early in 1835, for then the Royal Astronomical Society, for the first time in its history, conferred an honorary membership upon ladies, herself and Mrs. Somerville receiving the unusual and high honour. In the letter of thanks which the former wrote to the Council, she observed that at the "feeble age of eighty-five" she could entertain no hope of deserving the great honour of having her name joined with that of the author of "The Connection of the Physical Sciences." Each lady was also presented with a complete set of the Society's Memoirs. But, unless Miss Herschel magnified her ailments, the hand of time began to press heavily upon her bodily frame, for she wrote "that after

the fatigue of getting up and dressing," she fell asleep on the sofa, with a newspaper or other uninteresting subject in her hands, "an old, poor, sick creature in her dotage." This description of herself was written to her nephew when she informed him that she had received a work in which were written the words: "Presented by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to Miss Herschel." And, to use a figure of her own, she felt herself an expiring lamp; a drop of oil was, however, now to be supplied which would make the flame burn more brightly and steadily, for a time at least, as her beloved nephew, who had become Sir J. F. Herschel, had kindly arranged to pay her a visit on his return from the Cape. He arrived at Hanover, with his little boy, in July, 1838, to the very deep joy of his venerable aunt. Few were the days he could devote to the visit, and in order to spare her the pain of a farewell, he and his little son set off on their homeward journey without giving her any intimation of his intention; an arrangement suggested no doubt by kindly consideration, but which caused Miss Herschel great anguish. Another honour remained to her, for in this year she was elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy, which extorted from her the usual exclamation: "What can this be for?"

There occurs little after this date which calls for particular mention; the lamp of life burned lower and lower, but there seemed a determination on the part of the venerable nonagenarian to keep mind and

body in a state of activity to the latest possible moment. Hence, in her ninety-second year she was busy in compiling a "History of the Herschels," the narrative commencing with her grandfather and mother. On her ninety-third birthday, March 16, 1843, the Crown Prince and Princess, with about thirty other distinguished visitors, engaged her attention all day, so that she had no time to eat a morsel, and was seriously ill in consequence. From a letter of July in the following summer, it appears that she had not been downstairs for more than two years. The following year she found writing a great difficulty, and the active correspondence so long maintained had to be abandoned; a short monthly report was substituted, which was marked by many blots, and testified of extreme feebleness.

On her ninety-sixth birthday she received from Alexander Von Humboldt an extremely gratifying letter, accompanied by a gold medal, presented by the King of Prussia, in recognition of the great services which she had, as fellow-worker with her illustrious brother, rendered to astronomy. Her last letter was commenced on November 1, and finished on December 3; it consisted of only a few words, but they were written in large, clear characters, and gave intimation that further intelligence of her condition would reach her friends through the pen of another. Two young artists took portraits of her in March, 1847. The Crown Princess presented her with a most comfortable velvet arm-chair, a cake, and a magnifi-

cent nosegay; when the giver, with the Crown Prince, paid their visit, she was able to hold a lengthened conversation with them, and even to sing them a composition of her brother William, "Suppose we sing a catch."

The message sent through Miss Beckedorff to her nephew and his family was "that she did not quite like old age, with its weaknesses and infirmities, but that she too sometimes laughed at the world, liked her meals, and was satisfied with Betty's services." On what was fated to be her last birthday, she received the congratulations of a host of friends and the usual kind attentions of the royal family. A little later on she was told that General Halkett had sent his love, and "hoped she would soon be so well again that he might come and give her a kiss, as he had done on her birthday." She looked very archly at the bearer of the message, and replied: "Tell the general that I have not tasted anything since that I liked so well." A great joy yet remained. In the summer of 1847 she received a copy of her nephew's "Cape Observations," which completed the "Survey of the Nebulous Heavens," on which she and her brother had toiled with such unremitting and self-denying energy. It crowned her life-work; it closed her life's story. A few days after the gift had arrived the great change came, and her spirit passed tranquilly away with scarcely a visible struggle.

Many years before her death she had made a disposition of her effects, had set apart a sum sufficient

for her funeral expenses, and entered into every possible arrangement by which her nephew and executor, Sir J. F. Herschel, would be spared any needless trouble. She desired to be laid beside her father and mother; she was borne to the spot followed by a large number of relatives and friends, with the royal carriages forming part of the procession. The solemn words spoken over the coffin "were uttered in that same garrison church in which, nearly a century before, she had been christened, and afterwards confirmed." A lock of her beloved brother's hair, with an old almanac that had been used by her father, were put into her coffin, according to a desire she had expressed to her attached niece, Mrs. Knipping. A heavy stone slab, with the following inscription from her own pen, in her native tongue, marks her last resting-place. Mrs. John Herschel gives the following English translation of the words :

Here rests the earthly exterior of
CAROLINE HERSCHEL,
Born at Hanover, March 16, 1750,
Died January 9, 1848.

The eyes of her who is glorified were here below turned to the starry heavens. Her own discoveries of comets, and her participation in the immortal labours of her brother, William Herschel, bear witness of this to future ages.

The Royal Irish Academy of Dublin and the Royal Astronomical Society of London enrolled her name among their members.

At the age of ninety-seven years ten months she fell asleep in calm rest, and in the full possession of her faculties, following into a better life her father, Isaac Herschel, who lived to the age of sixty years two months seventeen days, and lies buried not far off, since the 29th of March, 1767.

The foregoing details of Miss Herschel's life sufficiently reveal her mental and moral constitution. Both brother and sister appear to have been singularly free from self-esteem, vanity, or even ambition. Her own view of the value of her services to her brother, and through him to science, was always expressed in language similar to her remark: "I am nothing; I have done nothing; all I am, all I know, I owe to my brother. I am only the tool which he shaped to his own use; a well-trained puppy-dog would have done as much." And on another occasion she observed: "My reason for writing so much about myself is to show with what miserable assistance your father made shift to obtaining the means of exploring the heavens." There is, of course, a certain amount of exaggeration in these words, and elsewhere she gave herself credit for "patience and perseverance," acknowledged that a little praise was comfortable, and that she felt confident she had deserved it on the above grounds, but not "for great abilities or knowledge." Her intellectual powers were unquestionably greater than her defective education enabled her to use to full advantage. "She was obliged to learn too much, without any one thing thoroughly. Even the requisite knowledge of algebra, and mathematical formulæ for calculations and reductions, had to be picked up in any scratch way possible, generally at breakfast-time or other off moments." Her memory does not appear to have been of exceptional strength, for her brother used to compare it "to sand, on

which anything could be inscribed with ease, but as easily effaced," and she confessed that she could never remember the multiplication table, and therefore always carried a copy of it about her.

It was her intense affection for her brother, her quick sympathy with all that touched him, her earnest desire to relieve him to the utmost in all his undertakings, which enabled her to rise equal to the demands which he made upon her; any work that she could accomplish beyond that had its chief value in her eyes that it would gratify him. This entire devotion to a single individual tended to a high degree of unselfish happiness during his life, but ensured darkness and desolation when death snatched him from her side. On her return to Hanover, disappointment attended her knowledge of all the other members of the family, one niece, Mrs. Knipping, excepted. Even science was uneasily watched; she was jealous of the further development of astronomy; she was disposed to underrate the achievements of those who trod in her brother's steps; and, as Mrs. Knipping wrote with great discernment and candour, notwithstanding it was of a beloved aunt, "She looked upon progress in science as so much detraction from her brother's fame." These words were addressed to Sir J. Herschel, and the writer added, "Even your investigations would have become a source of estrangement had she been with you." Outside the idol house which she had built for herself she found no object of worship; beyond her

brother and his son there was no large-heartedness ; no healthy sympathy with progress beyond their work ; no mental or moral breadth generally.

So far as the scanty materials which are to be found enable a judgment to be formed, there appeared in Miss Herschel's physical constitution little to indicate that she would attain to exceptional length of days. If nature had endowed her with a fairly robust frame, her method of life for many years had been anything but favourable to its preservation. The tale already told of inadequate rest, irregular and hasty meals, sometimes their total omission, combined with exhausting toils of mind and body, could scarcely have failed to try the strength of the strongest. Nor did a bright and genial temperament counteract these sources of mischief : servants seldom satisfied her ; her relatives disappointed her ; she had a keen sense of her own solitariness ; she took full note of all her passing indispositions ; in short, she felt a full share of the friction of life. On the other hand, she had in her favour a small, spare figure, and her method of life was frugal in the extreme, when her circumstances allowed her a little latitude. Her brother left her an annuity of one hundred pounds, and this much more than sufficed for every purpose she required. It may not be uninteresting to add a few particulars to those already given, which reveal how time dealt with her during the latter years of her life. When seventy-nine she won the admiration of every one by her nimbleness in walking ; on her

nephew's visit to her when she was eighty-two, he reported, "She runs about the town with me and skips up her two flights of stairs as light and fresh at least as some folks I could name who are not a fourth part of her age. In the morning till eleven or twelve she is dull and weary, but as the day advances she gains life, and is quite fresh and funny at ten or eleven p.m., and sings old rhymes, nay, even dances, to the great delight of all who see her." At ninety-one she declared that her memory was as good as ever, but her activity of body had then forsaken her, and she no longer ventured to leave the house. At ninety-two she had no longer a wish to see her eminent nephew or his wife, alleging that the bitterness of another parting would be more than she could bear. She "trusted to find and know them in another world." These few words, with here and there some slight intimations to the same effect, reveal all that her biographer has deemed well to record as likely to throw light on her religious opinions, especially stating that Miss Herschel "avoided topics of a directly serious and religious nature." In the last days of her life, she received with great readiness the visits of Mr. Wilkinson, the English clergyman, and in her own epitaph she speaks language which implies a belief in the immortality of the soul, and the possibility of future exaltation and blessedness.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

Je dis, heureux le Géomètre en qui une étude consommée des sciences abstraites n'aura point affaibli le goût des beaux-arts ; à qui Horace et Tacite soient aussi familières que Newton : qui saura découvrir les propriétés d'une courbe, et sentir les beautés d'un poète ; dont l'esprit et les ouvrages seront de tous les temps, et qui aura le mérite de toutes les académies.

DIDEROT.

AN ancient proverb asserts that "length of days is in the right hand of wisdom," and Mrs. Somerville's life's story confirms the truth of the maxim. From her childhood to the very end of her remarkable career she was a diligent seeker after knowledge ; that career extended far towards a century, and it would be difficult to find one which would afford a more charming example of simplicity, power, harmony, and completeness. It appears, however, to be less generally known than it well deserves to be. One reason, perhaps, why comparatively so few are well acquainted with Mrs. Somerville's character and work may be found in the fact that she made her mark in

a path of literature unknown to the merely popular reader, and as an author she has therefore been excluded from the sympathies of the many, to whom she has remained as much an abstraction as are the sciences on which she wrote. Another reason probably is that her daughter, who gave to the world her mother's "Personal Recollections," too dutifully, it may be thought, abstained from any of that social gossip which is so dear to the reading public, and which, within certain limits, it may not unfairly expect.

No soothsayer, however skilful, could have forecast the future of the life of Mary Fairfax from the conditions of her birth and her early surroundings. She was the daughter of a naval officer who had seen many years of active service before he became Admiral Sir William Fairfax; the honour of a knight-banneret was conferred on him for his coolness and bravery at the battle of Camperdown. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. Samuel Charters, Solicitor of the Customs in Scotland, a man of superior mental vigour and attainments. His wife was by birth Christian Murray, of Kynymont, whose elder sister was married to the then Earl of Kintore. Sir William Fairfax was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family, a member of one branch of which had been raised to the Irish peerage, and a member of another branch to the peerage of Scotland. But neither blue blood nor inherited or acquired honour had brought riches to Sir William's lot; whether,

therefore, he was afloat or on shore, his family had to study strict economy to maintain in any degree their position in life. Fortunately, simplicity in the domestic *ménage* as well as in personal adornment was the general rule, and intercourse with families of distinction did not depend, as now it largely depends, upon costly establishments and extravagant attire. It is almost impossible to conceive how any families, with even the most modest income, could have been poor in those days, for the future father-in-law of Mary Fairfax records in his "Autobiography" that beef sold for 2d. to 2½d. per pound of seventeen ounces, and never exceeded 4d.; lamb 1½d.; mutton the same; veal 4d. to 5d.; butter was 4d. per pound of twenty-four ounces, and cheese 3d. He paid one of his maid-servants £1 5s. yearly, another £1 10s., and his man-servant £4.

The early married life of the parents of Mary Fairfax was spent near Burntisland, "a small, quiet, seaport town," situated on the coast of Fife, immediately opposite to Edinburgh, in a house which, with one short period excepted, was the life-long home of the family. It belonged to Mr. Charters, and was a long, rambling building, with flower, fruit, and vegetable gardens; the sailor head of the household, when on land, delighted in the cultivation of flowers, and made his grounds glow with tulips and other bulbous plants; with ranunculi, anemones, carnations, and other annuals. It was not in this house, however, that Mary Fairfax was born. Her

mother's sister, Martha, had married the minister of Jedburgh, at whose manse Mrs. Fairfax unexpectedly found herself the mother of a daughter. She had been to London to see her husband off on long foreign service, and had scarcely reached Jedburgh, on her way home, when the event took place on the 26th of December, 1780. During her mother's severe illness, the little stranger was carefully nursed by her aunt, and in all respects treated as her own child until the mother could bear the journey home.

Few enough were the educational advantages presented in that isolated house as the young girl grew to require some instruction. The district was primitive in the extreme; her early recollections of it reveal characters and customs no longer to be found even in the most remote localities of Scotland. It was rough and rude, hard and dull, unrelieved by any of the softening influences now so generally diffused. Time has also swept away the strong prejudices which then existed against the education of women going beyond the most meagre acquirements of reading, writing, the keeping of small accounts, and a little knowledge of music in the highest circles of society. Dr. Somerville says that "sewing, embroidery, pastry, and cooking" were, in his young days, "considered the most important branches of learning for a good housewife;" that many young ladies of rank "were shamefully deficient in the elementary, and now universal, accomplishments of

writing and spelling." Lord Byron's mother affords an example in point. Notwithstanding Miss Gordon's family pretensions, of which she was not a little proud, she could boast of small scholarship and of no accomplishments. It need be no matter of surprise, therefore, that the early days of Mary Fairfax were not troubled with many mental tasks; her mother taught her to read the Bible, and to say morning and evening prayers; she was left to Nature's teaching in all other matters. Early in childhood she made acquaintance with birds and flowers, for which she imbibed a passionate love that never grew cold; she indulged in lonely rambles on the sea-shore, gathering up specimens of its beautiful shells; she spent hours of the clear, cold nights in watching the stars; and in all these young years she was thirsting for knowledge, and yearning for some information concerning the universe which was around her, and of which she felt herself a small and insignificant part, yet truly a part. The practical knowledge of household matters which all ladies were expected to possess, began in the case of Mary Fairfax soon after her seventh year was turned, her first lessons consisting of fruit-gathering, shelling peas and beans, feeding the poultry, and looking after the dairy. Her mental achievements at this time were not so much to her taste, for she had to learn the catechism of the Church of Scotland, and to attend the public examinations in the kirk. A timid disposition combined with a bad memory made this a painful

duty, the more so as all the doctrines on which the catechism dwelt were profound mysteries to her child mind.

The return home of her father, when she was between eight and nine years old, brought a little change in her life, for he was shocked to find her "such a savage"—a bad reader, with a broad Scotch accent, and utterly unable to write. He made her read to him chapters from the Bible, papers from *The Spectator*, and passages from Hume's "History of England." In less than two years this home training gave place to boarding-school life, at Musselburgh, where much wretchedness awaited the poor pupil, for the principal task imposed upon her was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary; so thoroughly had all the little victims to get it up, that they had to remember the exact succession of the words, each of which had to be spelled, and the meaning given. To render this mechanical task still more irksome, it had to be performed in a kind of strait-waistcoat, constructed of stiff stays, with a steel busk in front, bands to draw the shoulders back until the shoulder-bones met, and a steel rod, with a semi-circle that went under the chin, clasped to the steel busk in the stays. This physical torture was not inflicted to counteract any tendency to deformity; Miss Fairfax was perfectly upright and well-formed; the cruelty was gratuitous, and enforced only as part of a system. When eleven years old she was delivered from this mental and bodily injury; her attainments may be

estimated by an anecdote which she tells of herself. She received a note from a lady in the neighbourhood of her home, to which a reply had to be written. She says: "This note greatly distressed me, for my half-text writing was as bad as possible, and I could neither compose an answer nor spell the words." Little as her mother was content with this result of an expensive boarding-school, the child "was like a wild animal escaped out of a cage." Freedom was restored; and, until the broken weather of winter set in, she indulged herself in long rambles, and in making collections of every kind of natural history objects. Kept more within the house during the roughest months, domestic duties were increased, and needlework demanded more attention than it had hitherto received, but little heart was apparently thrown into it: her soul was given to the small collection of books which the house contained, as among these there was a copy of Shakespeare, to the study of which every spare moment was now devoted. This reading propensity met, however, with small encouragement from any member of the family, and was strongly denounced by her aunt Janet, when she was on a visit to Burntisland. A sense of injustice oppressed the little thirster after knowledge; she could not understand why women, who desired education and had the mental power to acquire it, should be forbidden its attainment. After a time her mother a little relaxed the distasteful prohibition, and engaged a tutor to teach Mary the use of the globes,

while, during a short visit to Edinburgh, she was allowed to attend a school where she was taught to write a good hand, and to master the common rules of arithmetic. An uncle made her a present of a pianoforte, and from an old lady she received lessons in music. The following winter added dancing to her accomplishments, picked up at Strange's Dancing School. The worthy who taught the young lads and lasses was "tall and thin; he wore a powdered wig, with cannons at the ears, and a pigtail, ruffles at the breast and wrists, white waistcoat, black silk or velvet shorts, white silk stockings, large silver buckles, and a pale blue coat." His instrument was a little fiddle called a kit. Every Saturday afternoon the pupils, boys and girls, in evening dress, met to practise in public, the officers from the castle looking upon the arrangement as one affording them a pleasant lounge. The partners of the girls treated them to oranges and gingerbread! Little more than a century has passed away since this was fashionable life in Edinburgh. On a later visit to that city, Miss Fairfax was permitted to learn landscape painting, in an academy opened and taught by Nasmyth, but, strangely enough, drawing was not included in his instructions; merely colouring, acquired by first watching the master paint, and then copying his landscape on canvas. This done, he would point out any faults, and indicate improvements. Miss Fairfax profited by all her Edinburgh opportunities, for she diligently followed up her music and painting, by

devoting several hours a day to the piano, and by adding drawing to colouring; she was able through life to sketch from Nature, and to produce pictures of artistic merit.

One of these annual visits to Edinburgh furnished the daughter with no small amusement. Her mother was so afraid of the sea that she would never cross the Firth except in the boat of a particular skipper. On the occasion in question, his vessel began to toss about so violently that Mrs. Fairfax, who was in the cabin, exclaimed: "George, this is an awful storm; I am sure we are in great danger. Mind how you steer; remember I trust in you." He laughed and said: "Dinna trust in me, leddy; trust in God Almighty." Mrs. Fairfax called out in perfect terror: "Dear me! Is it come to that?" The anecdote has been, as probably the reader knows, liberally distributed to many other timid seafarers.

Whatever advantages in certain respects Edinburgh conferred on Mary Fairfax, her real education was not derived from any of the usual channels of instruction; she was essentially self-taught, impelled by a thirst which nothing seemed able to quench, and which led her to endure much personal discomfort and much family discouragement without in the least changing her determination to acquire all the knowledge possible. Among the books to which she had access was a copy of Mrs. Chapone's "Letters to Young Women;" she resolved to follow the course of history there sketched out, and as one author

recommended to be read was in French, she supplemented the little of that language which she had learned at school, by laboriously searching out the words in the dictionary, until she comprehended the sense of each page. She also taught herself Latin enough to read Cæsar's Commentaries, and Greek enough to read Xenophon and part of Herodotus. But the special study of her life had not yet presented itself; a mere accident appears to have aroused within her that love for mathematical science which, once awakened, lasted to the last days of her long life. Singularly enough, an old part of an illustrated "Magazine of Fashions" first brought the word "algebra" to her notice, and then she had literally no conception of its meaning, but it fastened itself upon her mind, and made her eagerly seek for an explanation. None of her relatives or friends knew anything of science, and she would have been paid by ridicule had she asked any questions about algebra. Nothing daunted, she turned to see if any light could be obtained from any of the books within her reach, and hoped that in Robertson's "Navigation" she had found a solution of her difficulty. But although there was much in it which proved useful in the future, it did not supply her immediate requirement; help, however, was at hand. Her younger brother's tutor recommended and bought for her a copy of Euclid and also of Bonnycastle's "Algebra," which proved to be the very aids for which she craved. This tutor heard her demonstrate a few

problems in the first book of Euclid, and as those were correctly done, she took courage, and continued the study with earnestness and self-reliance. As household duties, such as making and mending her own clothes, and helping in domestic matters generally, consumed all her time but that given to music and painting, she was compelled to sit up very late to study her new pursuit, and this ran away with more candles than had hitherto been used. An explanation of the apparent waste was required from the servants; on their explanation, an order was issued that a light was not to be allowed beyond the time necessary to get into bed. Having already mastered the first six books of Euclid, the persevering student went through a number of problems from memory every night, until she could work out nearly the whole. To ensure time for study, she rose at daybreak, dressed, wrapped herself in a blanket from the bed on account of the excessive cold—having no fire at that hour—and read algebra and the classics till breakfast time.

On one of his home visits, her father found out her pursuit of algebra, and, greatly disturbed, said to her mother, "Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X., who went raving mad about the longitude." But Mary Fairfax was no moping, spiritless recluse, however earnest a student she may have been. During each winter season, Edinburgh was a festive city, thronged with families of

distinction, to several of whom Mary was related, while she stood on terms of pleasant intimacy with many others. She had therefore friends to chaperone her to most of the gaieties which took place, among which were theatrical performances, public and private balls, with social parties of various descriptions. In after life, Mrs. Somerville wrote of these days: "Girls had perfect liberty at that time in Edinburgh; we walked together in Prince's Street, the fashionable promenade, and were joined by our dancing partners. We occasionally gave little supper parties, and presented these young men to our parents as they came in. At these meetings we played at games, danced reels, or had a little music—never cards. After supper there were toasts, sentiments, and songs. There were always one or two hot dishes, and a variety of sweet things and fruit. . . . Like other girls, I did not dislike a little quiet flirtation." Several visits to relatives also relieved the monotony of life at Burntisland; one of the most important of these was to the residence of her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Somerville, at the manse of Jedburgh, under whose roof, it will be remembered, she was born. He extended to her sympathy and encouragement as regarded her course of self-education, while her aunt charmed her with her wit, her local legends, her sweetly-sung Scottish songs, and her extensive information. Visits are also recorded to Lady Hope of Pinkie; to the Boswells of Balmuto; to the Oswalds of Dunnikeir; and to the Lyells of Kinnordy, parents

of Sir Charles Lyell. An excursion to the Highlands, with her father and mother, gave her intense delight. As a further relief from severe studies, she had recourse to poetry, novels, and light literature in general. Flying years developed the girl into the young woman, and a pleasantly word-painted portrait exhibits her as having "had a graceful figure, below the middle size, a small head well set on her shoulders, a beautiful complexion, bright intelligent eyes, and a profusion of soft brown hair," sufficient to justify the designation by which she was known, the "Rose of Jedwood."

That rose was transplanted to grim London quarters in 1804. Mr. Samuel Greig was distantly related to Mr. Charters, and on a visit to the Firth of Forth was received as a cousin in the Burntisland circle. His father, Admiral Greig, had been sent by the British Government, at the request of the Empress Catherine, to reorganise the Russian Navy; some details of his life are given in the "*Biographia Britannica*." Some time after his visit to the Fairfax family, his son was appointed Russian Consul to this country, and made Mary an offer of marriage, which she accepted—on what grounds are not very clear, for he had a low opinion of the capacity of women, had neither knowledge of nor interest in science of any kind, and had not the slightest sympathy with his future wife's devotion to study. When married, however, he offered no opposition to that study, and as Mrs. Greig was left alone the whole of the day, she

continued to read mathematics, and to follow up her customary intellectual employments. Two little boys were the issue of the union ; after three years of married life Mrs. Greig was left a widow, upon which she returned to the home of her childhood. Although out of health and much absorbed with her children, she was still ardent in her mathematical studies, and by dint of early rising she was able to take up plane and spherical trigonometry, conic sections, Ferguson's "Astronomy," and to attempt Newton's "Principia." The last-named she found exceedingly difficult, indeed she failed to understand it until some time after, when she met with the Jesuit's edition. About this period she became personally acquainted with Professor Wallace, on his appointment to the Chair of Mathematics in Edinburgh University. She had before corresponded with him, having solved some of the problems given in a mathematical journal of which he was the editor ; for one answer she was awarded a silver medal, cast on purpose, and inscribed with her name. When Professor Wallace understood that Mrs. Greig wished to go through a regular course of mathematical and astronomical science, he supplied her with a list of the requisite books, both English and French. A truly formidable list it proved, but the works were immediately purchased, and regarded as a long wished-for treasure. Circumstances had so far changed that now, in her thirty-third year, Mrs. Greig was under no necessity of concealment ; she therefore openly pursued her studies, and even

for a time read with a tutor, but it was to the vexation of many members of her family, and to the disapproval of many of her friends.

But once again her position was to change, for in 1812 she was married to her cousin, William Somerville, the son of her much-attached uncle, the minister of Jedburgh. This son, who was born in 1771, had been educated for the medical profession; had been garrison surgeon at the Cape of Good Hope; had subsequently held various responsible positions which required him to visit the country of the Hottentots and Caffres, the Orange River, and neighbouring territories previously unexplored by Europeans. He afterwards served in Canada, and returned to this country in 1811, with the Governor-General, to whom he was medical attendant; he held also the office of Deputy-Inspector of Hospitals, and Comptroller of the Customs of Quebec. Notwithstanding his unsettled life, he had remained a sound classical scholar, was a good botanist and mineralogist, took a lively interest in all other branches of natural history, wrote his own language with force and purity, and was kind-hearted and generous.

His parents most heartily approved of his attachment to his cousin. Dr. Somerville has recorded of the event: "To myself this connection was on every account peculiarly gratifying. Miss Fairfax had been born and nursed in my house, her father being at that time abroad on public service. She often afterwards resided in my family, was occasionally my

scholar, and was looked upon, by me and my wife, as if she had been one of our own children. I can truly say that, next to them, she was the object of our most tender regard." Her aunt had for some time secretly cherished the desire that this union should take place; nor were the parents wrong in the belief that it would tend to the happiness of the two immediately concerned. Mrs. Greig met with a husband who fully sympathised with all his wife's pursuits, and who devoted himself with untiring zeal to assist her in the preparation of her works, by searching libraries for authorities to which she had occasion to refer, by copying and re-copying her manuscripts, and by carefully reading the final proofs of her publications. He had one further recommendation: he was of broadly liberal principles, in which respect he resembled his wife, who had diverged very far from the narrow religious and political creed of those with whom her lot had been chiefly cast. No wonder she was misunderstood by them; even her future husband's sister no sooner knew of the engagement, than she wrote to express a hope that Mrs. Greig would give up her "foolish manner of life and studies, and make a respectable and useful wife" to her brother!

Soon after his marriage, Dr. Somerville was appointed head of the Army Medical Department in Scotland, and settled down in Edinburgh. Mrs. Somerville, who had lost one son, there engaged for her son Woronzow, a tutor who happened to be a good Greek scholar, and at her husband's suggestion she took the

opportunity of improving her knowledge of that language by reading Homer with him for an hour every morning before breakfast. This tutor was succeeded by a brother, who was an excellent botanist, and Dr. and Mrs. Somerville became his pupils in a course of systematic botany.

In 1813 Admiral Sir William Fairfax was taken to his rest, after a service of sixty-seven years, which, however, only entitled his widow to the paltry pension of £75 per annum. The days of mourning ended, Mrs. Somerville threw herself into the pleasant gatherings which at that time distinguished Edinburgh. Many bright glimpses are given of evening entertainments, including delightful supper-parties at Abbotsford; the addiction to abstract science did not in the least diminish her naturally sociable disposition, while her general mental culture enabled her keenly to enjoy intercourse with intellectual friends, and at this time Sir Walter Scott was at the brightest and happiest period of his life. These enjoyments were brought to a sudden close by Dr. Somerville being appointed, in 1816, a member of the Army Medical Board, which necessitated a residence in London. Thereupon a house was taken in Hanover Square; from its central position it afforded easy opportunities for intercourse with friends, and for attendance at the lectures of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. Soon after they had settled down they made the acquaintance of Sir William and Lady Herschel; of MM. Arago and Biot, on their visit to

this country ; and during a trip to Switzerland, they formed friendships with many of the most distinguished Continental *savants*. At Lausanne, on her way home, Mrs. Somerville was attacked by a fever, which so greatly reduced her strength that her husband decided on a winter's residence in Italy. Venice and Rome were the cities of the greatest attractions ; in the former they met with Lord Byron, in the latter with Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Murchison, as well as many other visitors of note. At Naples a collection of mineralogical specimens was formed—some given, others purchased—the arrangement of which afforded much interesting occupation for leisure moments when they were again settled at home. The more important hours of the day were given to the instruction and training of her children, and to the careful ordering of her household. The evenings were devoted to social gatherings, the circle of eminent friends—eminent in many different branches of knowledge—being at this time greatly enlarged. Concerts and theatres generally succeeded dinner-parties.

A daughter Margaret died in 1823, after a long illness. Dr. Somerville having received the appointment of physician to Chelsea Hospital, the family had to remove to a Government house in its dreary and unhealthy locality. But the official rise was thankfully received, as almost the whole of their private fortune had just been lost through the dishonesty of one in whom they had placed implicit confidence.

An extensive Continental tour, with her husband and Sir James Macintosh, closed what may be considered the private life of Mrs. Somerville. Hitherto she had been known to her friends as one deeply read in mathematical science, of whom La Place declared that she alone of women understood his "*Méchanique Céleste*." She was also known to possess other educational acquirements, which placed her far above the average of her sex, but as yet she had given no public proof of her superiority. In the days of her widowhood she had become acquainted, in Edinburgh, with Lord Brougham; fifteen years had since passed, but that versatile man had not forgotten the fair mathematician, for at this time he wrote to her husband, requesting him to try and induce his wife to contribute to the publications of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" a treatise on the "*Méchanique Céleste*" of La Place. A few days after his letter he paid a personal visit to Chelsea to enforce his plea, and so far succeeded as to obtain a promise that the effort should be made, although with a clear consciousness that it would not be possible to render the work intelligible to those who had no knowledge of the differential and integral calculi.

With an energy that never failed her, Mrs. Somerville immediately entered upon her task, making such arrangements with regard to her children and domestic matters that by early rising she might be able to secure some quiet hours for composition. These

were grievously curtailed by friends and acquaintances dropping in, and paying a long visit of idle gossip. Fortunately, the writer had a power of abstraction which enabled her to suspend a problem in her mind, and to resume it immediately the interruption ceased. Under any circumstances, the work was one which demanded time and care, and its author freely devoted both to it, although she and her husband did not give up their dinner-parties, their evenings out, and their visits to theatres. As soon as finished, the manuscript was sent to Lord Brougham for critical examination, with a request that if a failure it might be destroyed. After a short interval of nervous anxiety, the writer was gladdened by the assurance of a philosopher no less distinguished than Sir John Herschel that he had read the copy with the greatest pleasure and admiration, and could suggest a few improvements only, and those so unimportant as to be scarcely worth mention.

On the publication of the work a large number of spontaneous and most flattering testimonials poured in upon the author from such high authorities as Dr. Whewell and Professor Peacock, while the review notices were exceedingly favourable. An article in the *Quarterly*, from the pen of Sir John Herschel, spoke highly of the able execution of a most difficult task ; he observed, among other gratifying sentences, " We know not the geometer in this country who might not congratulate himself on the execution of such a work ; " and again, " the unfeigned delight,

and, we may add, astonishment with which the perusal of this work has filled us." The Royal Astronomical Society elected Mrs. Somerville an honorary member, conferring, as has been already stated, the same mark of distinction upon Miss Herschel. M. Biot, at the request of the Académie des Sciences, reported upon the publication, which he did in the most cordial terms. The Royal Society of London unanimously voted that a bust of the author, by Chantrey, should be placed in their great hall. She was also elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Dublin, of other smaller institutions, and of several foreign societies. To crown the whole, Sir Robert Peel informed her, in the kindest possible manner, that the king had granted her a pension on the civil list of £200 per annum. Such a communication would seldom be unwelcome; it was peculiarly opportune at the time it was made, for again, through the treachery of those in whom confidence had been placed, the remainder of her private means was lost. A few years later, on the recommendation of Lord John Russell, the king's grant was increased to £300 a year. At the invitation of Dr. Whewell, Mrs. Somerville spent a week in Cambridge, in 1834, when the University dons vied with each other in showing her attention and hospitality.

Mrs. Somerville proved no exception to the rule that the successful author of a first work is never satisfied with the laurels then gained. She confessed that the habit of writing had become so strong with

her that, her first manuscript finished, she was at a loss for something wherewith to fill up the spare time she had so long occupied in composition. Another subject for her pen soon presented itself; it was, indeed, suggested by her preface to the "Mechanism of the Heavens," in which the mutual dependence and connection of many branches of science had been recognised, but not wrought out. This was the laborious work which she now determined to take up, and into which, as usual, she at once threw her whole strength. But the labour, combined with the air of Chelsea, which never suited her constitution, brought on an illness which made a change of locality necessary, and Paris was chosen as a place of temporary residence. Here rapidly gathered around her the renowned in science, literature, and even fashion. The amount of attention which she received must have been gratifying to the highest degree. Amidst all the civilities and visitings, however, the work on hand was never neglected; it was steadily proceeded with, although it involved the study of new subjects, the more thorough investigation of others partially known, and the reference to a vast variety of authors, British and foreign. During her residence at Paris she received tidings of the death of her mother at the ripe age of ninety, time having wonderfully spared her the havoc which a far shorter span of life generally entails.

After a brief tour in Italy, Mrs. Somerville returned home in improved health, and soon saw her

"Connection of the Physical Sciences" published. The warm welcome which it received is a matter of literary history, confirmed by the number of editions through which it has passed. As far as the word popular can be applied to works of that character, it was more popular than its predecessor, and commanded a larger number of readers; it also unquestionably added to the reputation of its author. The interdependence of the sciences soon suggested, through M. Poisson originally, a supplemental volume on the form and rotation of the earth and planets. With characteristic ardour Mrs. Somerville took up the subject in its fullest and most extensive range. Immediately this manuscript was finished, she commenced a work on "Curves and Surfaces of the Second and Higher Orders." For some reasons which she had forgotten when she penned her "Personal Recollections," these works were laid aside, and never given to the public.

Authorship had, however, grown a necessity of Mrs. Somerville's life, and her active brain now turned to a treatise on "Physical Geography," for which she immediately began to collect materials, but a long and dangerous illness which fell upon her husband compelled her to suspend her labours. As soon as he was able to travel, the family set out for Rome, where they settled down in lodgings, and resumed their usual method of life. Every morning Mrs. Somerville wrote until two o'clock, then visited some of the Art galleries, walked on the Pincio, dined at six,

and visited friends or received visits from them in the evening. During the spring, short stays were made at Naples, Florence, and Bellagio, on the Lake of Como; the summer was spent at Baden-Baden, where Dr. Somerville had another attack of illness, so instead of returning to England, as intended, the following winter was spent at Florence, and the summer at Sienna. A large portion of the year 1841 was spent at Albano, in a villa commanding a lovely prospect, while Rome was again chosen for winter quarters. Excursions to, and short stays in, various parts of Italy followed, until 1844, when Mrs. Somerville visited England, to see her son and his wife, as well as to renew her intercourse with Sir John and Lady Herschel, friends to whom she was sincerely attached. Other friendships were pleasantly renewed, and a visit to Scotland and the scenes of her childhood deeply interested her. She returned to Rome in the autumn, where several subsequent winters were spent, the other months being devoted to excursions in different parts of Italy.

Before the winter of 1848 the whole family had returned to England, after having spent the autumn with their relatives in Scotland. The publication of Humboldt's "*Kosmos*" naturally disturbed the mind of Mrs. Somerville, as to the value of her carefully prepared work on *Physical Geography*, as the former might be supposed to have left no room for the latter. But the opinion of Sir John Herschel being favourable, she determined to again appear in print,

a step which the cordial reception of her new venture left her no reason to regret. Among the letters of congratulation which she received was one from Baron Humboldt, which contained the flattering words: "Je ne connais dans aucune langue un ouvrage de géographie physique que l'on pourrait comparer au vôtre."

Before the publication had taken place, the family had again left home for the Continent, and after many wanderings a house was taken at Florence, where, on the 26th of June, 1860, Mrs. Somerville was again left a widow, for, after an illness of only three days, she lost her very attached husband, to whom she had been united for forty-eight years. After this bereavement Spezia became for the time the head-quarters of Mrs. Somerville and her daughters; here arose the conception of another laborious work, although the authoress had now passed her eightieth year. She said of herself: "I was now an old woman, very deaf and with shaking hands; but I could still see to thread the finest needle, and read the finest print, but I got sooner tired when writing than I used to do. I wrote regularly every morning from eight to twelve or one o'clock before rising." The projected work was a treatise on "Molecular and Microscopic Science;" it opened a vast field for investigation and description. At Turin many facilities, not to be found in Italy generally, existed for the prosecution of the necessary studies, so the winter of 1861-2 was spent in that city. The task which she had imposed upon

herself would have been an exceedingly arduous one for any scientist in the prime of life ; for a lady of Mrs. Somerville's advanced age, it must be regarded as an astonishing mental effort. And although it can scarcely be said to have been a success—at least when compared with her other works—it gave ample testimony to a mind still wonderfully vigorous, to a spirit of most patient research, and to an untiring industry.

Several instances are recorded which clearly show that Mrs. Somerville had retained also a large measure of physical activity up to this period. One of her nephews, Henry Fairfax, was commander on board the ironclad *Resistance*, when it appeared at Spezia in 1863 ; his aunt spent a day on the vessel, going over every part of it, even to the engine-room and screw-alley. She declined to be “hoisted on board, but mounted the companion-ladder bravely.” At the commencement of the winter of that year, she was seized with a severe and long illness, which rendered her recovery doubtful, but her strong constitution prevailed, and in the spring she was much refreshed by a visit from her son, Mr. Greig, and his wife. But bereavement was again near at hand, for this son died suddenly in October, 1865, to the great grief of his mother. He was a barrister, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Surrey. His brother, by his mother's first husband, died in early youth. A brave nature enabled Mrs. Somerville to bear up stoutly, and when in her eighty-eighth year she could write :

“Although I have been tried by many severe afflictions, my life upon the whole has been happy.” She retained her habit of studying in bed until twelve or one o’clock, and when ninety, set herself to read Serret’s “Cours d’Algèbre Supérieure,” Salmon’s “Higher Algebra,” and Tait on “Quaternions.” The after part of the day was given to Shakespeare, Dante, modern light reading, and the newspapers, in which she was always much interested. Even in her ninety-second year, she states that she was able to solve problems in the higher algebra; if a difficulty arose, she put the perplexity aside for that day, but with her “old obstinacy” returned to it on the morrow, and overcame it. Italy still continued her home; she dwelt sometimes in one city and sometimes in another, as the seasons dictated. Thus the closing years of her life rolled quietly by; uneventful as far as anything calling for particular mention is concerned, but furnishing an extraordinary example of long-preserved strong mental powers, and a large measure of bodily health. Her last occupations, continued to the actual day of her death, were the revision and completion of the treatise which she had written many years before, on the “Theory of Differences,” with diagrams exquisitely drawn, and the study of a work on Quaternions. The angel of death came softly to her bedside, and the calm sleep which stole over her on the morning of November 29, 1872, was doomed to end her life’s pilgrimage.

This brief outline of Mrs. Somerville’s career

cannot fail to convey some idea, however inadequate, of her high mental and moral qualities. The strength and activity of her intellect were early developed in her persevering efforts for the acquisition of knowledge; her firmness of purpose withstood the opposition of her friends and the cold indifference of her first husband; she would neither forsake nor suspend the studies which were as essential to her as her daily bread. Her firm grasp of all which she undertook is worthy of notice. She never seems to have known mistrust of her own powers; the only fear which ever arose in her mind was from the inherent impossibility of the task. The high place to which she attained in the most difficult branches of science shows that she did not misjudge her capabilities. But her studies were not confined to those subjects in which she so eminently distinguished herself. There was nothing circumscribed or exclusive in the range of her reading; nothing which indicated that severe mathematical pursuits had cramped her mind, or deadened its finer sympathies. So far from it, there is ample evidence to prove her strong interest in every department of science, and her keen appreciation of the whole round of literature and art. She was attracted to everything calculated to elevate, to strengthen, to enrich, and to refresh the mind. Nor was there anything of the literary recluse about her; she was no mere book-student, shut up within herself and her studies. On the contrary, she was distinguished for the ease with

which she threw off the rôle of the philosopher, if she ever assumed it, and for the heartiness with which she fulfilled all family duties and all social claims. In intercourse with her friends and society generally, she appeared simply as any other lady moving in good society ; to pose as a blue-stocking or to figure as a lioness would have been impossible to her. She was always simple, unaffected, friendly, ready to be pleased, and desirous to make herself agreeable to every one. This admirable feature of her character is supported by incidental notices of her contemporaries. Mrs. Cowden Clarke writes : " To Mrs. Somerville we were first introduced at Turin ; she afterwards visited us at Genoa ; and latterly interchanged letters with us from Naples. She was as mild 'and of her porte as meek as a maid ;' utterly free from pretension or assumption of any sort ; she might have been a perfect *ignoramus*, for anything of didactic or dictatorial that appeared in her mode of speech : nay, 'tis ten to one that an *ignoramus* would have talked flippantly and pertly while Mary Somerville sat silent ; or given an opinion with gratuitous impertinence and intrepidity when Mrs. Somerville could have given hers with modesty and pertinent ability : for, mostly, Mrs. Somerville refrained from speaking upon subjects that involved opinion or knowledge of science ; rather seeming to prefer the most simple, ordinary, everyday topics."

A like testimony is borne by Sir J. F. Herschel, at whose beautiful country home Mrs. Somerville

delighted to find herself a visitor. Before those days he wrote of her: "In the pursuit of her object, and in the natural and commendable wish to embody her acquired knowledge in an useful and instructive form for others, she seems entirely to have lost sight of herself; and although in perfect consciousness of the possession of powers fully adequate to meet every exigency of her arduous undertaking, it yet never appears to have suggested itself to her mind, that the acquisition of such knowledge, or the possession of such powers, by a person of her sex, is in itself anything extraordinary or remarkable."

From a few faint glimpses in her "Personal Recollections," it may be gathered that Mrs. Somerville did not forsake the religious instruction of her childhood, although no doubt she put a much broader interpretation upon its truths than would have been agreeable to the narrow orthodoxy of her childish days. She was not one, however, to lightly talk or write on sacred subjects; they were reserved for the inner recesses of her own heart, or for communion with those nearest and dearest to her. Taken as a whole, Mary Somerville may be said to have gone far to realise the classical idea of a fair soul, in a fair body, placed in the midst of fair surroundings.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE: HOME LIFE AND WORK.

O, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Amidst a blinded world he saw
The oneness of the dual law;
That heaven's sweet peace on earth began,
And God was loved through love of man.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THAT their days might be "long in the land" was a motive constantly set before the Israelites of old by their rulers and prophets. If they would obey the voice of their God, to whom they professed allegiance, His promised reward was length of days, success in all to which they put their hands, and the marked increase of their numbers. After the lapse of many centuries—even tens of centuries—it is not a little remarkable that frequently this threefold blessing falls upon God-fearing, devout Hebrews now, as it fell upon their fathers in the past. As a race, the Jews are distinguished by freedom from the worst types of

malignant diseases, especially dirt-engendered ones ; sustained longevity is notoriously theirs ; commercial prosperity is proverbially theirs ; and they are noted for their steady multiplication. Their annals, let the country in which they settle be what it may, abundantly establish these facts. Even in those times and lands in which they have been remorselessly peeled and plundered, persecuted and oppressed, denied all civil and religious freedom, even there they have exemplified the words of one of their number, who wrote : "Cast down, but not destroyed." Crushed for a time, it may be, but only to spring up again with freshened vigour and unabated powers. When under merciful—or rather equitable—laws ; when they have been permitted the free range of their abilities, the pursuance of their national customs ; when they have been allowed to settle in healthy districts, and to deal on equal terms with their fellow-men, then they have flourished beyond the nations among whom they have settled, and have grown influential and rich, as if by some magic spell of which they alone held the secret.

The noble philanthropist whose life is now to be sketched afforded a striking example of some of the highest attributes of humanity ; of a commercial career conducted with honour and crowned with early prosperity ; of health and vigour sufficient to enable him to count his century of existence, notwithstanding the innumerable risks he ran on behalf of his oppressed brethren and the members of the

human family generally. For, although he furnished a very remarkable instance of philanthropy in all its ordinary phases, he was more particularly remarkable for his spirit of self-sacrifice, for the personal privations and exertions endured at the command of duty, that duty being benevolence in its highest and purest type. Nowhere can kindness and generosity be more certainly looked for than among the wealthy members of the Jewish community, and that irrespective of race, creed, class, or blood ; but it was left for Moses Montefiore to show that no personal comforts, no attractions of home, no considerations of health or life were sufficient inducements to make him shrink from danger, toil, and trouble whenever and wherever he saw that his presence might be of service to his fellow-men.

There are reasons for the belief, before any documentary evidence of the fact is to be found, that the Montefiore family had for many generations been settled at Ancona, in Italy. The earliest mention of any members of the name arises in a manner which may be taken to prove that an honourable and a successful mercantile career had long been the family portion. It is known that a large colony of Hebrews early existed at Ancona, and that they had great command over the trade of the East. In 1630, Rachel, the wife of Leone Montefiore, presented to the synagogue of Ancona a silk ritual curtain, richly embroidered and inscribed by herself. Later on in the same century appear, as prominent members of the

Israelite community, Amadie and Ismael Montefiore. "Go forth" is an admonition which has never been neglected by the Jew; accordingly, some of the Montefiores, finding probably that increasing numbers made Ancona too strait for them, left it in order to push their fortunes in Leghorn; from this branch sprang Moses Montefiore. Among the immigrants was one Judah, who had an uncle already settled in the city, in which he held an honourable position; Judah was admitted into his establishment as an assistant, and after a time was taken into partnership, which soon enabled him to marry. Four sons resulted from the union; the first-born, Moses Haim, at forty years of age took to himself a beautiful bride of seventeen, but commercial affairs did not prosper with him at Leghorn. He therefore obeyed the command, "Go forth," and transferred himself and his household to London, his youngest brother accompanying him. Several relations on his wife's side had acquired large fortunes in this country, and prosperity here smiled upon the new-comer. As a dealer in Italian goods, he had warehouses and offices in Philpot Lane, City, and, after some years of success, a private residence at Hackney. Years of success must, indeed, have been needed, for he numbered among his children nine sons and eight daughters; the fourth of these sons, Joseph Elias, became the father of the future philanthropist.

Joseph Elias was born in 1759; after gaining experience in his father's establishment, he started on

his own account and prospered ; eight children fell to his lot. These were the offspring of his marriage with Miss Mocatta, a lady who could claim a long and distinguished line of ancestors, being able to trace her descent for many generations before her husband's family could prove they had an existence. Married in 1783, the young couple settled down at Kennington Place, Vauxhall. Here, on an evening of the following year, the husband and wife arranged for a trip to Italy, the merchant's object being to invest in a purchase of straw bonnets, with which he hoped to profitably trade, as it formed one branch of his Italian merchandise. The evening of the 24th of October found the merchant and his wife at Leghorn, and then and there was born to him the son whom he named Moses Haim, the Sir Moses Montefiore of the future. "Haim" signifies life ; it is frequently given to Jewish children, "Vita" being often substituted for it in Italy. That terrible infant mortality which afflicts most civilised races is not known to the Israelites. Moses grew up among the two brothers and five sisters who were gradually added to the household circle, and all of whom attained to mature life. They all, moreover, ran happy and prosperous careers, becoming ultimately closely connected with the Rothschilds, the Goldsmids, the Salomons, the Cohens, and other esteemed and influential members of the Jewish community.

The sons are stated to have received little more education than fitted them for the business callings to

which they were allotted. After a little experience in the establishment of a firm of tea-merchants and grocers, Moses saw a brighter prospect open before him than such a purely mercantile pursuit could have presented. Two uncles, on his mother's side, purchased for him the right to practise as a broker on the Stock Exchange, a privilege which cost them twelve hundred pounds; for at that period only twelve Jewish brokers were allowed, a restriction which has happily long since been swept away. Few young men have ever started on the voyage of life under more auspicious circumstances than did Moses Montefiore; he had large and influential family connections; his personal appearance, manners, and character were well calculated to win the regard of all with whom he was brought in contact. He stood six feet three inches in height, with a highly intelligent countenance and a manly bearing; he was closely attentive to business, cautious in enterprise, and original in some of his methods, notably in publishing each week a price list of securities. No dreary suspense, no weary trial of patience awaited the young financier. His rapid and pronounced success induced his brother Abraham to embark his small fortune in partnership, and the firm settled itself in Shorter's Court, Throgmorton Street, under the title of Montefiores Brothers. Abundant and profitable business soon firmly established their house; as if to place it in still greater security and prosperity, in 1812 Moses became closely linked with Nathan

Rothschild, the founder of the English branch of that princely family of financiers. Each married a daughter of Levi Barent Cohen, of Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, a man of vast wealth, whose daughters had each a *dot* of ten thousand pounds. It is admitted on every hand that Judith Cohen brought something of even greater value than riches to her husband. It is true that she belonged to the plebeian rather than to the aristocratic section of the Jewish nation, but she was a lady who had been carefully trained in all secular subjects of education; she was an admirable linguist, especially in modern languages; to solid intellectual attainments she added great proficiency in accomplishments, and she crowned all by a deeply earnest and religious spirit. If not the mainspring of much of her husband's future philanthropic work, it never failed to receive her hearty sympathy and co-operation.

For thirteen years they resided in New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, in which court also lived Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Rothschild. The two families were not only closely connected by marriage, but the heads were personally attached friends, and Mr. Montefiore acted as stockbroker for Mr. Rothschild. Year by year the financial transactions of the latter grew more and more gigantic; through his instrumentality were effected the payments of armies and the loans of nations, as the page of history testifies.

Mr. Abraham Montefiore married Mr. N. Rothschild's sister, thus joining the families by another

tie ; in time a third link was added, for the second son of the latter married his cousin, the daughter of Abraham Montefiore. With such connections, and under such favourable conditions, it can be no matter of surprise that the firm in Shorter's Court flourished exceedingly, its partners realising ample fortunes. Abraham died in 1824, leaving his heirs an immense estate ; Moses, although only forty years of age, had accumulated a property which left him without need of further exertion, as he had no children for whom to make provision. On opening the subject of his retirement to his wife, she told him to "thank God, and be content" with the garnered fruits of his industry. This sound advice he immediately followed ; he quitted his City home for one at the West End, originally in Green Street, Hyde Park, subsequently exchanged for one in Park Lane.

During all these years of money-making, Mr. Montefiore had a second and very distinct side of character. From early youth he appears to have been a devout worshipper of the God of his forefathers, and to have observed with all possible exactness and sincerity the ritual and laws which they had handed down. An unfailing attendance at the early service of the synagogue, that is, seven o'clock each morning, sufficiently attested the reality and depth of his religious convictions. A year before he was qualified by age he was admitted, on his own petition, a member of the congregation ; he was an increasingly liberal contributor to the synagogue funds ; as years

rolled by, he was elected to serve in the several important posts connected with the organisation and working of the institutions of the community; and finally, he was raised to the proud position of Warden-President of the congregation. The synagogue in Bevis Marks was an ancient one, around which had gathered associations dear to the Israelites of Mr. Montefiore's day; no one at the present time can regard it with indifference, for within its walls have worshipped many whose names still live in literature, and whose descendants occupy, or have occupied, important positions in this country. The year before the subject of this sketch retired from business, he presented the synagogue with an estate of thirteen houses in Cock Court, Jewry Street, which were to be occupied as dwelling-houses for the deserving poor, after the rentals for five years had been invested to provide a repairing fund.

Among the institutions connected with the synagogue was one which is peculiar to the Jews; it has no parallel in Christian nations, although it well might have one. Under the designation of *Lavadores*, an association of twenty-five members exists, whose practical functions are to wash the bodies of the dead, to coffin them, and to see them decently interred. So far from these offices being left to hireling hands, the most upright, blameless, and often rich Jews gladly undertake the duty, the expenses being met by an entrance fee and an annual contribution. As admission to the society was jealously guarded, being

considered a certificate of high religious standing, it speaks well for Mr. Montefiore that at the early age of twenty-four he was enrolled a member ; on the seventieth anniversary of that event he was reappointed its governor.

Released from the thralldom of business, in the possession of bodily health, mental vigour, and an ample fortune, he consecrated all to the further development of his benevolent principles, and for the benefit especially of his co-religionists. However favourable their position in this country might have been when compared with their condition in other lands, they were still under a civil and political ban which they rightly felt to be alike degrading and unjust. They could hold neither civil nor military office under the Crown ; they could not sit in Parliament ; they could not be members of any corporate body ; they could not practise as barristers, solicitors, proctors, or notaries ; they could not vote at elections ; it was doubtful if they could possess real estate in the land ; their religious observances were only tolerated, not legalised.

Fitful efforts had been made from time to time to obtain the removal of these disabilities, but public prejudices against the Hebrews ran so very strong that there seemed more danger in striving for a better position than there was hardship in enduring that in which they found themselves. There was also a lack of united action on the part of the oppressed. A body termed the "United Deputies of British Jews"

had long been charged with the duty of watching over the interests of their brethen, and of endeavouring to obtain a repeal of any laws which injuriously affected them. Mr. Montefiore joined this association soon after his City life came to an end, when his uncle, Mr. Moses Mocatta, was president; in the course of time his nephew succeeded him in this position, and continued, as he had from the first manifested himself to be, an untiring and a determined worker in the cause of relief. He was well qualified to become a leader in the movement, and the more so, because his strong common sense convinced him that full victory was more likely to be obtained by progressive steps than by any sudden bound. In this way, indeed, was the complete triumph won. Time after time the House of Lords threw out a Bill for the Repeal of the Civil Disabilities of the Jews, even after it had passed the House of Commons, but very shortly after the last occasion it allowed a Bill to pass, without opposition, whereby Jews were enabled to serve the office of Sheriff. Mr. Montefiore availed himself of the concession, and in 1837 was duly elected. As chairman or director of several important companies, he still held an important position in the City, although he had retired from its direct business. On Lord Mayor's Day, November 9th, the Queen paid her first visit of ceremony to the City, and after a busy day dined with the Lord Mayor. Among the honours conferred on the occasion, Mr. Montefiore was knighted. It was a singular fact, and one which always gave him great

pleasure to remember, that during his year of office not a single case of capital punishment took place ; for the only culprit sentenced to death, he obtained a pardon.

Long before his shrievalty, however, Mr. Montefiore had personally done much to get in that thin edge of the wedge which, once accomplished, is a sure earnest of a wider breach. On the outbreak of the invasion panic of 1803 he joined a Surrey Volunteer Regiment, and rose to the rank of Captain. Many years after, he purchased that marine residence at Ramsgate with which his name is always associated, and where he ended his long and honourable life. He purchased the estate at a time it was considered legally doubtful whether a Jew could possess a freehold, and he so far settled the question that no one dared to take it to a court of law. All disqualifications of every kind were swept away in 1858, so the point can never now arise. The successive steps by which this relief was attained is a matter of history familiar to most readers. It is not necessary to claim for Sir Moses Montefiore more than a share—a large one certainly—in the labours which proved so successful. That he worked heartily and indefatigably is the least that can be said ; that his example exerted a powerful influence upon others is acknowledged ; that he rejoiced at seeing relatives of his own sitting in the House of Commons as the first representatives of their race was natural ; that he had no ambition that way himself is clear from the fact that had he so wished he could have

been triumphantly returned for the division of Kent in which he resided.

Much other work lay very near to his heart, and made large demands upon his time; there were many synagogal institutions of an educational and benevolent character which had strong attractions for him, and which he liberally supported by his purse, and promoted by his presence and influence. Although riches and honours had become his portion, he kept closely to the godly habits of his earlier days, and because the law prohibited riding on the Sabbath, Lady Montefiore and he walked from their Park Lane residence to the City Synagogue, at which they continued most regular worshippers when in town. In every good work Lady Montefiore shared, often personally; at other times by extending sympathy and encouragement to her husband's labours.

After forty-five years of married life her health began to fail, and her medical attendants recommended the winter to be spent in Italy, where Sir Moses accordingly took her, as briefly noticed in a following section. After another five years of broken health, death snapped asunder the bond which had united her to one who had fully appreciated her noble character, and whose loss was the bitterest sorrow of his life. She was spared, however, to see the golden jubilee of her wedding-day; a slight improvement in strength about that time raised hopes which were soon to be disappointed, for on the 24th of September, 1862, the end came. There is some-

thing particularly touching in the anecdote recorded of her last day upon earth. That day brought the eve of a new year according to the Jewish Calendar. As the setting sun announced the commencement of the festival, "Sir Moses repaired to the room adjoining hers, which formed a kind of domestic oratory, and offered up in her hearing the prayers prescribed for the solemn occasion. These devotions over, he re-entered her room, and laying his hands on her head, pronounced the benediction, which he had never missed for fifty years on Sabbaths and festivals, and then bowed his head to receive her blessing in his turn. Reinspired with hope, he descended to his own room, where he cheerfully conversed with the friends assembled round his hospitable board. When, however, the physician came to pay his evening visit, he found the patient so weak and her pulse so low that he deemed it necessary to inform Sir Moses that the end was near. At half-past eleven Lady Montefiore breathed her last." "She expired without a struggle, as our sages say of Moses—by a kiss." These extracts are from Mr. Lucien Wolf's most interesting life of the philanthropist.

In the chapter on "Foreign Work" will appear the arduous fatigues of travel, the privations and dangers of various kinds, to which Lady Montefiore ungrudgingly exposed herself, in order that she might fully share in her husband's noble works, help him by her counsel, cheer him by her sympathy, and comfort him with her presence. How fully he felt the beauty of

her character and its influence over his own life, can be told in his own words; when a stranger expressed to him the pleasure he had received by conversing with one "whose glory is engraved on the heart of every Israelite," he replied: "I am no great man; the little good that I have accomplished, or rather that I intended to accomplish, I am indebted for it to my never-to-be-forgotten wife, whose enthusiasm for everything that is noble and whose religiousness sustained me in my career." Three days after death Lady Montefiore was carried to the tomb in which now rest both husband and wife, the murmuring sea constantly singing their requiem, while the spot, surrounded with choice evergreens, is secluded from the noise of the vulgar and the desecration of the ruthless. Architecturally, this tomb is an exact copy of the grave of Rachel, between Bethlehem and Jerusalem; many long years before her death, Lady Montefiore had visited this traditional sepulchre, and on her return to England had a copy of it erected on their East-Cliff estate at Ramsgate.

For a brief season Sir Moses led a strictly retired life, partly at Nice and partly at East-Cliff. He had not allowed his bereavement to dry up his large-hearted schemes for the welfare of others; on the contrary, he made it an occasion for further costly benevolent undertakings in honour and memory of her from whom death had separated him. Among these are named liberal contributions to every synagogue in the United Kingdom; money gifts

to the inmates of the Jewish Orphan Asylums ; a Memorial College at Ramsgate where aged Rabbis could study and teach the law ; and prizes and scholarships at several Jewish public schools. He was aroused from his retirement by tales of persecution, oppression, or calamity which reached him in rapid succession from various parts of the world, as the following chapter relates. After the last of these hurried and exhausting journeys, the hand of time began to press heavily upon the venerable personification of charity, in the truest acceptation of the word ; and although elected President of the Board of Deputies, as he had been for thirty successive years, he now felt it desirable to resign that honourable position, and also his seat at the Board. The deep regret felt by his brother deputies at this step found expression in a series of resolutions which, engrossed on vellum and richly emblazoned, and signed by every deputy, were presented to him, and which he acknowledged in pathetic and eloquent words. The Board also raised a testimonial fund, to mark their sense of his invaluable services ; a sum of more than twelve thousand pounds was contributed, and at his own request was devoted to the improvement of the condition of the Jews of Palestine. He was also elected an honorary member of the Board. Old age had not, however, blunted his sympathies, or in any degree deadened his interest in everything that concerned the welfare of his race. He was even ready, if need arose, to sacrifice his own well-

earned rest, and again to start on long and perilous foreign travel; thus on learning that a large number of his co-religionists were sufferers from the Russo-Turkish War, he wrote: "Should my presence in Constantinople or Adrianople be deemed in any way beneficial to the sufferers, I shall be ready to proceed there without delay." The very substantial cheques, which he termed his "mites," bore further testimony to his unfailing generosity.

CHAPTER XV.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE : FOREIGN TRAVEL AND WORK.

A varied, impartial observation of the Jews in different countries, tends to the impression that they have a predominant kindness which must have been deeply ingrained in the constitution of their race to have outlasted the ages of persecution and oppression. The concentration of their joys in domestic life has kept up in them the capacity of tenderness ; the pity for the fatherless and the widow, the care for the women and the little ones, blent intimately with their religion, is a well of mercy that cannot long or widely be pent up by exclusiveness. And the kindliness of the Jew overflows the line of division between him and the Gentile.

GEORGE ELIOT.

MANY pleasant home and Continental excursions had diversified the City-life of Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore, but, until 1827, a journey upon which their hearts had long been set had remained a thing of the future. It was one not to be lightly undertaken, for the facilities of travel were in those days few ; progress was slow, the expenses were considerable, the dangers were very real. Time had, however, ripened the long entertained project, and so, on the first day of May, in the year above named, the husband and wife

set off on a tour through the Holy Land, a country dear to them as having been the cradle of their race, and, as the true Hebrew fondly hopes, which will be their future glorious inheritance. A glimpse of Mr. Montefiore on the morning of a day necessarily so full of disturbing preparations, brings into strong relief the devout character of the man. At the early hour of six o'clock he had left his home to attend the seven o'clock morning service of his synagogue. That duty conscientiously performed, Mrs. Montefiore received him into their travelling carriage, duly packed for the journey, and drawn by four horses. Dover was reached in twelve hours ; the travellers embarked with their carriage, which served them as a cabin. They were joined by Mr. and Mrs. David Salomons, and pleasantly posted through France to Naples, where their relatives left them. Here they heard much of the danger of Eastern travel, and were strongly persuaded to relinquish their intended journey. They were not to be so easily disappointed ; accordingly they pushed on to Malta, which was not reached, however, until three months after they had left their London home. If they had travelled leisurely, they had not been absorbed in their own personal enjoyment ; along all their route, they had gladdened many poor and sorrowful hearts ; they had paid special attention to the very aged poor, one of whom had, according to repute, reached her one hundred and fourteenth year. At Malta the travellers were met by disquieting rumours ; neither sea nor land seemed

secure from danger ; pirates in the one case, and political disturbances in the other, rendered their intended journey exceedingly perilous. Mr. Montefiore was nothing daunted ; his wife very naturally grew a little nervous, and became unwell ; she soon recovered, however, on hearing that the vessel in which they were to sail to Alexandria would be accompanied by a sloop of war. The voyage from Malta to Alexandria took only twelve days, yet it cost the travellers five hundred and fifty pounds. At Cairo, a presentation to Mehemet Ali resulted in a lasting friendship between two characters singularly differing from each other, but both of strong individuality. After several weary weeks had been spent in Egypt, they were able to set sail for Jaffa, Mrs. Montefiore being in the costume of a Mussulman lady ; Mr. Montefiore refused to disguise himself, although very earnestly advised to do so, and encouraged by the example of several European gentlemen, who deemed it safer to assume the dress of the Orientals. In due time the Holy City was reached, where a most hearty welcome awaited the travellers, the Governor showing them all the honour in his power. But they were deeply grieved by the prostrate condition of Jerusalem, and the miserable position of their brethren in it ; this latter was so deplorable, that, except for the help extended by other countries, there would have been no means of the barest possible maintenance. How largely Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore had made their presence felt by beneficent generosity of various kinds,

the parting scene plainly told, for they left Jerusalem amidst the prayers of the Rabbis, the blessing of the High Priest, and the grateful farewells of a multitude who followed them to the city gates. They carried away with them a life-abiding interest in that Holy City, deep commiseration for its down-trodden inhabitants, and an earnest longing to work out for them some speedy uplifting permanent benefit.

No one can attentively consider the life of Sir Moses Montefiore without being struck with the strong common sense which regulated his efforts, both at home and abroad, for the amelioration of the present condition, and for the future sustained welfare of his co-religionists. Thus he regarded agricultural pursuits and industrial labours in general as all-important aids for these purposes, and his second visit to the Holy Land was undertaken in the hope that he might there be able to initiate measures in those directions. Eleven years had passed since his first visit; the present one commenced on November 1, 1838, and again Lady Montefiore accompanied her husband; her heart seems to have been charged with earnest yearnings for the restoration of Jerusalem, and the regeneration of its population. On their route, some months were devoted to an investigation of the condition of their Jewish brethren on the Continent; they necessarily saw much which pained them, but were occasionally gladdened by clear indications of an improved policy on the part of the Governments under which they lived, and a corre-

sponding improvement in the status of the Hebrew community. Rome with its Ghetto and other depressing regulations deeply affected the travellers, who here, as elsewhere through the journey, helped with a liberal hand the indigent. It was at Rome, on this occasion, that the large-hearted philanthropist met with Dr. Loewe, his life-long friend and assistant in all his future benevolent enterprises. Dr. Loewe's qualifications for the post were many; he was an earnest yet an enlightened Jew, of remarkable attainments as a linguist, and of great experience as a traveller. Arrangements were soon made for him to form one of the Palestine party, and to render help in the proposed good measures for the people of the Holy Land.

In the prosecution of their journey, two imminent dangers had to be faced: Syria seemed certain to become the theatre of war; Palestine was the theatre of plague. These horrors could not turn Sir Moses aside from his settled purpose; he wished, however, that Lady Montefiore should be spared such risks, and proposed to leave her behind. She peremptorily declined this arrangement, and eventually the whole party reached the Bay of Beyrout in safety, and the journey to Jerusalem was entered upon. Everywhere the travellers were received with demonstrations of joy, and with honours which fell little short of those with which Royalty could be welcomed. On June 7, 1839, the party encamped on the Mount of Olives; the Governor paid them an

immediate visit. He was overflowing with Oriental professions of esteem and regard; he invited them to enter into the city, promising to accompany them himself, with the whole of his suite; he sent Sir Moses a beautiful Arabian horse; and fulfilled all his promises with most un-Oriental fidelity. The procession was received in the city with wild enthusiastic welcome, young and old joining in demonstrations of honour. Such a reception was no doubt pleasant to the benevolent travellers, but it was not allowed to turn aside the strictly business purpose for which they had undertaken the long and perilous journey, which was to acquaint themselves with the condition of every individual in the cities of the country, in order to arrive, if possible, at some tangible plan for their permanent elevation. Besides personal visitation, sheets of schedules were issued, suggestions were invited, and reports from the Rabbis were received. Nor was the future alone considered; they liberally relieved distress wherever it was found, irrespective of creed or nationality; the more certainly to do this, they had taken out with them a large sum in specie, a tempting burden which caused them no small anxiety in their wanderings, but which proved an essential advantage in the immediate assistance they could render to the poor. On reaching Alexandria, on the return journey, Sir Moses sought an interview with his friend Pasha Mehemet Ali, before whom he opened his views as to future action, and from whom he received cordial

promises of assistance. Rejoiced with these assurances, the party of mercy hastened home.

Little did the philanthropist anticipate the black cloud which was so soon to summon him back to the East; a cloud which was doomed to overshadow all his plans for the welfare of his brethren in the Holy Land, upon whom it rained down persecution and trouble which filled his soul with horror and indignation. The "blood" episode of 1840 is a chapter in superstition and barbarity which seems, at first sight, an impossibility to have been written in the nineteenth century. All the cruelties arose from the ancient accusation that the Jews used human blood in their Passover ritual, for at this time Damascus and Rhodes became the scenes of this foul aspersion on the race of Hebrews, a charge which was followed by anti-Jewish risings, which resulted in terrible tortures and assassinations. In Damascus a well-known Capuchin friar, who visited all classes of the population as a physician, suddenly disappeared, as did his servant also. Vague rumours culminated at last in a charge against the Jews, who were accused of his murder in order that his blood might be employed in some of their religious rites. The complicated story is too long to be told here: tortures of the most excruciating and long-continued kind released some of the accused from their sufferings, while others were condemned to death, without the least shadow of proof being forthcoming either that the friar had been murdered, or that

the men charged with the crime had any participation in it. Unfortunately, the French Consul eagerly lent his influence to this revolting persecution; the Austrian Consul, on the other hand, did his utmost to discountenance it. As soon as the facts were known in this country, they produced a most painful impression generally, and especially among the Jewish community. An influential meeting was immediately held at the house of Sir Moses Montefiore in Park Lane, at which the disastrous tidings were taken into consideration. For, as already stated, the same terrible accusation had arisen in the island of Rhodes, owing to the disappearance of a Greek boy, of whose murder the Jews were immediately suspected, and on the same grounds as those of Damascus. To the honour of Austria, its Consul here also raised his voice against the fanatical persecution, while the English Consul and his son encouraged it. Several Hebrews were seized, flogged, and imprisoned without the shadow of guilt throwing itself upon their harmless lives. At the Park Lane meeting, a deputation was appointed to lay all the facts of the cases before the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—at that time Lord Palmerston—who expressed his own abhorrence of the atrocities, and undertook that instructions should be immediately sent to the British representatives at Alexandria and Constantinople to bring the persecutions, so far as their influence could extend, to an immediate end. Representations were also to be made to the Courts

of France and Austria. Louis Philippe appeared coldly unconcerned in the matter; Prince Metternich, on behalf of Austria, threw himself heartily on the side of humanity; instructed the Consul to insist upon full reparation being made to the Jews of Damascus; he also addressed a remonstrance to Mehemet Ali, who, after a little delay, sent instructions for the outrages to be stopped at once, and for the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. For various political and personal reasons this investigation did not take place, to the great disappointment of the Israelites of this country, who after several conferences on the subject, appointed a Mission to Mehemet Ali, and Sir Moses willingly accepted the leadership. Public subscriptions promptly provided the funds, and the action of the Mission was greatly strengthened by a debate in the House of Commons, and by a very influential meeting at the Mansion House.

On the 7th of July the Mission left London; it consisted of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, of Drs. Loewe and Madden; of Alderman Wire and Mr. Munk. It also included M. Crémieux, at one time President of the Consistoire Central of Paris, and who had attended the London meetings on behalf of the Jews of France; he had sought an interview with Louis Philippe, without touching a chord in that cold monarch's heart, and had finally been refused by the French Government the slightest assistance in the Mission before him. On their journey, the members

of the Mission were greatly relieved to learn that a full investigation of the charges against the Jews at Rhodes had taken place, that the accusation had been declared unfounded and false, that the Governor had been dismissed, and that the wretched prisoners had been restored to their homes and friends. Difficulties and dangers stood thick in the path of the travellers, for Syria was in a state of insurrection, and Beyrout was blockaded. Nothing daunted they pushed forward, and on August 4 reached Alexandria. Two days later Sir Moses presented to the Pasha a petition, the prayer of which was that the Mission might proceed to Damascus, obtain evidence on behalf of the imprisoned Jews, have interviews with them, and have safety guaranteed to all who should give evidence. A second and a third interview took place, but no favourable answer could be obtained; it was not until all the Consuls, the French representative alone excepted, had signed a petition to the same effect, that any progress was made. A firman, granting a pardon to the prisoners, was then offered but returned; another was then drawn up as an act of justice, Mehemet Ali giving expression to his own utter disbelief of the blood accusation, granting an order for the future protection of the Jews, and giving permission to the Mission to proceed to Damascus. Circumstances rendered it advisable that the firman should be otherwise transmitted; it was duly received by the authorities, and in spite of the efforts of the French Consul, the prisoners were

released, and the Jews who had fled from the persecution returned with joy to their homes.

But the mastership of Syria suddenly changed hands, and Mehemet Ali's firman lost all its power in consequence. Fortunately, this occurred before Sir Moses had started on his homeward journey; he at once determined to visit Constantinople to obtain, if possible, a renewed firman of protection for the Hebrews, against whom a new crusade was already being preached. A full measure of success attended this effort. A deputation, consisting of Sir Moses and several other gentlemen, met with a gracious reception from the Sultan, and shortly after received a document which declared that the Jews were on an equality with all other subjects of the Padishah, that the blood accusation was a slander, and that henceforth the Jews were to be left unmolested both in their religious observances and social customs. Sir Moses was greatly delighted with this firman, which he justly regarded as the "Magna Charta" of his race in the Turkish dominions. As in Alexandria, so now in the Turkish capital, this devoted friend of his co-religionists sought to make his visit an occasion of permanent benefit to his brethren in ways far beyond the protection he had gained for them. His heart was set upon seeing them raised from an abject condition to one of prosperity and honour, but to accomplish this he clearly discerned that there would have to take place a considerable reformation in themselves; that they would have to endeavour to

fit themselves into the land in which their lot had been cast by thoroughly learning its language, and adapting themselves to its customs and costumes, where the former were not contrary to their own principles. Great success attended these wise admonitions, and many Jews have since risen to positions of honour and usefulness in Constantinople.

On his arrival in England, Sir Moses Montefiore was received with unstinted gratitude and joy by all his friends, and the Jewish community generally. March 8, 1841, was kept as a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing, special services being held in the synagogues; a splendid testimonial in silver was presented to him, and the Queen, with whom he was honoured with an interview before he commenced his Eastern journey, now graciously permitted him to add supporters to his arms, and he adopted for his motto, "Think and Thank," with the inscription of "Jerusalem" on a banner borne by a lion. Grateful recognition was also made of his services by the Jews of Europe generally, as well as those of America and the far East. All felt that a noble work had been nobly achieved; it was acknowledged that Sir Moses had conducted the delicate business with which he had been entrusted with great wisdom and firmness; it was patent to every one that this offering to his own people had cost him months of peril, privation, and anxiety; it was with extreme satisfaction they heard him declare that success had amply compensated him for all his trials and labours.

Certainly no labours were spared on his part to improve and elevate the condition of the Hebrews generally, and especially those of the Holy Land. It was the one object dearest to his heart, and for which he earnestly laboured, whether personally on the sacred soil, or quietly in his own happy homes. Thus we find him, the year after his return from his last journey, actively engaged in their behalf, striving to promote thrift among them, by the establishment of industrial occupations, such as printing and a linen manufactory, husbandry, needlework, laundry establishments, and other like institutions. These enlightened views and wise arrangements were aided by the necessary pecuniary help for their start and development; a fund was provided for granting to the industrious poor loans of various amounts; a printing plant was sent out, oxen and agricultural implements were supplied, and finally, a medical gentleman was despatched to establish a free dispensary. Whenever persecution or disaster fell upon the Jews of other lands, however remote, sympathy and help were immediately extended to them. It were vain to try to tell in detail his efforts for the oppressed or the unfortunate in various parts of the world; to him they instinctively turned on every occasion of trouble, and it may truly be said that they never turned in vain.

The year to which allusion has just been made, brought with it one of the most serious and difficult of all the foreign cases which had called for the intervention of Sir Moses. Correspondents made him

acquainted with the deplorable degradation and oppression of the Russian Jews, under a monarch as despotic and merciless as any Oriental country ever produced. Century after century had seen them despised and persecuted, they were regarded as a pernicious fungus growth, and in many cases were denied protection from violent mob outrages. It was reserved for the Emperor Nicholas, in the nineteenth century, to propose an atrocity as gross as any recorded on the darkest page of history. There was issued in the spring of 1843, an Imperial ukase which ordered the removal of all Jews domiciled within a zone of about thirty-five miles along the German and Austrian frontiers, because it was suspected that some of them had taken part in the smuggling the authorities were now determined to suppress. A more terrible blow could scarcely have been aimed at the Hebrews, for the carrying out of the ukase would have broken up many thousands of their homes, with the loss of all that their inmates possessed; it would have sent them forth as fugitives, without the means of living, and would have cut them off from the exercise of their religious ritual, than which no privation would have been more terrible. Immediately the news of this threatened tyranny reached Sir Moses Montefiore, with an accompanying appeal for help, he sought an interview with the Russian Ambassador at our Queen's Court, and also addressed a communication to Count Oubarov, the Minister of Education at St. Petersburg, with whom, only one year before, he had corresponded

under very singular circumstances. As the mouth-piece of the Russian Government, the Count had written to invite Sir Moses to the capital, in order to discuss with the leading statesmen there, what measures were possible to raise the position of the Russian Jew, and to prepare him for a larger measure of emancipation. Private considerations induced Sir Moses to decline the invitation, but his surprise was inexpressible at the turn matters had now taken. His representations were, however, so far successful, that a suspension of the ukase was ordered. But early in the following year, the intention of its immediate enforcement was announced; again imploring appeals reached the champion of his race, and he immediately sought an interview with the Earl of Aberdeen, who promised, on behalf of the Cabinet, to see what friendly intercession could accomplish. It was at this time that the Czar visited the Queen, and it was felt to be an ominous sign that he refused to grant Sir Moses an interview; he would receive a memorial, but nothing more. The prayer of the memorial was so far granted that the execution of the ukase was again postponed, but it was reissued at the end of the following year, with the announced intention of its enforcement. To leave no stone unturned to avert, if possible, the threatened disaster, a deputation of Russian Jews waited upon Sir Moses, who, after again trying to move the British Government, determined to proceed to St. Petersburg, in the hope that he might be able personally to intercede with the

Emperor. No step could have been more acceptable to the whole Israelitish body ; the Chief Rabbi ordered prayers for the success of the Mission to be offered in all the synagogues of the Empire, and, wherever the circumstances were known, Jew and Gentile alike took a lively interest in the issue.

On the 26th of February, 1846, Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, Dr. Loewe, and their suite, started from London, and in little more than a month were in the Russian capital, but, owing to the severity of the weather, the journey had proved a very trying one. The cold and fatigue which Lady Montefiore had to endure, seriously injured her health and hastened her death. Recommended by the British Government, and favoured by certain political changes, the deputation had the happiness to receive from the Czar an assurance that he earnestly desired the improvement of his Jewish subjects, and was willing to receive any suggestions which tended to that end. He even proposed that Sir Moses should visit his brethren in the towns of the Empire most populously occupied by them, and report upon their condition. Nothing could have been more gracious than His Imperial Majesty's conduct on this occasion ; he desired the philanthropist to consider himself his guest ; he placed state carriages at his disposal, and appointed a Government official to be in attendance on him.

On April 21, the Mission started to make the tour suggested by the Emperor ; its members had the use of the Government relays ; they carried letters

to the provincial authorities ; they had almost royal honours paid to them. Many towns of the Hebrews were visited, especially Wilna, the capital of Jewish Russia, where eleven days were spent, and every attention was offered to Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore. The philanthropist looked around him with enlightened eyes, and considered all he saw with a calm judgment ; he plainly advised the Israelites to adopt measures which would gain the respect of those among whom they dwelt. He urged the adoption of agriculture, and persuaded the administrators of the communal schools to have the boys instructed in the vernacular, and in useful secular knowledge. More than advice, however valuable, was given. Everywhere the distressed poor were liberally relieved, ten thousand silver roubles being left for those of Wilna alone. He brought back to England the joyful message that his Mission had been eminently successful, that the ukase had been rescinded, and that for the future the Jew might enrol himself in commercial corporations, and might even acquire land. His brethren of the United Kingdom welcomed his return with every manifestation of esteem and gratitude, while Her Majesty acknowledged her sense of his benevolent and self-denying exertions by conferring a baronetcy on him.

On his way home from Constantinople in 1840, Sir Moses visited Paris, was presented to Louis Philippe, and took the opportunity to show that monarch the Sultan's firman, acquitting the Syrian

Jews of the foul charges brought against them in the blood accusation. After an interval of seven years, that charge was again heard at Damascus, and was again supported by French Consular officials. A Christian child had disappeared; the Jews were suspected of its murder; several were arrested and cast into prison, and though the missing boy reappeared in good health, they were still detained. This being no solitary instance of French Consular fanaticism against the Eastern Jews, Sir Moses considered that some decided steps should be taken to prevent its exercise in the future. He therefore determined to again visit Paris in order to lay the facts before the Emperor. Accordingly, with his unfailing companion, Lady Montefiore, and Dr. Loewe, in the summer of 1847, he found himself in the French capital. On this occasion, the Emperor manifested a more sympathetic mood; he expressed his own entire disbelief of the accusation, his indignation that any Government official should have lent himself to its propagation, and his determination to prevent for the future any such scandal. After Sir Moses had returned to London, he received a communication from M. Guizot, which contained an assurance that an explanation had been demanded from the King's Consul at Damascus, and a severe censure conveyed on the guilty individual, if the facts were as reported.

Early in 1849, Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore were again on their way to Palestine, for the cholera had broken out at Tiberias, and distress in various

forms had scourged the people. This was almost purely a visit for the administration of relief, and it is considered that more than five thousand pounds were distributed to the sufferers.

After an interval of six years, another journey was taken to the land of his forefathers, for a complication of troubles had brought appalling misery upon its inhabitants. The Russian war had cut off the charitable contributions annually furnished by the Jews of Poland, the year's crops had lamentably failed, an unusually severe winter had followed; the whole misery was intensified by an outbreak of small-pox. Such a deplorable series of misfortunes could not fail to arouse the benevolence of this country; the response to an appeal issued by Dr. Adler and Sir Moses amounted to nearly twenty thousand pounds. It was wisely arranged that only a portion of this sum should be immediately expended; the most crying distress relieved, it was proposed that twelve thousand pounds should be so employed as to confer lasting benefit upon the community. An unexpected legacy of fifty thousand dollars (about £10,000) left to Sir Moses by a benevolent stranger Jew of New Orleans, to be expended as he deemed expedient for the Jews of the Holy Land, came very opportunely to the help of the scheme. For the faithful discharge of this double trust, Sir Moses decided to return once more to the East, and in May, 1855, in company with Lady Montefiore, he commenced his journey. The party consisted also of two relatives, Dr. Loewe, and one of

the executors of the will of Judah Touro, the gentleman by whom the fifty thousand dollars had been bequeathed. As a far-sighted benefactor, Sir Moses anxiously sought for the means of permanently improving the physical condition of his Palestine brethren, not simply the alleviation of their present sufferings. This did not quite commend itself to their uninstructed minds, and on this occasion, he was misunderstood and opposed. Future industrial prosperity had no charm in their eyes in comparison with immediate plenty and idleness—time for prayer and religious exercises, as they pleaded. Happily, the firmness of their benefactor was equal to his sagacity; many schemes of great economic value were initiated during this visit, among which may be named an industrial school, the erection of a windmill, the foundation of agricultural colonies at Jaffa, Safed, and Tiberias, as also the Touro Memorial Almshouses outside the Jaffa gates.

In 1857, the unwearied philanthropist was again in the Holy Land, but no details appear to have been given concerning this mission.

With such constant demands upon mind, body, and purse to promote the welfare of his brethren of the seed of Abraham, he did not shut up his heart to appeals of a more general character, as has already been testified. In one remarkable instance, he exhibited the highest possible spirit of Christian charity. The Christians of Syria were those who had so ruthlessly wronged his own race in the blood accusation.

After a time terrible troubles fell upon them ; they were attacked by the Druses of Mount Lebanon ; many were massacred in cold blood ; thousands who escaped with their lives found themselves homeless fugitives, without food or fuel, murder threatening them on the one hand, starvation from cold and hunger on the other. Their sufferings deeply stirred the soul of Sir Moses ; the instant he became acquainted with the facts, he wrote to the editor of *The Times* suggesting a public subscription. That not a day might be lost, he hastened to town with his own letter, in which he had enclosed a cheque for two hundred pounds to commence the subscription. He reached the office of *The Times* at midnight ; his appeal immediately appeared, and the public response was the sum of twenty-two thousand pounds. In honour of M. Crémieux, it should be stated that he also, with equal humanity and generous feeling, stirred up the French nation on behalf of these Syrian Christians, entirely forgiving the outrage to which they had subjected his own people.

During the winter of 1857-8, Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore were strangers to their English homes. The health of the latter had not been satisfactory since her trying journey to Russia, and her physicians recommended a warmer climate for the cold season, so some months were devoted to health-seeking in Italy. But the diffusion of happiness in every place whither their wanderings led them in that fair land was as sedulously regarded. Everywhere they found the

Israelites in degradation and misery ; everywhere it is true they sought out distress ; they did not wait to have it thrust upon their attention ; and wherever they found it, like true ministering angels, they did all that sympathy and generosity could do to alleviate it.

A new source of uneasiness arose in the autumn of 1858 ; the circumstances affected the Jews in particular in this instance, but it was keenly felt that a like incident might happen to trouble the peace of any section of the religious public, save the Roman Catholic. It is needless to tell here the details of the Mortara case, as they are within the personal recollection of many, while others are familiar with them as an illustration of papal aggression, and of doing evil that supposed good may be secured. Simply, the facts are these : A nurse in the family of one Solomon Mortara, a Jew of Bologna, had her little charge of one year old clandestinely baptized by a Romish priest. Five years after, through the confessor of the nurse breaking the seal of confession, the fact became known to the authorities of the Romish Church. Without offering a word of explanation, a number of the officers of the Pope's police suddenly visited Mortara's house, and demanded his child, which they carried off to the convent of the Dominicans, in spite of the father's remonstrances, who was heartlessly told that the only way open to him to recover his son was the abjuration of his own religious convictions, and his reception into the Church of Rome. Such an outrage of family ties and

the sacredness of faith naturally raised a general agitation, the more so as proofs were not wanting that this was no solitary instance. Several of the Courts of Europe made diplomatic efforts for the restoration of the child; large public bodies sent in indignant protests; the press loudly condemned the high-handed intolerance of the Papal Court. These united attempts were all in vain. As a last effort, the Board of Deputies conceived that an influential Jewish Mission might possibly be successful, and requested their tried veteran champion to undertake it.

Once more, therefore, accompanied by Lady Montefiore, a medical attendant, and a representative of the American Jews, Sir Moses went on this mission of mercy, to him the more trying because his wife's health was far from satisfactory. On February 5, 1859, special prayers were offered in all the synagogues for the success of the deputation, and on the 27th, its members left London and duly reached Rome. Every effort was made to obtain an interview with the Pope, but His Holiness firmly refused to grant it; at last he consented that a petition might be presented through Cardinal Antonelli, the reply to which was an assurance that the child could not be surrendered to his parents; it was decided that he should be educated for the priesthood, but when sixteen or seventeen years of age he should be allowed to determine his own religious profession. It is needless to say that he was numbered with the Roman

Catholic clergy for the remainder of his days ; his tutors well knew how to fasten their fetters upon his soul. The unwearied advocate of justice and mercy returned to this country discomfited and sorrowful, but conscious that he had exhausted every possible means for the attainment of his desired end.

In 1863 Sir Moses deemed it necessary to again visit Constantinople, to endeavour to obtain from a new Sultan a confirmation of the firman which his predecessor had granted for the protection and equality of the Jewish subjects of the Turkish Empire. In this mission he was eminently successful.

On his birthday of this year, October 31, another tale of horrible cruelties perpetrated upon his co-religionists reached his ears. The wail on this occasion came from Saffi, a seaport on the west coast of Morocco, where a Spaniard having died suddenly, the Spanish Consul, from some cause or other, suspected he had been poisoned. He therefore called upon the Moorish authorities to investigate the case, and they blindly seized a Jewish lad who had resided in the family of the deceased Spaniard, proceeded to torture him, and ultimately wrung from him the names of eleven individuals who he said were implicated in the murder, although no shadow of proof existed to show that the man's death was not purely natural. The lad himself was executed ; eight of the accused were imprisoned ; three were sent to Tangier, of whom one was put to death. Once acquainted with the facts, Sir Moses exerted himself

to the utmost on behalf of these poor victims. He laid all the particulars before the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who immediately telegraphed to the British representative at Tangier, with instructions that his utmost influence should be used to suspend further executions. It was soon proved that although no evidence of guilt could be brought against the prisoners, both the Spanish and Moorish authorities were disinclined to release them. Under these circumstances, and with other evidence before him which revealed that the Jews of Morocco were in a very deplorable condition, while the country was in a state of complete lawlessness, Sir Moses offered his services to the Board of Deputies to personally proceed to the country, with the hope of finding some method for the amelioration of the condition of the Hebrews under the dominion of the Sultan of Morocco. His services were thankfully accepted; special prayers were again offered in the London synagogues for the success of the Mission, and for the safe return of its leader. The aged philanthropist started on the 17th of November, accompanied by his physician, by his nephew Mr. H. Guedella, by the solicitor to the Board of Deputies, by an experienced courier, and by two faithful servants. He carried with him letters of introduction to the British Ambassador at Madrid, where he had interviews with many distinguished members of the State and Court, and a very gratifying audience with the Queen of Spain.

As an octogenarian, Sir Moses was a man of remarkable vigour; the intensity of his purpose appeared always to support his physical powers, and throughout his long life there is little to show that he was familiar with any form of illness. But the incessant travel on this occasion compelled him to rest awhile, and at Cadiz he was confined to his bed for a short time. He soon resumed his journey, however, and a French frigate conveyed him to Tangier, where his Jewish brethren received him with enthusiastic welcome, and where many deputations from the country waited on him. Interviews were immediately held with the British Ambassador and other influential officials, which resulted in the immediate release of the two imprisoned Jews, with a promise that those of Saffi should have their case brought before the proper authorities. According to his unfailing custom, the generous-hearted philanthropist gave liberal pecuniary help to the institutions and poor of Tangier, with sensible advice to his co-religionists, that they might do their part in the good work which he sought to promote. Before he left the town, an incident happened which gave him much gratification. A Moor, on whom suspicion had fallen of having murdered two Jews, had been thrown into prison, and there had remained for two years and a half without trial. A deputation of about fifty Moors, with their chiefs, waited upon Sir Moses, to request him to intercede on behalf of the imprisoned man. The act spoke highly of their sense of his justice and

mercy, for the murdered men were of his own race, and his very mission to the country of those who appealed to him was to try and stop their ill usage of his brethren. He immediately investigated the case of the imprisoned Moor; found that no proof of guilt could be produced, and therefore pleaded his cause, and obtained his release. With the other members of his tribe, the man waited upon his benefactor to express his sincere gratitude for his kindness. Sir Moses, always practical, took the opportunity to urge them to show consideration to any Israelites who might be thrown in their way, which they readily promised they would do.

Nothing daunted by the difficulties of the expedition, Sir Moses now determined to proceed to the city of Morocco, to have an interview with the Sultan, and to obtain, if possible, for the Jews and Christians of the country, equal privileges with those enjoyed by its Moorish population. To reach the city, the members of the deputation had to start from Gibraltar, where, on arrival, they were cordially received by the Governor, and much pleased to learn, that through the kindness of Earl Russell, H.M.S. *Magicienne* had been placed at their disposal. After a run of three days Saffi was reached, but no landing was possible on account of the high surf; they had, however, the good news communicated to them by signal, that the eight prisoners had been set at liberty. Landing was safely effected at Mogador, and the journey across the desert entered upon. The encamp-

ment consisted of from thirteen to fifteen camels, several baggage mules, about one hundred camp followers, including soldiers, etc. The last named had been sent by the Sultan as an escort, the travellers being regarded as his guests, and as such, were everywhere received with hospitality and honour. Progress was slow, for only sixteen miles a day could, on an average, be accomplished. Sir Moses was unable to keep the saddle through this most wearisome journey; he was therefore conveyed by a *chaise-à-porteur*, which the Portuguese Minister at Tangier very kindly placed at his service. No sign of honour was withheld from the Mission as it drew near to the city, in which a palace had been appointed for its accommodation, and to which it was accompanied by twelve officers of distinction. Conferences with Moorish Ministers and the reception of Jewish deputations, occupied several days before Sir Moses and his suite were admitted to an interview with the Sultan. His own words well describe the circumstances of his reception:

“His Majesty’s approach was announced by a flourish of trumpets; then His Majesty appeared, mounted on a superb white charger, the spirited movements of which were controlled by him with consummate skill. The colour of the charger intimated that we were welcomed with the highest distinction. . . The Sultan expressed his pleasure at seeing me at his Court; he said my name was well known to him, as well as my desire to improve the condition of my brethren; he hoped that my sojourn in his capital

would be agreeable." At the close of the interview, Sir Moses placed in His Majesty's hands a memorial on behalf of the Jewish and Christian subjects of his empire. In the evening, the members of the Mission were entertained by the Oozier, or Chief Minister of the Sultan, who seemed anxious to redress, as far as possible, any grievances under which the Israelites laboured.

After an interval of four days, the Sultan's answer to the memorial was received; in effect, an important edict had been drawn up, which commanded that the Jews and all other subjects should "be treated in a manner conformable with the evenly-balanced scales of justice, and that they" should "occupy a position of perfect equality with all other people." A farewell interview with the Sultan ensued, the quarters of his own people were visited, and then, amidst every demonstration of honour, Sir Moses and his friends set out for Mazagran, whence the *Magicienne* soon ran them to Gibraltar. At Paris he was graciously received by the emperor, and soon after reached East Cliff Lodge in safety. His noble efforts on behalf of his 500,000 co-religionists in Morocco received the recognition due to them both from Jew and Christian; indeed, those efforts were on behalf of both. In the House of Commons, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs warmly eulogised the aged baronet's "noble and generous spirit of humanity and philanthropy;" the Court of Common Council of the City accorded him their

thanks; congratulatory addresses reached him from all parts of Europe.

In 1865, Sir Moses Montefiore had well turned his eightieth year, and had most faithfully earned the repose which that advanced age requires. Rest was not, however, yet to be enjoyed, for distressing tidings from the Holy Land again reached his ears, and, needless to say, again aroused his compassionate energies. Jerusalem was the scene of a very violent outbreak of cholera, and the surrounding country was visited by a plague of locusts. An immediate relief fund was raised by the Board of Deputies, three thousand pounds were sent out to afford temporary assistance, while Sir Moses and some of his friends followed with the balance. Every mark of distinction was paid him during the journey; the Governor of Jerusalem received him with high honours, and co-operated with him in the important work of an improved water supply, obtained from the Pools of Solomon. Inspection was made of the institutions which he had been instrumental in establishing, as well as of other organisations of the city; he assisted in founding a hospital for lepers; he renewed his inquiries into the condition of the Jewish inhabitants; he extended generous help to the indigent, and did very much in many other ways to improve the condition and to promote the comfort of the entire community. The improved water supply was followed by another important sanitary scheme, for the enlightened philanthropist immediately turned his attention to

the need there existed for better dwelling-houses erected on healthy sites ; it was, as he observed, "the wisest scheme for being at the same time useful and charitable to the poor." He therefore advised that the surplus fund should be devoted to this purpose, and selected ground well adapted for building ; he also suggested additional dwellings outside of the Holy City. He again recognised the great advantage which would arise from the still further encouragement of agricultural pursuits. These were large aims ; to accomplish them would require a sum far in advance of the balance in hand ; the case might be met, he thought, by the Board of Deputies collecting a fund from the Jews generally for the building scheme, and that building societies might be organised to assist in the arrangement.

Among those who accompanied Sir Moses on this Palestine mission was Doctor Hodgkin, his Quaker physician. For forty years he had been associated with the benevolent labours of his friend, by whom he was most highly valued, and it was with deep pain that Sir Moses saw him consigned to a grave at Jaffa, where a brief illness had resulted in a fatal termination.

Bitterly oppressed and persecuted as the Jews were in many foreign countries, the Roumanian Israelites were doomed to taste an almost unequalled cup of sorrow ; personally they were maltreated, their property was not respected, on one occasion their synagogue was destroyed, and at any moment they

were liable to become victims again of wild anti-Jewish riots. As matters appeared to grow worse and worse, in 1867 Sir Moses called the attention of the British Government to the distressing details, and Lord Stanley strongly remonstrated by telegram with the Roumanian authorities, but in vain. A case of special atrocity aroused the octogenarian philanthropist to take another long journey, in the hope that personal intercession with the ruler of the land might be productive of an improved civil and religious condition. Notwithstanding his burden of upwards of fourscore years, he travelled very rapidly, by special trains where ordinary ones were not soon available, and by a special steamer on the Danube. On his arrival at Bucharest Prince Charles granted him several interviews, assured him that his co-religionists were the objects of his own solicitude as well as of that of his Government, and that he would unceasingly watch the execution of the laws which protected the Hebrews, as all other Roumanians, in their persons and property. In spite of these apparently sincere assurances, the Jews of his dominion continued to be down-trodden by his Government, and to be outraged by his people.

Sir Moses attained his eighty-eighth year in 1872, yet this year was signalised by another long and dangerous journey; it was to a cholera-stricken city into which he was earnestly entreated not to enter. The occasion was not of the same urgent and almost imperious necessity which had impelled him on

previous travel, but he was very desirous of accomplishing a pleasant task to which he had been nominated. He was to be the bearer of an address of congratulation from the Board of Deputies to Alexander II., on the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great. Safely arrived at St. Petersburg, he had interviews with the English Ambassador, to whom Lord Granville had given him a letter, and with M. de Westmann, to whom Count de Brunnow introduced him by letter. A kindly reception was accorded him by both ; an equally kind one was extended to him by the emperor, who conversed fluently with him in English, and quite fascinated the veteran traveller with his consideration and gracious bearing. All the members of the Government were equally attentive, while many hundreds of Jews enthusiastically cheered him on his return from the palace. A vast improvement in their condition had taken place since his previous visit ; they had progressed in their "spiritual and social condition ;" he saw many who had received decorations from the emperor, and many were filling intellectual and industrial positions which testified to a high degree of prosperity. He was also glad to find them dressed like the better class in this country, in France, or in Germany. He regarded all these improvements as earnest of an early deliverance from those disabilities under which they still laboured, but it was a cherished dream which he was not fated to see realised.

Six journeys to the Holy Land have already been recorded, as well as one to Egypt, in furtherance of the same noble purposes; all were undertaken for the relief of the Eastern Jews, whether suffering from man's tyranny, nature's mysterious unkindness, or their own want of energy. Well might many of the friends of the now truly venerable nonagenarian anxiously estimate the measure of success which had crowned this costly outlay of money and self-sacrificing exertions. Did a satisfactory harvest promise to repay the labour and expense of seed-sowing, and all the other elements of cultivation which had for so many years been employed? There were members of the Board of Deputies who considered that the prospect did not encourage further outlay, as they believed the Palestine Jews were not disposed to help themselves; that they preferred, as already hinted, to pass their time in idleness and prayer rather than in industrial pursuits and practical religion. The question came before the Board in consequence of a circular which Sir Moses had addressed to the Hebrew congregations of the Holy Cities, soliciting suggestions for the elevation of their peoples from the chronic state of poverty and distress which prevailed among them. The answers to the circular advised large purchases of land with a view to form agricultural colonies. On these replies coming before the Board, several members expressed an opinion that these Palestine brethren were not as worthy of the help sought as Sir Moses believed

them to be. This adverse verdict disturbed the venerable baronet, and although now past ninety years of age, he determined once more to visit the Holy Land, and carefully judge for himself. In all the annals of "long-lasting" there is surely no more remarkable instance of faith in remaining physical power, of confidence in mental vigour, or of a noble spirit of self-forgetfulness.

Under medical advice the journey was taken by short stages; at Venice he was met by the unwelcome intelligence that the cholera prevailed at Damascus, but while he realised to the full the gravity of the situation, he determined not to be turned aside from the duty he felt called upon to discharge, and therefore the very earnest entreaties which were addressed to him to induce him to change his resolution did not prevail. At several points of travel he was received with acclamations of joy; a military welcome awaited him at Jaffa; deputations from various cities of Palestine presented him with addresses; and large crowds heartily cheered him. He saw many marks of improvement at Jaffa, where some of his own past efforts were bearing good fruit, and which proved to him that his home friends had not correctly judged the characters of those for whom he had so long laboured. As he advanced to Jerusalem, he was gladdened by the same conviction, for his brethren had become cultivators of the soil, and exhibited marks of improvement in their general condition. Every honour was shown him on his entrance to

Jerusalem, Jew and Gentile competing with each other in their glad welcome. He immediately caused a searching inquiry to be made at the synagogues, of the managers of the various charities, and in all other reasonable channels. The reports sent to him confirmed the evidence presented to him by his own personal inspection, and proved that great good had been accomplished, and that those for whom he had so zealously exerted himself were not unworthy of the sacrifices he had made for them. Again his wise attention to the laws of health was manifested; he had streets cleansed, houses whitewashed, and he endeavoured to incite the proper authorities to further much-needed public sanitary improvements. Forty days were thus spent in Jerusalem, with the result that his interest in its inhabitants was increased twofold, as all he had seen compelled him to regard them as intellectually capable of various employments, and morally willing to work.

When safely at home again, he felt fully justified in putting forth an earnest appeal for funds to help forward several important undertakings for the further advancement of these Eastern Israelites, especially a scheme for house-building, with European improvements, and sufficient garden ground for the cultivation of fruits and vegetables. It is pleasant to learn that these exertions, since largely assisted by the Montefiore Testimonial Committee, have resulted in many hundreds of houses being erected, and in agricultural colonies being aided and strengthened. If

the age of Sir Moses at the time he thus exerted himself is remembered, it will scarcely require to have it said that this visit to the Holy Land in 1875 was the last long journey he undertook ; it concluded that remarkable series of benevolent missions which consumed so much of his time, especially the latter portion of it, and which has left him a name unique in the chronicles of philanthropy.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE : THE TOILER'S REST.

The "age of chivalry" may be past—the knight may no more be seen issuing from the embattled portal-arch on his barbed charger, his lance glittering in the sun, his banner streaming to the breeze—but the spirit of chivalry can never die ; through every change of external circumstances, through faction and tumult, through trial and suffering, through good report and evil report, still that spirit burns, like love, the brighter and the purer—still, even in the nineteenth century, lights up its holiest shrine, the heart of that champion of the widow, that father of the fatherless, that liegeman of his God, his king, and his country—the noble-hearted but lowly-minded . . . gentleman of England.

LORD LINDSAY.

THE closing years of the life of Sir Moses were calm and peaceful. His ample means allowed him to avail himself of every possible help for the preservation of physical health, and he had that tranquillity of mind which arose from his life-long habit of cultivating "peace on earth, good will towards men." While he had no vain pride in his unbounded benevolent efforts for the good of others, he had the satisfactory consciousness that he had been instrumental in the alleviation of much human misery and in the

diffusion of much human happiness ; that through him not only had much temporary distress been relieved, but much permanent benefit had been conferred upon many communities, and especially upon the peculiar people to whom he belonged. He knew that through his unceasing efforts and his own lofty example his brethren in the flesh had become better understood and more duly esteemed ; that they had learned lessons of greater self-respect and proper independence, and that in all probability they would never in the future have to bow down their backs that their enemies might pass over them, as they had been compelled to do in the past. Full of days, however, as he was, he fell into no torpid state of existence. For eighty years he had been an active member of the human family all the world over, and he retained his interest in the universal welfare of man to the very end of his long-extended life. Every question which affected the particular or general interests, over which he had so long watched, continued to receive his closest attention. He carefully considered every letter he received, and thought out a suitable reply to each ; he read all the leading journals with avidity, and when nearing his hundredth year was the first to hasten to the rescue in several cases of urgent misfortune or wide-spread calamity. Thus in good works more abundant glided away the latter years of the life of this Prince of Israel. Happily, an unbroken harmony subsisted between his mental faculties and his bodily functions ;

the former faithfully served him until physical exhaustion lulled the complete man into his last long sleep. A Hebrew prophet of old asked, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Safely may it be asserted that, so far as human infirmities permitted, Sir Moses Montefiore, from his ardent youth to his remarkable old age, earnestly and successfully sought to fulfil these requirements.

After all, there is every reason to believe that his public acts of liberality formed but a part, and by far the smaller part, of his unceasing efforts for the good of others. There are few instances, it is safe to affirm, which show a more ready benevolence than the following fact evinces. "About forty years ago," so writes the author of the Centennial Biography of Sir Moses, "he was proposed as a candidate for a presentation governorship of Christ's Hospital, but was strongly opposed by a Christian clergyman. On this, his friends related the cause of his desiring the honour. Some weeks previously, he had been travelling by water to his country-seat at Ramsgate, when he was accosted on board the steamer by a man who asked him for pecuniary assistance. He inquired into the cause of the man's distress, and having given him a sum of money, appointed a day for him to call at East Cliff Lodge to be further relieved. The next morning Sir Moses received a letter from the same individual, stating, that being irretrievably ruined, he had determined to commit suicide, and asking the

philanthropist, on whom he confessed he had no claim, to care for his wife and son. In the course of the day, the writer was found dead at the foot of the cliff. Sir Moses generously pensioned the widow, and determined to make an effort to get the boy into Christ's Hospital. This was the reason that he wished to obtain a presentation governorship, and he was ready, in accordance with the rules of the institution, to subscribe five hundred pounds to its funds. Needless to add, he was elected." How far such compassionate conduct would bear imitation is another question.

A catholicity of spirit never failed Sir Moses ; it prompted the words he wrote on one occasion to the effect that, although his subscription had been requested for misery-stricken Jews, yet, if need existed, it should be shared by others in distress, or devoted entirely to others were their necessities greater than those of the Israelites, because his practice in life had been to give alms without consideration of race or creed. It was manifested by the fact that his cheque could be relied on for the building of a church or chapel ; that the clergymen and other ministers of religion at Ramsgate were his almoners ; that more than one deserving clergyman was indebted to him for his vicarage or rectory ; and that other Christian enterprises were neither coldly regarded nor grudgingly assisted. More secular efforts met with equally large and ready help ; school children and workhouse inmates, seamen, lifeboat men, and their widows

and children, were objects of deep interest and sympathy, which ever manifested itself with him in words and acts of kindly consideration, and, where needed, in help of a very substantial kind.

On the occasion just named, he sent a donation of one hundred pounds "to alleviate the sufferings of the people *without distinction of creed*." These are his own words. After he had passed his ninety-fifth year, he was foremost to raise relief funds for the famine-stricken of Persia one year, and for those of Armenia and Kurdistan the following year. And when any benevolent appeal, not of his own initiation, came before the public, his contribution was sure and prompt.

He was understood to have entertained the wish that he might be spared to number his one hundred years, and blessing and universally blessed, that time he was permitted to see. It quietly stole upon him, but it was not within the fitness of things that it should have been allowed to pass quietly. An event so rare in the history of any man, an event with so few parallels in the case of a man distinguished in any way, called for some unusual demonstration of joyful congratulations in the case of one so eminently distinguished for humanity. Arrangements were accordingly made that the centenary should be celebrated by religious services in all the synagogues of the United Kingdom, as well as in nearly every other Jewish community throughout the world. By the Jewish computation of time the services commenced

at sunset on the 8th of Heshvan, so that the venerable baronet's birthday was ushered in with prayer and praise by all his brethren of the faith of Abraham. This mode was suggested by the Chief Rabbi, Dr. N. Adler, and was cordially adopted as most congenial to the feelings of Sir Moses. The principal service, and the one in which the greatest interest was manifested, was held in the synagogue in Bevis Marks, of which the aged philanthropist had been a member for eighty years, and an elder for seventy. The building was decorated with flowers; it was filled with brightly dressed ladies in the galleries, while gentlemen filled the body. A special service had been arranged for the occasion, which was conducted throughout with great solemnity; the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Delegate Chief Rabbi. A large number of Jews and Jewesses crowded the neighbouring streets, and a special body of City police was required to arrange the long lines of carriages and to keep clear the approaches of the synagogue. In all the principal synagogues of London a like service was held, as also in all those of the provinces. A dinner given by Mr. Joseph Sebag, at the Criterion, succeeded to the London services; six hundred poor people were also provided with dinner at the expense of the Bevis Marks congregation, and treats were given to the pupils of Jewish schools in the metropolis.

But the great centre of interest was Ramsgate, where the presence of the good baronet was sensibly

felt, although he could take no active part in the celebration. For upwards of sixty years he had been a beneficent power among them, and the inhabitants gladly availed themselves of the special opportunity then afforded to show their gratitude and esteem. The actual birthday was, however, observed rather by religious services and the gathering of friends to offer their congratulations, than by any public demonstration. A special service of prayer and praise was offered in the synagogue by the Delegate Chief Rabbi, the composition of his father, the Chief Rabbi. After the sacred rites were over, a constant stream of visitors found their way to East Cliff Lodge, but few of whom could be seen by its owner; they simply inquired after his health, and sent in their congratulations. The large drawing-room was crowded with the presents and flowers which poured in from many quarters. Most kindly messages were sent by the Queen, the Empress of Germany, the Prince of Wales, and the Lord Chancellor. Nearly a thousand letters and more than six hundred telegrams bore testimony to the honour felt to be due to the grand old patriarch of benevolence. If greatly gladdened himself on that memorable day, he was not forgetful to diffuse happiness, especially among those whose bright days were few. Through the Board of Guardians of two Jewish congregations, one sovereign each was given to two hundred of the deserving poor.

The 28th was the day appointed for the borough of Ramsgate to celebrate the centenary. It was kept

as a public holiday and a time of general rejoicing, the shops and even the banks being closed on the occasion. Each house was gaily decorated, the flags bore appropriate mottoes ; the streets were densely thronged with people, many coming from long distances, as excursion trains had been arranged for the purpose. A distribution of blankets and food to the poor commenced the proceedings, after which a procession, which reached from one end of the town to the other, marched with bands of music and banners, a special feature of interest being the travelling carriage, drawn by six horses, in which Sir Moses had made many of his foreign journeys. A deputation from the town visited the lodge, and presented to him an address of tribute and affection offered him by "persons of all ages and ranks, and of all religions and countries." In reply, Sir Moses said a few earnest and kindly words—among others: "I am thankful it has pleased the Almighty in His great mercy to allow me to attain to this age. Bless you, my dear, dear old Ramsgate." He then invoked a blessing upon all present, and for a moment sank into his seat exhausted. A short time after, he invested the Mayor with the gold chain of office, his own gift to the newly incorporated borough. Then, as each one passed before him, he spoke a few words, and expressed special gratitude for the help the Press had always extended to him. A torchlight procession, a display of fireworks, an illumination, and a grand banquet closed the proceedings.

Mr. Lucien Wolf, in the biography to which reference has already been made, gives a very interesting sketch of Sir Moses on this memorable occasion. He states, writing at the time: "Sir Moses Montefiore is still in the enjoyment of health, genial as ever, a cordial host, and a delightful conversationalist. Six feet three inches in height, and stooping very slightly, he presents a striking figure to the visitor who sees him for the first time. . . . The order of his life is necessarily somewhat methodical. He rises at eleven, and retires to rest at nine. During the day he sits chiefly in the bay-window of his bedroom, which overlooks the sea; but occasionally he ventures into the adjoining apartment, a cheerful room, decked with portraits of Lady Montefiore, Sir Anthony de Rothschild, and Captain Keppel, and containing a bust, by Weekes, of Lord Hammond. In fine weather he drives out, and visits the grave of his wife." A different author has left on record another word portrait: "The eye is not the eye of a man in his 101st year. The frame is, perhaps, somewhat feeble; the hands, white as snow, are a little weak; the voice is a little tremulous; the face is touchingly pale. But nobody would think that he was in the presence of a man who had reached so great an age." Through his long life he retained the fashion of dress which prevailed in his young days—the bulky white neck-cloth, ample shirt-frill, and high-collared coat; all spotlessly clean and carefully arranged. Fuller details of his domestic

habits and system of diet would be of great interest, but they are not to be found. Throughout life he was an early riser, as his morning attendance at the synagogue service proved; it may safely be assumed that he was temperate and moderate in eating and drinking; and he possessed that "easy conscience and contented mind" which Professor Hoffman considers important helps to longevity.

He did not live to enter upon another birthday, for on July 28th, 1885, at 4.30 p.m., his spirit calmly passed away, and he sank as tranquilly into his last long rest as nearly a quarter of a century before had sunk his beloved wife. The funeral took place on the 31st. Above all the principal buildings of Ramsgate and of the vessels in the harbour, flags floated half-mast high; the interior of the town-hall was draped in black, and a vast number of delegates from all parts of the kingdom assembled to join in the procession. At two o'clock it started from the principal entrance of the mansion, followed by the relatives of the deceased, the clergy of the town and district, and the deputations from far distances. The rear was brought up by the 4th and 5th batteries of the 1st Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers. The route was thronged by many thousands of spectators, and the *cortège* took half-an-hour to pass any given point. The coffin, of plain deal, covered with black cloth, was first taken to the entrance-hall of the Hebrew College, overlooking the synagogue and mausoleum; here Dr. Loewe delivered a short address

in Hebrew, and the coffin was then conveyed to the synagogue, which was lighted by a large number of tapers. At the request of the deceased there was no funeral discourse, so the procession then wound its way to the mausoleum; here the coffin was lowered into an earthen grave by the side of that which contained Lady Montefiore's remains; *terra santa*, or dust from the tomb of Rachel and other sacred places in Palestine, was sprinkled over it, and the grave was then filled in with common earth. His toils were ended, his goal was reached.

Many of his brethren fondly hoped that the honour of a peerage would have crowned his long career of philanthropy, and it surely would have been a graceful acknowledgment of his noble character and untiring efforts for the good of the universal family of man. The honours accorded to him were, as in part already named, those which fall to any very successful City merchant or financier. He was elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex; he was a Commissioner of Lieutenancy for London and a magistrate of Middlesex; he was created first a knight and then a baronet of the United Kingdom; he served as High Sheriff for Kent; he was Deputy Lieutenant for that county; a magistrate for the Cinque Ports; a member of a City Company; a Fellow of the Royal Society, and received from the Sultan of Turkey the distinction of the Order of the Medjidie.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH.

All die who have lived ; all have not lived who die.

ZIMMERMAN.

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.

DEAN SWIFT.

No stronger contrast to the life which has just been considered could be found than that which is furnished by the subject of the present sketch. The path of "a man of studious literary habits" and "a fireside recluse" can have no parallel lines to that of the man who ran an energetic and prosperous commercial career, and whose years of retirement, until past ninety, were characterised by zeal, activity, and world-wide exertions in the cause of humanity.

In 1755 the Rector of South Eltham, near Beccles, was the Rev. Peter Routh, and on the 15th of September of that year he had born to him a son, whom in a few days he baptized as Martin Joseph.

Nothing is known of the life of the boy ; but it is clear that his education must have commenced when he was very young, for when only fifteen years of age he matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford, and the following year was elected a Demy of Magdalen College, becoming actual Fellow in 1776, in which year he took his degree of M.A. At the end of five years he was appointed College Librarian ; in 1784-5 he was Junior Dean of Arts and Senior Proctor ; in the latter official capacity he was in special attendance upon King George III. and Queen Charlotte on the occasion of their visit to the University of Oxford. In 1791 Mr. Routh was elected the successor of the greatly esteemed Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, whose increasing infirmities compelled him to resign his office of President of Magdalen College. A glimpse of the new President is given in "Recollections of Oxford," by G. V. Cox, M.A., late Squire Bedel of the University. Mr. Cox says, speaking of Mr. Routh: "His awful wig, his overhanging, shaggy eyebrows, and solemn carriage, that though he was then a little more than forty, he seemed to me and to my schoolfellows quite as old as he eventually lived to be. His gestures during College Chapel service were remarkable, his hands being much in motion, and often crossed upon his breast. His seat or pew being large and roomy, he was wont to move about in it during Divine service, generally joining aloud in the responses, but without any relation to the right tone." His habits of life were retired and studious ; the

passing years made him more and more a literary recluse, shut up within the bounds of his beautiful and noble college. In 1810 he became Rector of Tylehurst, near Reading, and some years after a great social revolution took place in his existence, for although regarded as a confirmed bachelor, he ventured upon married life, the lady chosen being Eliza Agnes, the daughter of John Blagrove, Esq., of Calcot Park, near Tylehurst. Mr. Cox records that the President had baptized this lady in her infancy, and that it was owing to her "conjugal care that he lived to reach his hundredth year." A residence at Tylehurst Rectory, during college vacations, afforded change of air and a pleasant rest.

A life devoted to study affords small material for a popular biographical sketch; a few words will therefore suffice to convey the records of many years, and must relate largely to the results of scholarship as given to the public, or rather, to the select few who could appreciate them. His first literary publication was an edition of the "Euthydemus and Georgias" of Plato, an edition which met with great encouragement both from English and German classical scholars; Dr. Parr, in particular, greatly admired it. Still greater was his admiration of the "Reliquiæ Sacræ," the first and second volumes of which were published many years after the portion of Plato. Dr. Parr wrote of these volumes: "No such work has appeared in England for a century. I wish Joe Scalier, Bishop Pearson, Richard Bentley, Bishop

Bull, Bishop Stillingfleet, and Doctors Grebe and Whitby were living to read what I have been reading. . . . Martin Routh is of the right stamp—orthodox, not intolerant; profound, not obscure; wary, not sceptical; very, very, very learned, not pedantic at all.” A third volume of the work was published in 1815. In 1823 Dr. Routh edited Bishop Burnet’s “History of His Own Times,” of which an improved edition appeared ten years after, followed at a considerable interval by Bishop Burnet’s “Reign of James II.” In the meantime appeared his “*Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula*,” of which a second edition was issued in 1840; and four years after a new edition was brought out of the “*Reliquiæ*” in four volumes, to which a fifth volume was added in 1848.

These works procured him the friendship of the most eminent scholars of his day. Mr. Mozley, in his work on Oxford under a certain phase, wrote: “The greatest name in patristic theology at Oxford—indeed, a name in Europe, which is a rare thing to be said of any English scholar—was Routh, the aged President of Magdalen.” Among his warmest English admirers were the eminent scholars Parr and Porson. The former penned a glowing eulogy upon his friend, which, as a specimen of a bygone style, is well worthy of study. The Doctor wrote: “Dr. Martin Joseph Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford. Let me pause at the mention of this venerable name. Why should I deny myself the

satisfaction I must feel in saying of him here what of such a man I should say everywhere with equal justice and with equal triumph? The friendship of this excellent person, believe me, readers, will ever be ranked by me among the sweetest consolations and the proudest ornaments of my life. He, in the language of Milton, is the 'virtuous son of a virtuous father,' whose literary attainments are respected by every scholar to whom he is known, whose exemplary virtues shed a lustre on that Church in which they have not been rewarded, and whose gray hairs will never descend to the grave but amidst the blessings of the devout and the tears of the poor. He fills a station for which other men are sometimes indebted to the cabals of parties or to the caprices of fortune, but in which he was himself most honourably placed from the experience his electors had long had of his integrity, and the confidence they reposed on his discernment, his activity, and his impartiality. The attachment he professes to academical institutions proceeds not less from a sincere conviction of their utility, than from a deep reverence for the wisdom of antiquity in the regulations it has made for preserving the morals of youth, and for promoting the cultivation of learning. His government over the affairs of a great and respectable college is active without officiousness, and firm without severity. His independence of spirit is the effect not of ferocious pride, but of a cool and steady principle, which claims only the respect it is ever ready to pay, and which

equally disdains to trample upon subordination and to crouch before the insolence of power. His correct judgment, his profound erudition, and his various knowledge are such as seldom fall to the lot of man. His liberality is scarcely surpassed by his orthodoxy, and his orthodoxy is not the timid and fungous excrecence of prejudice, but the sound and mellowed fruit of honest and indefatigable inquiry. In a word, his mind, his whole mind, is decked at once with the purest crystals of simplicity and the brightest jewels of benevolence and piety."

Alas that such a panegyric should require the large qualification which, in the cause of truth, must find a place in some of the following paragraphs! Notwithstanding the possession of some eminently good qualities, the President had from the first a fair share of doubtful ones, of littlenesses and of prejudices which time unfortunately did not remove, and which occasionally led him into acts of something very like injustice. It is to be feared that if Magdalen College walls could tell secrets, it would be heard that the profession of what are termed evangelical views in Churchmen always ensured his opposition to the holders of them being admitted, however otherwise eligible, to the honours and emoluments of that splendid foundation of which he was the head. As time went on, his retired habits and absorption in self resulted in his utter negligence of the discipline of that noble institution, so that one who knew Oxford well, had to write of him as "the faithless

guardian of a great Christian college." He would neither exert his own authority, nor would he delegate that authority to those who were immediately under him, and in part responsible with himself for the order and tone of the society. He even unconcernedly let one Fellow drink himself to death, although he was conscious that the work of destruction was going on. According to Mr. Compton Reade, he hated the tutors of the college beyond expression, and his "autocratic temper was extraordinary." "His diction, when he chanced to be out of temper, which was seldom, was as full-flavoured as that of another Martin, the fulcrum of the Reformation." The same authority relates that the favourite joke of the President was to inquire after people whom he knew to be long since dead, "and, on being informed of their decease, to express astonishment." Mr. Mozley severely says of him: "In his excessive care of himself and his almost morbid craving for longevity—the longevity of Tithonus—he made a rule of caring for no other person or thing." "As longevity is justly regarded as a blessing, it may be well to remember that it is possible to survive, not the physical powers or the mental, but such heart as one may have. It may be possible to attain length of days without becoming at all the better for it." Truly the learned President had a strangely compounded character, and of the few whose lives have passed under review in these pages, he is the only one of whom the ungracious remark can be made that

he lived too long. It would have been better for himself and for his college had he been removed to his rest a quarter of a century earlier. However,

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.

Few records can be found of Dr. Routh's personal or domestic habits. It has been seen that he contented himself with a single life until advanced in years—Mr. Cox says his seventieth year—and he then chose a lady whose watchful care of his health largely contributed to his length of days. He was, moreover, known to have been himself most particular in following rules which he believed to be conducive to his bodily well-being; for example, in going out for a walk, he studiously faced the wind on starting, that he might have it at his back on his return, his theory being that he thus protected his lungs from being suddenly chilled by cold air. Although a recluse in the most literal sense of the word, the President was far from being indifferent to the course of public events as they ever and anon shifted during his long-sustained career. "Through the loopholes of retreat" he peeped at the outer world; saw with no uninterested eyes the foreign and domestic policy of his country's different Ministers, and the combinations or antagonisms of different political parties. Although his own religious views were those of Laud, and his political sympathies those of Stafford, he oddly enough

contracted and maintained a warm friendship with Sir Francis Burdett, who, on one occasion, pronounced, in the House of Commons, a strong eulogium upon his ecclesiastical friend. He was to the very last a diligent reader of the daily papers, was well up in the Russian War Question, and had a mind stored with the historic events of the eighty or ninety years of his recollection. His conversational powers were considerable, and at his own table he would talk with great animation; "his regulation topic was the young Pretender and the Jacobite faction." Trained in the old dignified school, he had the courteous, if somewhat stiff, manners of the now traditionary Oxford Don, and is stated to have been, as a rule, kind to all, whether high or low. And it should be mentioned to his honour that, in conjunction with Dr. Parr, he was instrumental in raising a subscription sufficient to purchase an annuity for Professor Porson, which secured him against the poverty which might otherwise have been his lot. To the last, Dr. Routh refused to believe in the existence of the Great Western Railway at Oxford, although he heard its noises every day of his life. In his visits to London he adhered to the stage-coach system, and the past retained such a hold upon his mind that when the fare was reduced from twenty-five shillings to twenty-one, he refused to pay less than the old charge, and so enriched the driver by four shillings.

In 1854 Dr. Routh celebrated the sixty-third year

of his election to the Presidentship of Magdalen College. During that remarkable tenure of office, he had admitted one hundred and eighty-three Fellows, two hundred and thirty-four Demies, and one hundred and sixty-two Choristers. Among the last-named, Mr. Cox, to whom reference has before been made, was admitted by him, and sixty years after, his grandson was also admitted by the same venerable authority. The year 1855 would have made the aged President an actual centenarian; he fell short of this standard by less than nine months, for the shaft of death found him on December 24th, 1854. "The poor human fossil was writing a book—one of the sort that nobody reads—when the dread summons sounded," and weary nature, however desirous, could sustain life's burden no longer. In peaceful exhaustion, the man who treasured within himself the reminiscences of more than eighty years of Oxford scholastic life, exchanged his gown and hood for the garments of the grave, and the place which had known him so long, knew him no more for ever. And the Rev. Compton Reade, in his recent life of his uncle, the author of "Never Too Late to Mend," well remarks: "The veneration accorded to extreme age was never more thoroughly exhibited than by the College and its individual members, from the highest to the humblest." "The Fellows resolved that he should have the grandest funeral that could be organised, and repose in front of the altar in the College Chapel." There, on the 29th of December,

were laid to rest the aged bones, the funeral being attended by a large number of University dignitaries, private friends, and nearly the whole of the forty Fellows and thirty Demies of the foundation. "Among the Fellows who clustered round the gaping grave . . . none in his surplice and Doctor's hood looked more impressed, or presented in himself a more impressive figure, than Charles Reade," to whom the President's college had been a good mother since the future novelist and dramatist had reached his seventeen years, for he was early elected a Demy, and in due time became a Fellow, holding his Fellowship to the end of his life. The name of Dr. Routh is now but an Oxford tradition, and he is known outside of his University only as one of the few who, at the time of death, was unquestionably on the fringe of centenarianism.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. THOMS' INVESTIGATED CASES OF CENTENARIANISM.

We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

REFERENCE has already been made to the scepticism felt by an eminent man of letters touching the genuineness of many recorded cases of centenarianism. That gentleman was the late Mr. Thoms, Deputy Librarian, House of Lords, and for some time editor of *Notes and Queries*. Every one deeply interested in the question of abnormal longevity will, of course, carefully study Mr. Thoms' own work on the subject; at the same time, this volume would be very incomplete were it not to embrace a rough outline of the results of Mr. Thoms' investigations. Up to that date there were three cases of extraordinary length of

days which were taken for granted as authentic, and which it was considered almost profane to challenge. Those cases were Henry Jenkins, who is reputed to have counted 169 years; Thomas Parr, who could reckon his 152 years; and the Countess of Desmond, for whom 140 years were claimed. The little that is really known of the first-named can be easily told. Jenkins was a poor labouring man, who could neither read nor write; he was an inhabitant of the parish of Bolton; was born about 1501; was ten or eleven years of age at the battle of Flodden Field, which he professed he could remember; and died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, December 8th, 1670. So runs the tradition, with the further support that he once swore as a witness in the assize-court at York that a right of way had existed to his personal knowledge for one hundred and twenty years. The two hundred years which had elapsed since his death, rendered Mr. Thoms' inquiries to some extent fruitless, but the thorough sifting which he gave the case brought out that the evidence on which it rests is full of inconsistency, contradiction, and absurdity. No reliance can be placed upon the facts as popularly received, and no scientist can for the future regard the instance as other than an unestablished allegation.

Much the same may be said with regard to Thomas Parr, who was a native of Shropshire, by occupation an agricultural labourer, a calling which he followed until his one hundred and thirtieth year, as tradition runs. Parr did not marry until he had

reached his eightieth year ; the two children borne by his wife died in infancy ; at the end of thirty-two years he was left a widower, and so remained for ten years, when he married a widow, by whom he had no children. It is related that during the life of his first wife, and after he had turned his hundredth year, he had to undergo public penance in Alberbury Church for having had a child by a Catherine Milton. There can be no question that towards the close of his life he had the reputation of being a very, very old man, and his fame as such reached the ears of the Earl of Arundel, who had him conveyed by slow stages to London, and when there presented him to the King. Possibly the excitement, the exchange of the pure air of the country for that of the town, and a richer diet than he had ever known, shortened his days, for on November 14th, 1635, death claimed him, at the reputed patriarchal age of one hundred and fifty-two years, nine months, and some odd days. The immortal Harvey examined the body after death, and found all the organs remarkably free from visible signs of decay. He was unquestionably a wonderful specimen of "long-lasting," but Mr. Thoms conclusively shows that there is no solid foundation for the confident assertion that he had reached the abnormal age attributed to him, and that partly from his own exaggeration, and partly from the accretion which a story out of the common always receives, some fifty years were most likely added to his real length of life.

In the third instance, that of the Countess of

Desmond, Mr. Thoms met with more positive success than in the case of either of the foregoing, for he very clearly established that an earlier Countess of that title had been confounded with the one whose age was in question, and that thus forty years should be taken off from the one hundred and forty which constituted the marvel. There exists at Muckcross, in Ireland, a portrait of Catherine, the aged lady of the tradition, with an inscription which gives the reputed particulars of her case. In 1614, she appeared at the Court of King James, having travelled from Bristol to seek relief, the house of Desmond having been ruined by attainder. She was then in her one hundred and fortieth year, and had twice renewed her teeth. Elsewhere it is stated that even at that age she was able to go on foot four or five miles to the market town every week, and that at last her death was caused by a fall from a cherry-tree, up which she had climbed. Sir Walter Raleigh records that he knew the old Countess, and other contemporary testimony is borne to her which most clearly proves that she survived to an extreme old age, for she was a widow for seventy years, but documentary evidence shows that about a century was the limit of her life.

Another reputed case, supposed to be as unimpeachable as the foregoing examples, was that of the dramatic author and actor, Charles Macklin. It was claimed that he had continued on the stage until his ninety-ninth year, and at the time of his death had numbered one hundred and seven years; the latter

portion of that time, however, having been spent in mental darkness. Circumstances almost accidental demolished the marvel of this instance. Macklin and his wife (who survived him) were buried in the vaults of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. On the churchyard being closed for burials, the Vestry determined to cover up the coffins in the vaults. In carrying out this resolution, the inscription on the plate of Macklin's coffin was found to be, after his name, "died July 11, 1797, aged ninety-seven years." A popular reputation is not easily destroyed, and within the last few months Dr. Burney Yeo has made reference to Macklin's alleged abnormal longevity as if no proof had ever demonstrated its inaccuracy.

Mr. Thoms proceeds further to consider twenty-two cases of asserted centenarians, many of whom far exceeded their one hundred years, and on a thorough sifting of the facts connected with each, he could not find a single one which stood the test. Through one cause of error or another, many years had been added to the actual life, so that the individual whose alleged age was one hundred and twelve, was clearly proved to have been only ninety-one, and ninety-five might roughly be taken as the standard of the whole. But, as Mr. Thoms well observes, the very method of investigation which threw discredit on so many instances, firmly established the truth of some others, a few details of which may here be given.

WILLIAMS, MRS., of Moor Park, Herts, and

Bridehead, Dorset, aged 102.—This lady was the fourth and youngest daughter of Francis Chassereau, Esq., of Marylebone, formerly of Niort, in France. She was born on November 13th, 1739, and was married on October 27th, 1764, being then in her twenty-fifth year, to Robert Williams, Esq., M.P. for Dorchester, and an influential banker. She had a family of sons and daughters; two of the latter were married, one to the late Sir Colman Rashleigh, Bart., and the other to the late Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow-on-the-Hill. At her death she had only one surviving son. Mrs. Williams was a very remarkable instance of healthy bodily powers and vigorous intellectual faculties. At the age of eighty-one she underwent a successful operation for cataract in both eyes, by which her sight was fully restored, and preserved to the end of her life. When in her ninetieth year, she held her great-granddaughter and godchild in her arms at the font, and in her ninety-third year, when her grandson came of age, she addressed at some length the friends and tenants assembled on the occasion. At the advanced age of ninety-five she was accustomed to make breakfast for a large party, and remembered the different tastes of each, from the eldest to the youngest. To the last her memory was wonderfully retentive. But, like every fully authenticated case, the century of existence once turned, nature's gentle decay set in steadily but surely, and on October 8th, 1841, the venerable lady quietly departed this life,

leaving a cherished memory, for she was eminent not only for her length of days in the land, but also for her gracious disposition, her affectionate nature, and her earnest piety.

PLANK, MR. WILLIAM, aged 100.—A stone slab, which covers a tomb only a few yards distant from the church-porch of Harrow-on-the-Hill, gives the following information: "Here lie the remains of William Plank, who died at Harrow-on-the-Hill, 20th November, 1867, aged one hundred years and twelve days." Mr. Thoms' inquiries into this case led him to the conclusion that it was an indisputable instance of centenarianism, for reference can be made to City official records which mark various periods of his life, in addition to which his baptismal register is plain. He was born at Wandsworth, Surrey, November 7th, 1767, received his education at a Clapham school, having for a schoolfellow the future Lord Lyndhurst. In his fifteenth year he was bound apprentice at Salters' Hall, to an elder brother, a member of the Salters' Company, and a calico printer. He was admitted to the freedom and livery of the Company and the City on October 20th, 1789; seventy-eight years after admission, the then members of the Company drank his health at their monthly court, on the centenary of his birthday. For fifty-six years he occupied the same house at Harrow; until within a week or two of his death he was able to walk out, with the assistance of a friend;

to the last he had the use of all his faculties, eyesight excepted, of which he had been deprived for eleven years.

LUNNING, MR. JACOB WILLIAM, aged 103.—This case is remarkable as furnishing the solitary instance that has been found in the records of life assurance companies of a centenarian. Although they admit only selected lives, and those lives are presumably of the most provident and careful classes of society, not a life, with the above exception, has survived to ninety-eight years. The genuineness of Mr. Lunning's case is proved beyond the possibility of doubt. He was born at Hamelvörden, in Hanover, on May 19th, 1767; at the age of twenty-three he reached London; was naturalised; boarded at Tooting; married at Spalding when twenty-nine; had twelve children born, six of whom died during his life. At the age of thirty-six he insured his life in the Equitable office for £200, and having survived for sixty-seven years, the value of the policy, by the addition of bonuses, had risen to £1292 10s. He appears to have been unsuccessful in business on his own behalf, and therefore engaged himself as a book-keeper to a large mercantile house in the City, a position which he occupied until he was ninety-one. He then sent in a memorial to the trustees of Morden College, which was favourably received, and he was admitted a member in 1859, residing in the College for the remaining eleven years of his life.

His health was good until within a few months of

his death, and with the exception of deafness, he was in the possession of all his faculties. The end came June 23rd, 1870. It is interesting to note that he claimed to be the eleventh in descent from Christina Luther, the sister of the great Reformer.

SHAFTO, MRS. CATHERINE DUNCOMBE, aged 101.—This lady was born on February 10th, 1771, being the daughter of Sir John and Lady Dorothy Eden, of Windleston, and was baptized at the church of St. Andrew, Auckland, the following day. In October, 1790, when nineteen years of age, she was selected one of the Government nominees in the tontine of that year, a fact which sufficiently establishes her identity and age. She was married when thirty-two years old to Robert Eden Duncombe Shafto, Esq., of Whitworth Park, Co. Durham, who represented the city of Durham in the House of Commons for some years. They had five sons and one daughter, the father dying in 1848, and his widow surviving for very nearly a quarter of a century. She was blessed with a strong constitution and a vigorous intellect. On the day she completed her one hundredth year, she was able to appear both at breakfast and dinner at the wedding of a granddaughter, which took place on that day. She took a benevolent interest in the welfare of all around her, dispensed a generous hospitality, enjoyed unbroken health, and retained her intellect unimpaired to the last. She died at Whitworth Park on March 19th, 1872, having lived one year, one month, and nine days over her century.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GROUP OF UNQUESTIONABLE CENTENARIANS.

The alert and active. Measure life
 By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
 And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
 Good health, and its associate in the most,
 Good temper : spirits prompt to undertake,
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous task ;
 The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs ;
 E'en age itself seems privileged in them,
 With clear exemption from its own defects.
 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
 The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
 With youthful smiles, descends towards the grave
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

COWPER.

		DIED			DIED
BAILLIE, MISS	.	1860		BEADON, THE REV. CANON	1879
SMITH, LADY	.	1877		HASTINGS, MISS	1886

MR. THOMS' probable but unproven cases of centenarianism need not be noticed here, but there call for consideration four eminently trustworthy examples which have been brought before the public since his volume was issued. Some twenty-five years ago, the French Ministry addressed a circular to all its *Préfets* directing them to institute inquiries as to the con-

ditions most favourable to longevity ; the replies were singularly in agreement one with the other, all denoting that a comparatively well-to-do life forms an important condition. This view is substantiated by at least three of the instances given in the last chapter, and by the whole four of the present one. In each case it may be clearly seen that after ten decades are past a very feeble and flickering spark of life remains, which requires every possible attention to keep it from extinction, an attention which, in all fully verified instances, proved ineffectual to preserve it beyond two or three years. Everything that affectionate watchfulness, domestic comfort, judicious nourishment, and medical skill can do, fail to sustain life at the very farthest beyond the period marked by scientific deduction as the extreme limit of man's earthly pilgrimage. All those narratives, therefore, which tell of individuals surviving until their one hundred and ten, twenty, or even one hundred and fifty years were attained, may be looked upon with unqualified scepticism, to be removed only by the strongest possible documentary evidence.

BAILLIE, MISS AGNES, aged 100.—This venerable lady, elder sister of the better known Miss Joanna Baillie, expired on the 27th of April, 1860, at her residence, Hollybush Hill, Hampstead, of which she had been the inhabitant for fifty-four years. The sisters were the daughters of the Rev. Dr. Baillie, minister of Bothwell, N.B., and were born

at Bothwell Manse, of parents descended from ancient and influential families. Their mother was Dorothea, sister to the distinguished anatomists, William and John Hunter; she was a lady of great mental power, and her husband took eminent rank as a scholar and divine, which gained for him in 1776 the Professor's Chair of Divinity at the University of Glasgow. Of their three children, two became well known to fame, for Dr. Matthew Baillie won for himself a high position in medical science, and his sister Joanna a still wider reputation in the field of dramatic literature and poetry. Agnes, the subject of this sketch, gave in early life greater promise of intellectual capacity than did her sister, for she manifested much greater facility in the acquirement of all educational subjects, while the latter appeared deficient in the quick grasp of the tasks set before her. She profited largely, however, by all sources of knowledge except books; her keen observation and lively interest in everything she saw or heard, led her father to the conclusion that hers was the superior intellect. The sisters appear to have never been separated in life, they shared the same early home, the same training, the same school discipline, the same residences during the life of their mother, and the same home during the whole term of their lives after her death; it is, therefore, scarcely possible to speak of them individually, so far as regards their outward existences.

For a time the two sisters were sent to a

boarding-school at Glasgow, an arrangement which ceased on their father being appointed to the Collegiate Church at Hamilton; on his transference to Glasgow, in 1776, the family settled in that city, but Dr. Baillie died two years after that event, and the home was broken up. The widow and her two daughters went into deep seclusion at Long Calderwood, a small estate which belonged to the mother's eldest brother, on which they resided for nearly six years, and then returned to Glasgow. Matthew had meantime finished his medical curriculum, and resided with his uncle, Dr. William Hunter, in his newly-erected house in Great Windmill Street, to which were attached a medical theatre, rooms for dissections and lectures, and a splendid museum apartment. Dr. Hunter died in 1783, leaving his nephew in occupation of the residence; his mother and sisters immediately joined him, and remained under his roof until his marriage in 1791. They then settled at Red Lion Hill, Hampstead, where death separated the mother from her daughters in 1806. After this bereavement they visited Scotland, going over the scenes of their childhood, and exploring the Western Highlands. On their return to England, they occupied the house near Hampstead Heath which continued their residence for the remainder of their lives.

Each sister had her own attractive qualities, for although literary distinction had been gained by the younger one only, Agnes was greatly esteemed for her vigorous understanding, and the vast stores of valuable

information which she possessed. Although unmarried, the sisters led no dull or secluded lives ; they kept a social table, and welcomed to it all who joined to intellectual superiority a spotless moral character. Among the distinguished authors who visited the sisters, the bard of Abbotsford occupied a foremost place ; he greatly admired the writings of Joanna, extended to her a generous friendship, and entertained an almost equal regard for Agnes. Both sisters became his guests at Abbotsford in 1820.

Three years after, they had to mourn the loss of their eminent brother Dr. Baillie. After this trial, the calm current of the sisters' lives flowed on without disturbance for the long period of twenty-eight years. Gradually, as age increased and death swept away old friends, the social gatherings were allowed to fall away, and a more secluded life was preferred. They were now aged ladies ; they recognised the fact ; they prepared themselves for the inevitable hour of separation ; the affairs of each were arranged exactly alike ; they speculated upon which of the two would be first summoned to another world. The call came to Joanna in February, 1851 ; she had reached the good old age of eighty-nine, was in full possession of her faculties, and met her end with great contentment. For nine years Agnes had to travel life's journey alone ; they were years of serene peacefulness, of quiet service to the sick and suffering of the neighbourhood, and of patient waiting for the last change, which came just as Nature was putting on her

robes of spring beauty. Agnes is stated to have possessed a considerable gift of song, although she never committed her compositions to print.

SMITH, LADY, aged 104.—As the baptismal register and the family Bible in which her father entered the birth of his infant at the time are in exact agreement as to the date of that event, it may be considered satisfactorily established, and if so, Lady Smith affords a very remarkable example of a long-extended life, an example which has very few parallels. She was born on May 14th, 1773, two years before the outbreak of the American war; she was the daughter of Robert Reeve, Esq., of Lowestoft, and of Pleasance, his wife, whose father was Thomas Clarke, Esq., of Saxmundham. She was named after her mother, and when twenty-three years old was married to Dr. James Edward Smith, then a young and enterprising physician settled at Norwich, who had already gained for himself a literary reputation, which was afterwards greatly augmented by the publication of his costly works on Entomology, and particularly on Botany. He was also the founder of the Linnæan Society, having ventured to purchase the library and collection of the great naturalist Linnæus. Dr. Smith was the first President of the Society, and received the honour of knighthood from George IV.

After thirty-two years of domestic happiness, Lady Smith was left a widow, with nearly fifty years of life still before her. She found herself in

comfortable circumstances, and after a time took up her abode in a house built by her father at Lowestoft, her native place. Here she entered upon a very simple and regular course of life, which resulted in that exceptional health and length of days which render her case in no small degree remarkable. Lady Smith appears to have been, like Mrs. Garrick, an eminently beautiful and attractive woman ; Mr. Roscoe wrote of her that "he who could see and hear Mrs. Smith without being enchanted, had a heart not worth a farthing." Her personal beauty has been perpetuated by Opie in his portrait of her as a gipsy, but from Mr. Roscoe's testimony it may be inferred that Lady Smith had higher claims to admiration than mere loveliness of person afforded, and many contemporary witnesses confirm this, with a full acknowledgment of her great mental power and attainments. In point of fact, she was distinguished for the perfect balance of her physical, intellectual, and moral natures, for she enjoyed a marvellously healthy constitution, had a mind singularly vigorous, keen, and cultivated, with lively sympathies and warm affections, the whole forming a character of rare completeness and harmony. Also like Mrs. Garrick, she was childless.

In figure Lady Smith was slight, erect, five feet three inches in height, about ten stone in weight, until a little beyond her eightieth year, when this somewhat decreased. She never suffered from dyspepsia or a headache, and may be said to have enjoyed uninterrupted health, an attack of rheumatic

fever excepted, until her one hundredth year, and at that age her undimmed eye and fresh colour excited the admiration of every one who saw her. In 1873 she was under medical treatment, but made a good recovery from her trouble; she also suffered from an occasional attack of gout in the feet. In the following year an alarming seizure of bronchitis was experienced, but her excellent constitution carried her through in safety; some months, however, before her death there was a steady decline of health, the power of resisting disease was enfeebled, and the way prepared for a fatal issue to any serious illness which might arise. This came through an attack of pericarditis, caused by a severe chill.

There is nothing to account for Lady Smith's unusual longevity in the habits of her life; these were no doubt simple and conducive to health, but differed little from those of many hundreds and thousands of persons in her rank of society. Lady Smith usually retired to rest at 9 p.m.; slept well until 8 a.m., when she arose; on summer mornings she would often leave her bed for a time to watch the rising of the sun; breakfast was served at nine, which was followed of late years by a short sleep; dinner was taken at two o'clock, and another short sleep ensued. Each meal was enjoyed, strict moderation being practised in both food and drink; as a rule, one glass of beer and one of wine formed the daily allowance of stimulants. After dinner, nothing more was taken than a quarter of a glass of

ale; if this applies to solid food, it was surely a dietetic mistake, for a fast from two or three o'clock of one afternoon to nine of the following morning must have tended to exhaustion of the system, and is quite contrary to the teachings of science on the point. Summer mornings were devoted to reading and other indoor engagements; carriage exercise was taken in the afternoons; in the winter, Lady Smith drove out in the morning instead, and remained in the house for the remainder of the day. A drive was taken daily, whatever the weather might be, under the full conviction that fresh air was essential to health. Her circulation to the last was strikingly regular, being sixty-five pulsations to the minute; her eyesight remained unimpaired, as she could read *The Times* without glasses; her teeth, up to a very advanced age, were almost complete and sound; her memory, both as to past and current events, was perfect; almost to the last hour of her life she retained a lively interest in the common occurrences of the day. Lady Smith delighted in literature, and her love of reading remained unabated until her one hundredth year; her correspondence with friends and the transaction of business matters continued to within a few weeks of her death. At a very advanced age her handwriting was clear and very beautiful.

On the attainment of the one hundredth anniversary of her birthday, Lady Smith gave a dinner to all the aged poor of Lowestoft and its neighbourhood,

and received from the Queen a copy of "Our Life in the Highlands," with an inscription written by Her Majesty's own hand, "From Victoria R., to her friend Lady Smith on her birthday."

The writer of the obituary notice of Lady Smith, given in *The Times*, concluded with the following words: "Those who knew her need not to be reminded of the memory, the intelligence, the sympathy with all that was beautiful in poetry and in nature, the graceful courtesy of manner, the openness of heart, the freedom from prejudice and narrowness of mind, the expansive benevolence and true Christian charity which all remained unblighted by the snows of more than a century of years."

The end came in perfect peace, February 3rd, 1877.

BEADON, THE REV. CANON, aged 102.—The death of this aged ecclesiastic occurred on June 10th, 1879. Some time before that event public attention had been drawn to his marvellously extended life, in consequence of the valuable Church preferment which he had held for a period of nearly seventy years. The total of his clerical income for that time amounted to a sum of vast magnitude.

He was born in London, on December 6th, 1777, being the third son of the Rev. Edward Beadon, rector of North Stoneham, a parish about three miles from Southampton, who lived to be eighty years old, while his wife attained to her eighty-sixth year.

Frederick Beadon, the subject of the present sketch, was educated at the Charterhouse, entered at Trinity College, Oxford, was ordained at the earliest canonical age, and presented when very young to the living of Weston-super-Mare, then in the gift of his uncle, the Bishop of Bath and Wells. After an exchange to Tetley, he succeeded, in 1811, his father as rector of North Stoneham, a living worth about £550 per annum, with a house. This living the father and son together held for upwards of a century. The following year he was appointed Canon Residentiary of Wells, and kept annual residence there for the remarkable period of sixty-three years. He married in 1803, and had issue one son and two daughters.

In early manhood Canon Beadon had a slight illness, the nature of which cannot now be known; but from that time his health was unbroken until he neared his century of existence. He was a man of singularly well-developed physique, stood about five feet nine inches in height, was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with very long arms, large hands, and of great muscular power; even when past seventy he had extraordinary strength of wrist. In middle age, when out shooting for the day, he could walk from morning until night, could stand exposure to any amount of cold or wet, and could knock up many men who were many years his juniors. Yet he never knew the meaning of rheumatism, and never suffered from a headache. For the latter fact he had, no doubt, to thank a digestion not only excellent, but

perfect, which enabled him to eat anything. And he not only ate heartily at every meal, but frequently consumed biscuits in the intervals. He was very fond of sweet things, and ate pastry and fruit more freely than meat. His favourite pursuits were those likely to give the owner of a strong constitution a keen appetite, for he was not only a devoted angler and an enthusiastic sportsman, but also loved his garden and his farm, and was a hearty patron of cricket. In his ninety-eighth year he was observed seated under an oak, which he had himself planted in his grounds, watching with great interest a game being played. He was by no means an abstainer from alcoholic beverages, although he never exceeded the allowance of a moderate drinker.

The pursuits, or recreations, to which reference has been made, did not, however, prevent Canon Beadon from fulfilling the duties of his sacred calling, so far as those duties were then understood. He took a part in the public services up to his ninety-sixth year. He was watchful over the efficiency of those services ; he was active in capitular affairs ; he was energetic in promoting the repair of the cathedral. It is also recorded of him that he was one of the founders of the Southampton Savings' Bank, was for more than sixty years one of its managers, and for many years acted as chairman.

During his long life he travelled only once on the Continent, and to the last was not quite reconciled to railways. His bodily condition from middle life to

old age remained the same ; he neither grew thinner nor stouter ; gradually his step grew slow, but he never tottered, and he retained his ruddy complexion to the very last. He continued to fish until he was eighty, and to shoot until his ninety-fourth year. His first severe illness came upon him when ninety-seven, in an attack of bronchitis, caught through going out on a bitterly cold day. From that time his health declined ; successive slight attacks of bronchitis, varied with or accompanied by severe colds, much shattered his system. In 1878 he was confined to his room, which he did not again leave ; but he continued to take an interest in matters generally, and in his farm in particular. In the early months of 1879 he gradually lost strength, and, when summer was at its brightest, he easily and quietly passed away.

On the attainment of his one hundredth year, the Queen graciously sent him her congratulations, and shortly after forwarded her photograph, signed by herself. To most of the letters which he received on that occasion, the aged Canon sent immediate replies, written with his own hand. Among other addresses, he received one from the Corporation of Southampton, of which borough he was the last surviving freeman whose name had remained on the annual Parliamentary Register ; this privilege had been reserved under the Reform Bill, among all other rights which were possessed by the freemen at the time of the change.

A slight consideration of Canon Beadon's case will suffice to show that he had everything in his favour calculated to ensure an exceptionally long life. He came of a sound stock, famous for longevity ; he had a constitution strong in all points ; he married when young ; his profession was one which has a far higher expectation of life than any other ; he early received from it an income that left him no pecuniary cares ; he had so imperturbable a temper that nothing could ruffle it ; his spirits were uniformly equal and cheerful ; he was a hearty eater and drinker, but never to excess ; and finally, he allowed himself agreeable pursuits, healthy exercise, and abundance of recreation. If a centenarian could not be found under this combination of happy circumstances, under what conditions could one be sought ?

HASTINGS, MISS, aged 104.—Among all the recorded cases of centenarianism there is not one that is more fully confirmed, or that offers a more interesting study of extreme old age, than the instance now to be considered. The last years of the life of Miss Hastings were carefully watched by Dr. Pike, of Malvern, at which beautiful place she long resided ; the details of his observations were given in *The British Medical Journal* by Dr. Humphry, F.R.S., whose many and valuable contributions on the subject of longevity have already been noticed. He had himself visited Miss Hastings, had seen the entry of her birth in the family Bible, and had been

kept fully informed of her condition by a correspondence with the niece who resided with her. Her father was the Rev. James Hastings, rector of Martley, Worcestershire; she was the first child of her parents, who were, at the time of her birth, of the respective ages of twenty-six and twenty-two. Fourteen children were afterwards born to them; the father is stated to have reached his hundred years, or rather to have exceeded that age by six months; the mother died at eighty-six. One of their sons became Admiral Thomas Hastings, K.C.B.; another son was Rear-Admiral Hastings; a third son was the late Sir Charles Hastings, M.D., D.C.L., etc., by whom the British Medical Association was founded. The present member of Parliament for East Worcestershire, Mr. G. W. Hastings, is a nephew of the venerable lady whose life is now to be considered.

Miss Hastings was born at Sutton Coldfield, on the 14th of March, 1782; in early life she was spare in person, but of robust health; she had a good digestion, was a sound sleeper, usually rose about seven o'clock in the morning, and although not a large eater, always had a fair appetite. Her usual course of diet was meat at dinner only, with a glass of beer or cider, taking neither wine nor spirits; for breakfast she took tea, which was latterly exchanged for coffee. She took occasional horse exercise, was a good walker, led a generally active life, much out of doors, visited the sick, and shared in all works of parochial benevolence. As her home was at her

father's residence until his death in 1856, she was a stranger to any anxiety touching ways and means of living, and appears to have been finally left in comfortable circumstances.

She ultimately settled at Malvern, as has been stated. Few places afford health conditions more favourable to certain constitutions, for many elements of hygiene centre in the district. The life of Miss Hastings would have been pronounced an advanced one at the time she settled there, for she had passed her three-score years and ten, although she had more than thirty years of life still before her. The routine of that life during its early portion at Malvern is not to be found; in September, 1885, when Professor Humphry saw her, she was one hundred and three years and six months old; "was in good condition, rather fat, and tolerably strong, but not able to walk. She thought she could walk, but had been advised not to try to do so, since her confinement to bed by bronchitis during the winter. She had a clear, full voice, and, although deaf and obliged to resort to an ear trumpet, she was remarkably fond of conversation and hearing the news, taking an interest in the things of life, and in everything that passed; she amused herself with crochet, and had the newspaper read to her daily. She never talked, her niece told me, about dying, and on taking leave of her friends, never observed, 'I shall not see you again,' but usually said, 'I hope when you visit Malvern again you will come and see me.' This happy feature, I may observe, is

not uncommon in very old people, particularly those who retain their health, and are not much troubled by the weaknesses and annoyances attendant upon failing strength."

Dr. Humphry minutely noticed the physical condition of Miss Hastings at the time of his interview with her. "She was about five feet six inches in height, and her figure was rather bent. She required glasses only during the last six years, but her sight was failing, cataract having developed in one eye and commencing in the other. Six teeth remained, all in the lower jaw. . . . She had never used artificial teeth. . . . There was no apparent failure in any organ, and the sounds of the heart were natural. She usually slept well for about eight hours, went to bed about 9.30, and awoke about seven. She enjoyed good appetite and good digestion, but was a moderate eater, taking three ounces of meat daily, with a cup of beef-tea and a tablespoonful and a half of brandy, and a cup of tea morning and evening, with the addition sometimes of corn-flour. Her bowels acted regularly on alternate days, with the assistance of a little aperient about twice in a week. Her intellectual powers are said to have been high, her memory good for recent as well as for long past events, and her disposition energetic, though of late years placid, 'nothing appearing to ruffle her.'"

About a month after the visit of Professor Humphry, he heard from the niece of Miss Hastings

that cataract continued to advance in the other eye, and that her aunt had developed a new feature: she had begun to see sights—"plains, trees, fields, houses, children: all pleasant objects except twice; on one occasion she saw women at the window making faces at her, and on another, horrid-looking men presented themselves to her vision." On March 12th, 1886, within forty-eight hours of her one hundred and fourth birthday, the soul and body which had been companions so long parted company, death arising, Dr. Pike considered, from exhaustion, hastened by the severe weather. "About six weeks previously she got an attack, serious, of pneumonia of the bases of both lungs. This passed through its ordinary course, and she threw off the disease wonderfully, the lung clearing up well, leaving only the state of chronic bronchitis from which she had lately suffered. Of course, her strength was much lowered by the attack, and she never thoroughly regained it. Some three weeks before death, her brain began to show evidence of her exhaustion, by its failing power, drowsiness, etc., although her mind, up to this time, had remained remarkably clear. Five days before her death she had a convulsive seizure, and, although this passed off, she gradually became less and less clear, taking less nourishment, and finally, as it were, slept away. Her marvellous power of vitality was shown by her so thoroughly throwing off such a severe pneumonia, which would have killed many a far younger woman." Such a

careful study of the closing scenes of a very aged life is not often to be met with, and is of peculiar interest both in itself and in the opportunity which it affords of comparison with other, if less minute, centenarian particulars already noticed.

CHAPTER XX.

A FEW RECENT AND PROBABLE CASES OF CENTENARIANISM.

What man is he that shall live, and not see death, that shall deliver his soul from the power of Sheol?

KING DAVID.

IN his annual report for 1872, the Registrar-General remarked that twenty-one men and fifty-seven women go to their graves every year with the renown of centenarianism attaching to their memories. No statistical value can be allowed to the fact, inasmuch as the registrars of deaths have no authority to inquire into the truth of the ages furnished to them; their duty is simply to register the figures. In the large majority of cases the individuals are of the poorer classes of society, a fact which of itself tells of improbability, as extreme age requires care and comforts which money alone can command. It is also worthy of remark that in the middle and upper strata of society, where an exact account is generally kept of the ages of the members of each family, there are very few centenarians. It may be

said to be within the experience of most well-to-do people, that among their relatives and friends are to be found here and there one of ninety years, or even five or six years beyond, but who can point to one whose life has run to ten decades? And where, then, shall one at one hundred and five, and even beyond that term, be found? Notwithstanding the old Bills of Mortality gave every year many instances of individuals whose lives were prolonged far over a century, there is evidence which leads to the conclusion that a true centenarian was then, as now, regarded as almost a miracle of nature. Vincent Bourne, of Latin verse renown, has an Ode on the death of a lady who lived one hundred years, and died on her birthday, 1728. Cowper translated the poem, the first stanza of which thus runs:

Ancient dame, how wide and vast
To a race like ours appears,
Rounded to an orb at last,
All thy multitude of years!

No doubt there are cases which, if confirmed, would greatly extend this limit. Very recently the public have been told by Dr. Daunt, of San Paulo, Brazil: "I have known not a few individuals who have attained the age of one hundred and fourteen years. . . . Macrobians (of all races) of one hundred to one hundred and thirty are not at all infrequent—well authenticated cases. Even cases of death at one hundred and forty are known to have occurred. . . .

I think it perfectly unreasonable to doubt the possibility of the attainment of the age of one hundred and fifty years." *The Lancet* prefaced a wonderful story of longevity with the seasonable remark that the most marvellous instances come from countries in which verification is impossible. The full particulars which it gave of an old man of Bogota, San Salvador, who confessed to being one hundred and eighty, but whose neighbours believed him to be much more, were rudely dispelled soon after by Dr. Dudley, who knew the country and the old man well, his real age being between eighty and ninety. From the signs of extreme old age which he exhibited, his neighbours had willingly allowed his claim of a century more than his due. Dr. C. W. de Lacy Evans, of London, gives an instance of a Thomas Carn, who lived to turn his second century, dying in his two hundred and seventh year; he also relates that a native of Bengal reached the obviously fabulous age of three hundred and seventy years! The doctor does not affirm his belief in these cases; but as he does not throw the least suspicion on them, it can scarcely be unfair to infer that he accepts their credibility. Again, although Charles Macklin had been put by Mr. Thoms entirely out of the pale of authenticated examples many years before Dr. de Lacy Evans published his "How to Live Long," he, like Dr. Burney Yeo, cites him as having attained to his one hundred and seventh year. Among much other doubtful

matter, he also tells a very incredible story of a Mr. Thomas Whittington, who died in 1804, aged one hundred and four years. He "actually never took any other liquids, as liquids, into his stomach than ardent spirit—London gin; of which compound, until within a fortnight of his death, he took from a pint to a pint and a half daily." Constitutions unquestionably greatly vary as to their capability of resisting alcoholic poison; but surely no human system could ever have endured for sixty or seventy years such a flood of deadly drink.

Dr. Van Oven tabulates 331 cases of deaths between one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty; 91 between the latter and one hundred and thirty; 37 who lived to be one hundred and forty; 11 reached one hundred and fifty, and 17 exceeded that age. He does not, however, vouch for the authenticity of these instances, and they are therefore of no real value. M. Lejoncourt, in his "*Galérie des Centenaires*," makes a comparison between Abraham and his family and that of a household of modern days.

	YEARS		YEARS
Abraham lived	175	John Rower lived	172
Sarah, his wife	127	Sarah, his wife	164
Isaac, his son	180	Their eldest son	
		(when last seen)	115
	<hr/> 482		<hr/> 451

The excess of longevity in the case of the patriarch was therefore thirty-one years only, which

might have been greatly reduced had the full term of the son's life been known; but let it be observed that the ages of the father, mother, and son must be taken on trust—no proof is given and no verification is possible.

No endeavour will be made in the following pages to give any of these extreme and untrustworthy cases; those cited have either been satisfactorily established, though short of scientific proof, or they offer sufficient presumptive evidence to render them in a high degree probable. These tests exclude any consideration of the Tring centenarian, although Dr. Sir G. Duncan Gibb, who knew her in life, and made a post-mortem examination, felt convinced that Betty Leatherhead had reached her one hundred and twelfth year, less three months. A stern view of the nature of evidence would require much stronger proof than the learned baronet had before him.

The same remark will apply to those endless anecdotes of centenarians so often to be found in the columns of the daily journals. How loosely such details are frequently given to the public may be seen in the following case taken from a back volume of the "Annual Register," in which the death of a Mr. Hughes is recorded with unusually formal particulars: it is asserted that his life had extended to one hundred and fourteen years, eleven months, and twenty-seven days. The writer, however, went on to give the year of his birth, which, subtracted from the year of his death, gave his true age to have been one hundred

and five only, less three or four days, a period to which it is no doubt possible to attain.

GREATHEAD, MATTHEW, aged 102.—A simple reference to this case occurs in Mr. Thoms' work on "Longevity;" not a single particular is given. The man died on December 31st, 1871, and was regarded as the oldest Freemason in the world, having entered the Lennox Lodge of Freemasons, No. 123, in 1797. On December 27th, only four days before his death, he was appointed Inner Guard. His residence was at Richmond, Yorkshire, where his death took place. There is no reason to doubt the reality of this case.

HUTTON, THOMAS, or JOHN, aged 101.—This individual is sometimes termed the Mayfield centenarian, and sometimes the Manchester centenarian. He was born on August 18th, 1777, at Glasgow, and was married at the old church of that city, now the cathedral, on December 7th, 1797. On October 15th of the following year he entered the employment of Messrs. Hole & Son, calico-printers, Manchester, and continued in their service for upwards of sixty years, after which the partners kindly allowed him a pension, which he enjoyed for about twenty years. He is stated to have never had an illness; to have led a very regular life; to have been sober and temperate in the strictest sense of the words; and never to have used tobacco in any form. His digestion

was perfect, even after he had lost all his teeth; towards the close of his life his sight was dim, and his skin was partially wrinkled. No less than five generations were represented on the occasion of a family gathering a short time before his death, which took place in July, 1878.

HARTSHORNE, MRS., aged 101.—This remarkable old lady died at Worcester on June 21st, 1879, at the age of one hundred years and eleven months. She was born July 12th, 1778, according to an entry in a family Bible, confirmed by legal documents, and was baptized July 25th, 1779, at Shrawley, Stoniford, Worcestershire. Dr. Woodward, of Worcester, who professionally attended Mrs. Hartshorne during the last twenty years of her life, states that she was of an active disposition until within a very short time of her death. She afforded a good proof of this by walking, after she had passed her hundredth year, upwards of a mile to the house of a friend, although the whole way was uphill; after a rest she walked back again. She was of very abstemious habits, but took two or three glasses of good port wine every day, always having for dessert after dinner one glass and a crust of bread. She paid her annual visit to London the year before her death, and drove out in her carriage a few days before that event. The very day before her summons came she was in good health, and slept well during the night. Early in the morning, however, she complained of a feeling

of suffocation, and before medical aid could reach her, the lamp of life had expired.

Mrs. Hartshorne was of moderate height, of a spare frame, of health remarkably good, of superior mental endowments and reasoning powers. Age had not blunted these intellectual characteristics ; up to the very night before her death she took a lively interest in all passing events, and had the news of the day read to her. Nearly the whole of her teeth remained in a sound condition ; sight and hearing were somewhat impaired, but she would have nothing to do with such new-fangled notions as spectacles and ear trumpets. Not the least remarkable feature in her case was her disregard of her health. She had latterly attacks of bronchitis, which so slightly disturbed her that she was with great difficulty persuaded to keep her bed. She was buried in a vault at Stratford-on-Avon.

WINCHESTER, MR. CHARLES, aged 100.—This gentleman was born at Echt, in Aberdeenshire, on February 22nd, 1781, and died on March 27th, 1880. He was educated for the legal profession, was admitted as an advocate at the Aberdeen bar on March 11th, 1807, and practised in that city with great success. As a resident there he took a lively interest in all local affairs. He was also well known as a classical scholar, and published a translation from the original MS. of “Memoirs of the Chevalier de Johnstone.” Until within a very

few days of his death he had the perfect use of his faculties, and his memory was as serviceable in connection with current events as it was responsive to those of his early years.

WEBB, MRS., aged 102.—In the August of 1881 the death of this venerable lady was recorded, and the particulars of her life and family render it beyond doubt that she had entered upon her one hundred and second year. She was the daughter of John Thackwell, Esq., of Rye Court and Morton Court, in the county of Worcester. Born in 1779, she was married when young to Thomas Webb, Esq., a banker at Ledbury, and a magistrate for the counties of Worcester and Hereford. He was sixty-one years old at the time of his death, having been united to his wife for thirty-seven years. Her widowhood lasted for the long period of forty-four years. At the date of her death her eldest son was, according to Walford's "County Families," in his seventieth year.

ATKINSON, JAMES CHARLES, aged 100.—In one account this same individual is referred to under the name of Anderson. It is alleged that he was on the retired list of the Royal Navy for nearly half a century. He was born May 1st, 1783; entered the merchant service in 1796, in which he continued seven years, when he volunteered into the Royal Navy. After some years of active life in foreign waters, he was promoted master in 1814, and saw

much service between that date and 1833, when he retired. He lost the sight of one eye in 1847, but retained all his faculties in full vigour to the last. His end reached him October 27th, 1882.

WYER, MR. J., aged 100. — This gentleman belonged to the medical service of the army, and was described as late of the 19th Regiment of Foot. He died at Whitechurch, Dorset, on March 3rd, 1883. He entered the force as hospital assistant in 1811, and was immediately sent to the seat of war in the Peninsula, his first duty having been to attend the wounded from Busaco. He served with the 88th Regiment during the years 1812–14; for his services he was awarded the war medal and five clasps. Subsequently he served in Canada, America (being present at the taking of Plattsburg), and saw further service at the Cape of Good Hope. He was for some years in the receipt of a pension of one hundred pounds per annum for distinguished services.

OXENFORD, MR. HENRY, aged 100.—*The Times* of December 11th, 1883, gave a notice of the death of this somewhat remarkable man. Among other considerable literary acquirements there may be named his power of speaking German with great fluency and accuracy; the noticeable feature in the fact being that he was considerably over seventy years of age when he went to Germany for the express purpose of learning the language of

the country. Mr. Oxenford was the last survivor of a band of twelve official agents in H.M.'s Customs' Long-room, whose ancient privileges were abolished by the Treasury, but not without ample compensation to their holders. Each was handsomely pensioned off, with a life-long residence granted in the Long-room free of rent and all charges. The greater part of the twelve lived beyond their fourscore years, while Mr. Oxenford lived to attain to his hundredth year, certainly under conditions well calculated to promote "long-lasting." He was uncle to the late lamented Mr. John Oxenford, the popular playwright and skilful dramatic critic, as *The Times'* pages testified.

HANSON, MRS., aged 104.—The death of this lady took place in July, 1884, at Marle House, Bexley, Kent. She was the widow of Captain James Hanson, R.N., whose vessel, H.M.'s ship *Brazen*, was wrecked near Newhaven, in April, 1800, and all on board perished save one seaman. A monument to the memory of the captain and his crew was erected in the churchyard of Newhaven. Mrs. Hanson was only twenty years old when she was left a widow; she then took up her abode at the above-named house, where she resided for the remarkable period of eighty-four years.

SMITH, KNIGHTEY, aged 103.—This case relies upon the evidence of the Rev. Henry Seymour, rector of Holme Pierrepont, near Nottingham, who

states that Smith attained to his hundredth year in 1883, and died March 11th, 1886. The particulars given by Mr. Seymour are of very great interest. It appears that Smith took to his bed about a week only before the end came, and did so less on account of infirmities than as a protection against cold, the weather being very severe that season. He retained all his faculties to the last, was full of anecdote, and would brighten up upon any allusion to former scenes in which he was mostly conspicuous for feats of herculean strength. Though considerably below the standard of height, his chief characteristic was an enormous depth of chest. He could lift weights from which the strongest would recoil, and was generally accounted the most powerful man among his contemporaries.

To add further instances of survivors of their one hundred years would be tedious and useless. No notice, therefore, need be taken of Miss Catherine Hawthorne, the Maid of Kent, whose death took place early in the present year. She had reached the extreme span of life, for she had numbered her one hundred and five years, less a few weeks. The examples already given may be regarded as representative ones, and prove that while the well-to-do are in the majority, those of meaner condition are not excluded; that neither a low estate nor a dangerous calling renders it an impossibility to become a centenarian.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day ;
Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

PROFESSOR HUMPHRY, in a review of all the circumstances under which Miss Hastings attained to the fulness of years at which she died, remarks that her case furnishes "a typical instance of an aged person. She was of a long-lived family, of a strong constitution, all the organs being strong and well-balanced ; with good appetite and digestion, but a moderate or small eater, taking little alcohol, and not much meat ; with regular action of bowels ; of spare frame, robust, energetic, and of benevolent, happy disposition ; of good ability, with usually good health ; taking a fair amount of out-door exercise ; having no illness till near the close of her life, and, at a very advanced age, show-

ing remarkable power of recovering from severe attacks—bronchitis, erysipelas, pneumonia—thus resisting the savage onslaughts of disease, and yielding at last to the slow, steady, orderly advancing developmental processes by which the natural termination of life is brought about.” A retrospect of all the cases which have been cited in the preceding pages seems to point out that those who reach centenarianism, or its borders, must have at least three things in their favour.

Unless they come, in the first place, from a stock free from “the body’s taint, the mind’s defect,” there is small hope of the full warranty of life being reached; the inheritance of a disposition to any disease is fatal to extreme length of days, although extreme feebleness of constitution does not bar the expectation. Sound and well-balanced bodily organs are, therefore, at the very root of “long-lasting.”

And, in the second place, although almost a part of this requirement, there can be distinguished from it that never-failing power of digestion which characterised Fontenelle, Beadon, Lady Smith, Miss Hastings, and others of whom mention has been made. The habitual freedom from the scourge of indigestion may be considered the true cause of that calm, even temper which is nearly always a remarkable trait in the character of the long-liver. A thoughtful writer has well said: “Consider for a moment how vast an amount of our personal misery, to say nothing of actual sin, and of the wretchedness which our conse-

quent ill-temper brings on others, arises from dyspepsia. Perhaps this malady is answerable, directly or indirectly, for more unhappiness, and does more to lower the general tone and average of human enjoyment than any other. We all of us know something of it; many of us know it well; we can estimate in some measure how much the cheerfulness and brightness of our daily life is impaired by its pernicious prevalence; how it saps good spirits, how it sours good temper." It does more than this: it works physical mischief in the constitution; there is action and reaction; indigestion is primarily answerable for the moral deformity, and is itself intensified by that which it has provoked. Among the many proverbs "set in order" by a king of ancient days, may be found one which declares that "*le cœur tranquille est la vie du corps*," an apothegm which all experience confirms. Popular language speaks of individuals worn away by anxiety, grief, alarms, or angry or unruly passions, by which even death itself is often caused.

Bodily and mental activity must be regarded as a third essential to "long-lasting." Notwithstanding that a small minority overdo physical exercise in the present day, the great majority of men and women slowly kill themselves by indolence. A very little observation of friends and neighbours will carry this conviction home to every one. And if this be true of bodily idleness, it is no less true of mental apathy. Intellectual indolence is injurious to physical health.

In the annals of centenarianism there is no more striking fact exhibited than that the mentally deficient or the intellectually drowsy are unrepresented; there must be brain energy combined with bodily activity. Medical observation has not overlooked this important principle, and Sir Benjamin Brodie's words are worthy of careful consideration: "The failure of the mind in old age is often less the result of actual decay than of disease. Ambition has ceased to operate; contentment brings indolence; indolence decay of mental power, *ennui*, and sometimes death. *Men have been known to die, literally speaking, of disease induced by intellectual vacuity.*"

As, however, there may be excessive muscular exercise, so also there may be excessive mental activity, and the result in each case is impaired health and an abridgment of life. Moderation in each is an absolute necessity of the human constitution if long working powers are to be maintained. A writer who carefully weighed his every word assures his readers of his conviction that it is utterly vain to try to attain to the highest possible physical health with the highest possible mental culture. Rude bodily vigour destroys the finer faculties of the mind; the cultivation and exercise of those faculties, in any supreme degree, destroys robust health. A disregard of the second half of this important truth has consigned many a strong and subtle intellect to premature decay or to an untimely end.

There is literal truth in the phrase, "Martyrs of science," the last word being interpreted in its etymological signification rather than in its usually restricted sense. Nor will it be out of place, in pages which consider the question of "long-lasting," to remark that an undue stimulation of the mental faculties of children, especially those of a delicate organisation, is a sure method of cultivating bodily mischief, and too frequently of reducing a superior intellect to one of common average. The realm of literature has probably lost far more than it has gained through the brain being allowed to work in defiance of the intimations given by the bodily system. That golden mean, which in everything it is so hard to find, and still harder to keep, is the only sure and wise course. It is of no avail to point to a Senior Wrangler being drawn from the ranks of athletes; an exceptional case proves nothing, even if a brilliant mathematical career invariably indicated a mind of the highest order, which few would dare to affirm.

Reference has already been made to the many other factors which assist the attainment of a healthy and prolonged old age; all are, perhaps, of much minor importance to the three conditions just enumerated. For all of them will not avail unless there be a sound, well-balanced inherited constitution; a digestion like

that of an eminent physician who declared that he could eat, without inconvenience, anything but sawdust; and that physical and mental activity which never allows torpidity of body and vacuity of mind to work their destructive agency upon the constitution.

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